

THE DICKENSIAN

28

1932

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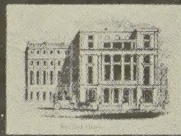
Florence Dombey



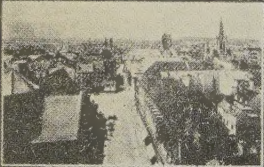
Blimber's School



Kettles House



'The Bedford' Brighton



The Docks



Bell's Pond Road



Interior of the Church



Churchyard



The Tartar Frigate



'The Captain's Clara'



Birmingham Station



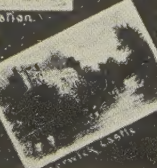
The Birmingham train



The granite columns Euston



The house in the picture



The landscape in the picture



The clock tower in the picture



The clock tower in the picture



The street in the picture

WINTER NUMBER, 1931/32

Vol. XXVIII

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THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

A QUARTERLY
DICKENS

MAGAZINE FOR
LOVERS

CONTENTS
UNPUBLISHED
LETTERS TO MACRONE
•
DICKENS IN FRANCE
•
THE JOURNALIST
DICKENS
A Centenary
•
FIRST GERMAN
TRANSLATION OF
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY
•
TOLSTOY AND
DICKENS
•
AND OTHER ARTICLES
•
FULLY
ILLUSTRATED

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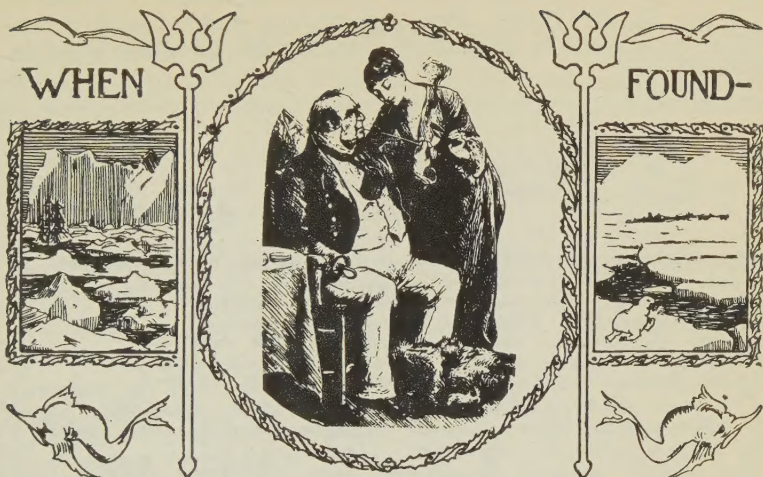
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Border by]

[Ruth Whittaker

Dickens to His Oldest Friend.

Much interest has been aroused by the publication in the "Strand Magazine" of a selection of letters from Dickens to Thomas Beard, a fellow reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons, whose friendship was maintained throughout his whole life. The series, which is very well illustrated, will be continued until February next.

The letters are of singular interest as they are of a very intimate character and tell the story of Dickens's many activities from 1832 until his death. Dickens lovers the world over will be grateful to Sir Henry Dickens for having given permission to the Beard family to publish them. In a letter I received from Sir Henry after he had read the whole of the correspondence, he said "The letters in their entirety show in a very marked degree, the strong individuality and personality of the writer—so much so indeed as almost to suggest to one's mind, that they are 'as one speaking from the grave.'" The "Strand Magazine" articles are being reprinted in the New York "Bookman" and, thanks to Count de Suzannet, who purchased the letters from the Beard family, we are to have the whole of them published in volume form in the spring.

We shall print some of the earliest letters in the next number of *The Dickensian* accompanied by a foreword specially written by Sir Henry Dickens.

* * * * *

Early Verses In the meantime Count de Suzannet has kindly sent by "Boz." me a photograph of some verses written by Dickens in 1834 in the album of Ellen Beard which is in his possession, and they are reproduced herewith for the first time. This is an extremely interesting item, and among the earliest pieces of Dickens manuscript in known existence. As a complete piece of

work it naturally takes precedence over the fragmentary *O'Thello* of 1833 (see *The Dickensian*, 1930, page 9), and in literary merit it is very much superior to *The Bill of Fare*, the MS. of which is not in Dickens's hand.

A Fable.

(Not a gay one)

In those good old times when everything spoke;
When Nightingales preached, like Nuns;
When every animal had his joke,
And Register Stoves made puns;
When Beasts — inanimate objects too —
In argument were much brighter,
And gave old Esop enough to do
(for he was their *Shat Had Writer*)
It chanced Pen, Ink, and paper, had met
In chat each other, diverting;
The Ink was talking his *Heavy Wet*:-
The Paper and Pen were *flirting*.

The Pen some fine things said to the Belle;
He know his family's trade is
To sound nothings in rhyme to tell
To those easy dupes — the Ladies.
She asked for a verse; the smart Pen swore
He'd stir up a *Revolution*
(as some of his friends had done before)
E'er he'd write a *Contribution*.
The Paper coaxingly chang'd her note,
His reasons — she begg'd he'd state 'em;
The Pen began — first clearing his throat —
In these few words to relate 'em.

"More I as happy and young as you
Were my hopes but half as gay
As those sweet thoughts so cheerful and new
That illumine Childhood's day;
"If I could sport through the passing hours
As they rolled merrily by

"*Complete*"

Facsimile of verses in the Album of Ellen Beard
written by Dickens in 1834

Dickens's First Publisher. In this number I publish for the first time some of Dickens's correspondence with his first publisher, John Macrone. A perusal of this article will prove the great importance of these letters about Dickens's first book, and I must specially thank the authorities of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York for their great kindness and courtesy

in the matter and for the photographic copy of the letter reproduced on pages 34 and 35. Also I must add a word of thanks to my friend Mr. A. A. Hopkins, of New York, for his very great assistance in this, as well as in every matter affecting the welfare of this little magazine.

* * * * *

Another Early Letter. The other hitherto unpublished letter included in this number is from the fine collection of the Count de Suzannet. It is a remarkably interesting letter of the early journalistic days and is proof of the kindness of Dickens even from early manhood, and the great self-reliance which was such a genuine factor in his later success.

*"Could I behold skies, streams, and flowers
With childhood's laughing, tearless eye,
I might write strains for a Lady's ear,
But my thoughts are so weary grown,
They near could charm your bosom, my dear—
They're almost too sad for my own."*

*He paused; and the Paper blushed as deep
As the glow of a setting Sun;
The Ink began in large drops to weep,
And declared he was overcome
Ellen I've caught the Pen's disease;
And as my hopes are quite as dim,
I'll try the same excuse if you please
As succeeded so well with him.
There's this distinction betwixt the two:—
Ye powers, above, befriend me!
While he is easily made anew,
There is not a knife, can mend me.*

Boz.

Second page of verses by Dickens in Ellen Beard's Album

Our Branches. I was very pleased to see that my remark in the last number concerning Branch Syllabuses, has borne fruit, and I must congratulate the Branches generally on the great improvement shown in programmes. What surprises me, however, is that in a few Branches the old subscription of 2/6 still prevails. It is an admittedly unworkable figure unless an extra charge is made for each meeting, not a very desirable course in my opinion. One Branch states "the minimum subscription to the Fellowship is 2/6," but adds "It has been found impossible to carry on the work successfully on this figure," and suggests a subscription of 3/6. That being the case, we do not know why the Branch does not fix its subscription at what it terms "a reasonable working figure." Another

Branch has a subscription of a very odd amount, 4/6 and announces "half session, 3/-." The Fellowship is often adversely criticised, principally for its lack of dignity, and we suggest it is such cheese-paring principles as these which tend to discredit us.

A letter reached Doughty Street the other day from (of all persons) an overseas Branch Secretary, addressed "Dickensonian Fellowship," in which this magazine was referred to as "The Dickensonian." A little more intelligence—as well as dignity—is required here. By the way, why do some Branches continue to call themselves The Dickens' Fellowship?

* * * * *

The Dickens Convalescent and Holidays Home. The National Institute for the Blind has sent me its annual report from which I am delighted to know that over four hundred blind men and women were received at "Bannow," St. Leonards-on-Sea, during the year.

"The Dickens Fellowship presented this Home to the Institute," says the Report, "and the spirit which prevails in it would have delighted Dickens himself. One can imagine the pleasure he would take in reading the hundreds of letters received by the Matron from visitors, and their relatives and friends, after visiting the Home."

After quoting some of the letters, the report goes on to say how these letters "throw so strong a light on the sterling qualities of the blind generally—their patience, their good humour, their keen appreciation of the right kind of kindness, their sincere gratitude. Not the least to be encouraged by these charming letters of thanks will be the many visitors and voluntary helpers at St. Leonards, who devote so many hours of their leisure to helping the blind guests."

I am sure all my readers will share the pleasurable delight I experienced in reading that the Institute for the Blind is continuing such excellent work in the name of Dickens. Although the guests pay a small amount during their stay at this beautiful holiday home, there is a deficit on the year's working, which is borne out of the general funds of the Institute, and any further donations which individual members of the Dickens Fellowship can make to so deserving a society will be greatly appreciated. The address is The National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

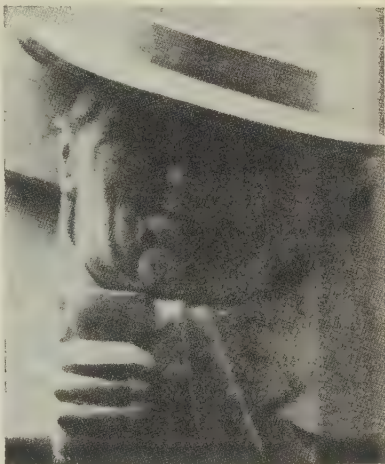
* * * * *

Pickwick in Parts. If you want to feel the thrill experienced by our grandfathers and their fathers before them; if you desire to possess a really fine copy of the greatest work of humorous fiction in the world as an ornament to your bookshelves and a perfect joy for ever, then I strongly advise you to enter at once a subscription for *The Pickwick Papers* which Sotherans of Piccadilly are issuing in fortnightly parts. In all respect except type, in which a great improvement has been made, this publication is an exact copy of the famous issue in parts of close on a century ago. The interesting and typical modern advertisements bound in with the parts add to the charm of the publication from a modernist point of view; but I

do wish the publishers had issued the old advertisements as well. A special word of praise must be given for the really wonderful reproductions of the original Seymour plates in the first part.

* * * * *

**Tony the
Keystone.** Mr. F. R. Jelley,
who wrote the
very interesting
article on "The Two Pickwic-
kian Inns of Chapter Twenty,"
in the Summer Number, sends
me the accompanying photo-
graph of the keystone over the
new archway on the building
now being erected on the site
of Blossom's Inn in Lawrence
Lane. The sculptor was Mr.
Walter Gilbert.



* * *

**Doctors'
Commons.** There was a
particularly in-
teresting letter in
"The Times" recently. It was
from Mr. Henry Jenner who

himself was a clerk in the Probate Court in 1869-70 and whose grand-
father, Sir Herbert Jenner-Fust was dean of the Arches, the "very
fat and red-faced gentleman in tortoise-shell spectacles whose dignified
appearance announced the judge" described in *Sketches by Boz*. But
for Dickens says Mr. Jenner, Doctors' Commons would be hardly
remembered, "for he is by no means badly informed about it,
although expressing a strong unfavourable bias. But I think Dickens
must have had some personal grievance against it; and I would
conjecture that Dr. Joseph Phillimore the description of whom by
Boz is so recognizable as to be actionably libellous, may have been
rude to him; and my grandfather who is the only person there for
whom he seems to have any respect may have been kind to him.
From what I have heard of the one and remember of the other this
seems not improbable." Which is a further proof of the accuracy
of Dickens's deductions of character.

* * * * *

It is good news to hear that the Bath Assembly Rooms so famous
in *The Pickwick Papers* have been acquired by the National Trust.

* * * * *

"John O'London's Weekly" devoted a page of its issue of the
24th October in praise of Mr. Ley's article on "The Sea Songs of
Dickens" in the last number of *The Dickensian*.

* * * * *

In giving in the last number the names of the branches subscribing
to the presentation to Mr. A. W. Edwards, I regret I omitted that of
Hackney and Stoke Newington.

Sir Henry Dickens spent his vacation in a sea voyage to the West Indies, and on his return flew across the Panama Canal and back again. The time occupied was about twenty minutes each way, and he thoroughly enjoyed his experience. "Not bad for a man of 82," he wrote me with conscious pride. We heartily congratulate our Life President on his achievement.

* * * * *

The American The long anticipated visit of Mr. A. W. Edwards, the
Visit of the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, to some of our over-
Hon. Secretary. seas branches is now an accomplished fact. Although the purpose of Mr. Edwards' trip was to visit his sister in Massachusetts, whom he had not seen for more than twenty-five years, it was natural he should wish to extend his journey so as to include as many as possible of the North American branches in the short time he had at his disposal, and his letters just to hand tell me of the hearty and generous welcome he has met with so far. In Boston he was entertained by the branch committee to a dinner at the Parker House Hotel. "About 250 members attended the meeting which followed," writes Mr. Edwards. "The chair was taken by Mr. Edward F. Payne, the president, and on the platform were Mrs. A. Lincoln Bowles, Miss N. Swaine, Miss Anthony and Mr. Hersey. The latter three respectively gave reports of the Inter-Branch Conference in Montreal, the Annual Conference at Eastbourne and the Rochester Pageant. Then followed a few words of welcome to myself from the chairman, and when I rose to speak the audience rose *en masse* and gave me a rousing greeting. It was a great moment and a fine tribute to the office I hold. It was delightful to have so many come and speak to me afterwards whom I had met at the Dickens House at various times, and to receive offers of entertainment, overwhelming in their profusion. I could not accept all as I had to pay some regard to the personal claims of my relatives whom I was visiting, but the friends vied with each other to make my stay as interesting and enjoyable as possible. It was the same with Montreal, where a most cordial welcome awaited me, and where a luncheon was arranged in my honour. Later in the day I attended the meeting, at which Canon Shadforth spoke on 'Pride in *Dombey and Son*.' I am really rather bewildered with all these kind attentions, and must write you more fully later about them all, as I want to catch the mail so that this letter may arrive in time for you to tell Dickensians generally of the huge success of my journey, which is certainly going to strengthen the bond between Headquarters and the Overseas Branches." We at home, who know the sterling qualities of our Hon. Secretary, and his untiring devotion to the Fellowship, are overjoyed at the reception given to him. Letters to hand from Toronto, Chicago, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York, all of which he will be visiting before he sails homewards the middle of December, assure me that his triumphal progress will show no diminution in warmth of welcome.

WALTER DEXTER.

ABOUT "A CHRISTMAS CAROL"

BY FRANK S. JOHNSON



THE Christmas Bells can be faintly heard in the distance, the Spirit of Christmas is in the air, and welcome it will be to millions at a time when the world needs it so much.

This, then, is an appropriate moment to sing again Dickens's own Carol—aptly described as "the greatest little book in the world," and in my opinion the greatest of Dickens's works. Had Dickens died after writing the *Carol*, he would still have lived. Some of his books may eventually be forgotten, but for generations the world will treasure this one. *A Christmas Carol* might well be described as "A compendium of Dickens's works," containing as it does snapshots of each of his books, even of those written afterwards; and of this many examples, which will occur to the thoughtful reader, could be given.

The "Leitmotiv" of Wagner's music is easily discernible in all his works—"Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," etc., and the "Leitmotiv" of Dickens's works is the poor neglected boy (himself, of course) and the oppressed and unfairly used poor, with right triumphing. We have the neglected youthful Scrooge; this was Dickens. The Cratchit family was the Dickens family of eight, with three girls and three boys. Peter Cratchit who "might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's," was undoubtedly the boy Dickens.

Just as *Pickwick* is the untrammelled outburst of the exuberant young Dickens, so is *A Christmas Carol* the heart song of the maturer man—a song that touched every fibre of his nature. He wrote in November, 1843, that he "felt his power and had more confidence in himself than ever he had done." Furthermore, the *Carol* is like Christianity itself, for it is the story of the regeneration of a lost soul (and Scrooge is not confined to a single man, but typifies whole countries and nations), breathing the same message as the Founder of our Religion, and therefore cannot die.

II.

It may prove of value to consider for a moment the origin and some of the interesting peculiarities of *A Christmas Carol*. The story was entirely an inspiration of Dickens, and was not requested or suggested by friends or publishers, as was the case with *Pickwick* and other works. Dibelius tells us Dickens was undoubtedly influenced by Wordsworth's "Peter Bell" written in 1819, in which a selfish man is reminded of his past—his childhood—and transformed into another being, also by the story of "Robin Goodfellow" published in 1840. This story relates how Robin Goodfellow, a spirit, appears one night to a rich old miser, who starves himself through greed, and tortures him in various shapes, first as a bird, then by a spirit with a torch in his

hand, who tells him he will suffer hereafter, warns him to do good deeds, and completely reforms him.

Le Sage in "The Devil on two Sticks" describes how a spirit appears to "Don Cleophas" and serves as nightly guide through the world, lets him peep in at various houses, takes him to the cemetery and shows him shadows of the dead.

No doubt Dickens knew these works, and we are well aware that he loved fairy tales and ghost stories, delighting in the "Arabian Nights," "Tales of the Genii," "Robinson Crusoe," etc., to all of which he refers in the *Carol*.

Dickens visited Cornwall in the autumn of 1842, and his Cornish impressions undoubtedly had a great influence on the story. Two Cornish books—Davies Gilbert's "Ancient Christmas Carols," 1822, and "Christmas Carols" by William Sandys, 1833, were almost certainly familiar to Dickens. It is known that Dickens corresponded with Sandys who, in the introduction to one of the Carols "Old Christmas Returned" suggests the idea of a rich miser and his conversion by the Spirits of Christmas. Tiny Tim's well-known "God bless us every one" is given in Sandy's Carol of the "Holy Well" as follows:—

"He said God bless you every one
And Christ your portion be"

The wonderful word painting scenes of Stave III.—the bleak and desert moor, the place where miners live, the mud and stone hut, the frightful range of rocks, thundering water, solitary lighthouse, about which the "storm birds rose and fell," are perfect, unmistakable descriptions of the Cornish moors, tin mines, Land's End and the Longships Lighthouse. Tom Miners suggests that the song of the old, old man in the hut "surrounded by his children and his children's children" was probably "Nowell," or "Eden's Paradise," the "Holly and Ivy," or "The Virgin," which were all favourites in Cornwall at the time of Dickens's visit there; and Forster's reference to a famous sunset at Land's End, which deeply affected Dickens and his friends, is reproduced thus in the *Carol*—"Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red which glared upon the desolation for an instant like a sullen eye," etc.

III.

In Stave II., we get a clear glimpse of Dickens's own life as a boy. "An open country road with fields, Scrooge recognising every gate and post and tree, until a little market town appeared in the distance with its bridge, its church and winding river" (the word "castle" was erased from the original). This refers undoubtedly to Strood, Rochester and the river Medway.

In the house on the Brook at Chatham, where the boy Dickens lived, was a fireplace with Dutch tiles illustrating the scriptures, reminding us of the old fireplace over which Scrooge sat with Cains, Abels and Apostles, etc. Some of these tiles are still in existence.

We do not know Scrooge's business—probably a merchant who

visited the Royal Exchange. There are points of topographical interest in the story such as Cornhill, the Mansion House, St. Paul's Churchyard, Parliament, Bedlam (Bethlehem Hospital), and Camden Town. The church "whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window" was probably St. Michael's Church, Bayham Street was the home of the Cratchits, and the Parish Church, Camden Town doubtless their place of worship.

We cannot definitely locate Scrooge's school, with its "weather-cock surmounted cupola," but a comparison of the description with that of Salem House in *David Copperfield* is interesting. The descrip-

VANISHED DICKENSLAND

141 Bayham Street, Camden Town



A HOSPITAL now marks the site of No. 141, Bayham Street, Camden Town demolished in 1909; but there is a tablet on the wall to connect Dickens with the spot. Here the Dickens family came from Chatham in 1822, when young Charles was not quite eleven years of age. Here he had the first glimpse of London and of a struggling poverty that haunted his young life, and culminated in his being found employment in Warren's Blacking Warehouse at Hungerford Stairs while his father was in the Marshalsea Prison for debt. For a full account of these days, refer to Walter Dexter's *Life of Dickens* and the articles in *The*

Dickensian for 1909, pages 147 and 180.

tion of the rascally Old Joe, pricing the articles stolen from Scrooge's bedroom, in Stave IV., the pawnbroker's shop of *Sketches by Boz*, and Krook's shop in *Bleak House* are striking in their similarity.

Many books, besides those already mentioned, are referred to—including the Bible, Shakespeare (*Hamlet*), Joe Miller's "Jest Book," Wordsworth's *Poems*, "Legend of St. Dunstan," "Story of Valentine and Orson," "Tale of Troy," etc.

It is interesting to note the word "Scrooge" is made up of all the salient features of his character—a "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner—S-c-r-o-o-g-e"—whilst "Tiny Tim" at first was called "Little Fred," as a glance at the original MS. shows, and it was only later on that Dickens altered the name to the alliterative "Tiny Tim."

Finally, Dickens gives a sane and wonderful view of the hereafter—Hell—as depicted in the conversation between Scrooge and Marley's Ghost:—

"It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in Life, it is condemned to do so after Death"—etc.

May that lesson teach us all to walk abroad among our fellow-men and bring happiness where we may.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

IN a recent issue of *The Dickensian*, the Editor remarks: "the sooner the child is taught to read the real Dickens, so much the better." First impressions are supposed to be the strongest, and one wonders how many Dickensians, reading Mr. Dexter's statement, looked back to the days when they first came into contact with the works of Charles Dickens.

I made friends with Dickens at a very early age. After I had mastered the alphabet and when I was able to read easy words of two or three letters, my governess provided me with simple text-books. But these did not satisfy me, and when no one was about, I used to creep up to the book-case (which stood on holy ground), carefully take down a book, wriggle up into the great arm-chair that stood in front of the window, and there I would sit for hours, guiding my way along closely-printed pages by using my forefinger as a moving signpost. The journey from book-case to arm-chair seemed to be full of peril; those thick red volumes, each one containing a portrait with Dickens's signature underneath it, were so large and heavy for my little hands to hold. My knees, too, would get tired of being used as a book-rest, and sometimes the volume would have to stand on the arm of the chair; but that was not a comfortable mode of reading.

Gradually I worked my way right along that row in the book-case. How I approached those books with awe and how I pored over them! What a wonderful world I had stepped into!

Charles Dickens helped me to read; he taught me to appreciate the English language. Disguised as David Copperfield, he encouraged me to write; he showed me how much joy there is in even the most commonplace affairs of life; and above all, he introduced me to so many wonderful characters that it was, and is, impossible for me to be lonely. The repayment of my debt to the author was impossible; I could only try to express my thanks for all these benefits by reading and loving his works.

Perhaps as a result of early acquaintance, or of the enthusiasm for Dickens's works which I inherited from my father, my admiration of this great author has been so lasting and so intense that when I hear any one say that he does not like Dickens, I pity, but find it impossible to sympathise with the speaker or the sentiment. And when any one chooses to disagree with this opinion, I do not applaud his frankness, but I feel contempt for the arrogance of mind which causes him to reveal his singular lack of intelligence:

MORAL.—To gain enthusiastic members, attract them to the Dickens Fellowship when they are young!

MURIEL M. MALVERN.

THE JOURNALIST DICKENS

A CENTENARY

ACCORDING to Forster, Dickens's first experience as a parliamentary reporter was gained with "The True Sun." March next is therefore an important Dickensian date as it marks the centenary of Dickens as a reporter. The first number of "The True Sun" was issued on March 5th, 1832, and it is probable that Dickens was one of its earliest recruits.

In the interval between leaving the office of Ellis and Blackmore in November, 1828 and this period of his history Dickens was mastering the mysteries of shorthand, and was a reporter in the courts of Doctors' Commons. Here he had a little office of his own at No. 5, Bell Yard, Carter Lane, which address is given on the copy of the judgment in an ecclesiastical action reported by him and preserved at St. Bartholomew's Church. It is dated 18th November, 1830.

According to the best authorities, at the same time as he was working for "The True Sun," Dickens also held an appointment on his uncle's paper "The Mirror of Parliament" and by the courtesy of the Comte de Suzannet we are able to reproduce in full (with a facsimile of the first and last pages) an important letter written on the 9th December, 1832, which is among his very important collection of Dickens manuscripts.

13 Fitzroy Street
Sunday December 9th.

Sir,

In answer to your note of yesterday's date, I have only to say that I shall be happy to avail myself of your assistance when the session commences; and as soon as our arrangements at The Mirror of Parliament are completed, I shall write to you.

I regret for your own sake that I have not known your address until I found (on returning home yesterday evening) your note. I wrote you a few lines some time since in reply to your former note (several engagements I had formed preventing my doing so at the moment) and about a week afterwards the letter was returned to me by the Post Office with the intimation that you had left the residence to which I had directed it. Had I even received your yesterday's note one day sooner I could have procured you a couple of days' employment at the Lambeth Election as a Poll Clerk at a salary of one Guinea per day, having been commissioned by Mr. Tennyson to find no less than *eighteen* young men for that purpose. I regret to say however that the number was completed yesterday morning. I could also have given you some employment on my own account about a week ago, but not knowing where to find you, I was under the necessity of employing a stranger. Of course this is no fault of yours, and I only mention the circumstances for the purpose of illustrating my assurance that I shall always be most willing to put anything in your way when I have the opportunity of doing so.

Should I stand in need of your services previous to the

13 Fitzroy Street.

Sunday December 9th.

Sir.

In answer to your note of yesterday's date I have only to say that I shall be happy to avail myself of your assistance when the Session commences; and as soon as our arrangements at the House of Parliament are completed I will write to you.

I regret for your own sake that I have not known your address until I found on returning home yesterday evening your note. I note you a few lines some time since in reply to your former note. Several engagements I had found preventing my doing so

assembling of Parliament, for a day or two, I will write to you, but at all events you will hear from me when Parliament meets, which will be, I think, on the 29th January.

I am, Sir,

Yours etc.

Charles Dickens.

Mr. H. G. Hartland.

This letter, written by Dickens before he came of age, demonstrates clearly two traits in his character; his energy, determination, and assurance, and his ever-willing service for an acquaintance. It also enables us for the first time to fix definitely the house in Fitzroy Street where the Dickens family was lodging in 1832. Several of the letters to Henry Kolle are addressed from the same street, but in none of them does Dickens give the number of the house. The Dickens family remained here about six months.

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day or two I will write to you, but
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of January.

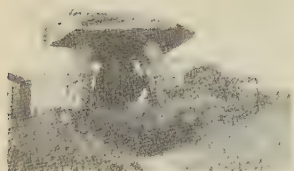
I am Sir

Yours etc

Charles Dickens

Mr. H. G. Hartland.

WHERE IS THIS ?



1. My little Kentish freehold.
2. At once a first floor and a top story.
3. This bleak place overgrown with nettles.
4. A singular little old-fashioned house up a blind street . . . two small bedrooms and a triangular parlour.
5. The right-hand parlour, into which an aspiring kitchen fireplace appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs and shovel.
6. A very hideous church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back with its feet in the air.
7. Every echo of his footsteps sounded to him like a sound from the old walls and pavements, wanting language to relate the history of the dim dismal room.
8. A cool establishment at the top of a hill, where the ground before the door was puddled with damp hoofs and trodden straw.
9. Merrily the fountain plashed and plashed until the dimples merging into one another, swelled into a gentle smile that covered the whole surface of the fountain.
10. The emporium of petty larceny ; visited at early morning and setting in of dusk, by silent merchants who traffic in dark back-parlours and who go as strangely as they come.
11. A beautiful little cottage with a thatched roof, and little spires at the gable ends, and pieces of stained glass in some of the windows almost as large as pocket books.
12. Famous as a kind of deadly innyard, from which pale travellers set out continually, in carts and coaches, on a violent passage into the other world.
13. The dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats.
14. The majority of the inhabitants either direct their energies to the letting of furnished apartments, or devote themselves to the healthful and invigorating pursuit of mangling.
15. The little room overlooking the river . . . was delightful. Everything was delightful. The park was delightful, the punch was delightful, the dishes of fish were delightful, the wine was delightful.
16. A black, dilapidated street, avoided by all decent people, where the crazy houses were seized upon, when this decay was far advanced, by some bold vagrants, who after establishing their own possession, took to letting them out in lodgings.
17. A little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden and the top of it cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns . . . I think it was the smallest house I ever saw ; with the queerest gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham) and a gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

(The Answers will be printed in the Spring number)

MORE SONGS OF DICKENS'S DAY

BY J. W. T. LEY

IN a previous article I quoted a song which Dickens used to sing to his children—"Guy Fawkes." There are a couple more songs which have a personal interest apart from mention in the books. When he paid his first visit to Edinburgh in June, 1841, the great event was a public dinner in his honour, and at that dinner the orchestra paid him an amusing but highly felicitous compliment. As he entered the room it struck up "Charley is my darling," and he wrote to Forster the day after that there were shouts of delight. This was the famous Jacobite song, which still is so well known that there can be no need to quote more than the first verse here—

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

On June 25th, 1849, Dickens wrote to Mark Lemon

Get a clean pocket-handkerchief ready for the close of *Copperfield* No. 3; 'simple and quiet, but very natural and touching.'—*Evening Bore.*

Ever affectionately

NEW SONG.

Tune—'Lesbia hath a beaming eye.'

I.

Lemon is a little hipped,
And this is Lemon's true position;
He is not pale, he's not white-lipped,
Yet wants a little fresh condition.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
Old ocean's rising, falling billows
Than on the houses every one,
That form the street called Saint Anne's Willers.

Oh, my Lemon, round and fat,
Oh, my bright, my right, my tight 'un,
Think a little what you're at—
Don't stay at home, but come to Brighton.

Lemon has a coat of frieze,
 But all so seldom Lemon wears it,
 That it is a prey to fleas, ■
 And every moth that's hungry tears it.
 Oh, that coat's the coat for me,
 That braves the railway sparks and breezes,
 Leaving every engine free
 To smoke it till its owner sneezes !

Then, my Lemon, round and fat,
 L., my bright, my right, my tight 'un,
 Think a little what you're at—
 On Tuesday first, come down to Brighton !
T. Sparkler.

Also signed

Catherine Dickens,
 Annie Leech,
 Georgina Hogarth,
 Mary Dickens,
 Katie Dickens,
 John Leech.

Whether this comes within the category of a parody or not let others decide. Here is the original—by Tom Moore, of course :

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
 Few its looks, but every one
 Like unexpected light, surprises !

Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold, ,
 But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.
 Oh ! My Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.

Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.

Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina !
 Wit, tho' bright,
 hath no such light,
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

In August, 1841, Dickens contributed a couple of squibs to "The Examiner." "By Jove, how radical I am getting !" he wrote to Forster. Sir Robert Peel was in office at that time, and these squibs were directed at his Conservative administration. They were published over the initial "w." One was a parody of the famous song "The Fine Old English Gentleman," and a very good parody too. Let just a couple of verses be given here :—

I'll sing you a new ballad, and I'll warrant it first rate,
 Of the days of that old gentleman who had that old estate ;
 When they spent the public money at a beautiful old rate
 On ev'ry mistress, pimp, and scamp, at ev'ry noble gate,
 In the fine old English Tory times ;
 Soon may they come again !

The bright old day now dawns again ; the cry runs through the land,
 In England there shall be dear bread—in Ireland sword and brand ;
 And poverty and ignorance shall swell the rich and grand,
 So rally round the rulers with the gentle iron hand,
 Of the fine old English Tory days ;
 Hail to the coming time !

The famous original was written and composed by Charles H. Purday. It is much too long to quote here in its entirety, but it has this curiosity, that while, if read through, it becomes tautological, this is explained by the fact that the sixth and seventh verses were written as optional alternatives (is that tautological ?) to the fourth and fifth. The singer sang which two he preferred. Here are a couple of verses :—

I'll sing you a good old song that was made by a good old pate,
 Of a fine old English gentleman who had an old estate ;
 And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate.
 With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
 Like a fine old English gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

His custom was, when Christmas came, to bid his friends repair
 To his old hall, where feast and ball for them he did prepare ;
 And tho' the rich he entertain'd, he ne'er forgot the poor,
 Nor were there any destitute e'er driven from the door
 Of this good old English gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

Another of these squibs was written to the metre of "A Cobbler there was," which was first sung in "The Beggars' Opera" in 1728. It is not often heard nowadays, though of course it retains its place in all good collections of old English songs. It has reference in *Dombey and Son*, when Mrs. Chick observes for the benefit of her husband, whose irresistible tendency to whistle and hum tunes will be remembered, "I shall never cease to congratulate myself on having said, when I little thought what there was in store for us—really as if I was inspired by something—that I forgave poor dear Fanny everything. Whatever happens, that must always be a comfort to me." Mr. Chick advised her not to over-exert herself, and she replied that there's a moral in everything, if we will only avail ourselves of it. A silence ensued which was presently invaded by Mr. Chick "with the singularly inappropriate air of 'A cobbler there was'." He checked himself immediately, but received a severe lecture for his lapse. This song has seven verses, so we must be content with only a couple here :—

A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
 Which served him for parlour, for kitchen, and all ;
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy ;
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing, too, most sweet,
 Saying 'just to a hair I've made both ends meet.'
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

The first verse of Dickens's squib was as follows. It was hardly a parody, but it was published with the note that it was to be sung to the tune of this song :—

An astonishing doctor has just come to town,
 Who will do all the faculty perfectly brown :
 He knows all diseases, their causes, and ends ;
 And he begs to appeal to his medical friends.
 Tol de rol :
 Diddle doll
 Tol de rol, de rol.

There are many songs mentioned in the books which I do not propose to quote. For instance, there can be no need to quote "The British Grenadiers," which George Bagnet played on the fife as a boy ; nor "The Death of Nelson," which is quoted by Mr. Micawber and by Captain Cuttle ; nor "Rule Britannia," "God Save the Queen," and

other songs so well known which have frequent reference. "Cheer, boys, Cheer," and "God Bless the Prince of Wales," come within a similar category. A good old song which persists, though perhaps it is not so well known as it was fifty years ago is "The Tight Little Island." Of the "Member for Verbosity" Dickens says "His principles are, Labour and Capital, Crown and Sceptre, Elephant and Castle," and in several places he sneers at the people who talk vacuously about "this right little, tight little island." Just the first verse of this song is:—

Daddy, Neptune one day unto Freedom did say—
 "If ever I lived upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on would be little Britain!"
 Says Freedom, "Why that's my own island."

O, it's a snug little island!
 A right little, tight little island!
 Search the globe round,
 None can be found,
 So happy as this little island.

.... "Britons, Strike Home," is not so well known. In *Somebody's Luggage* the (ostensible) pavement artist has written the following sentiments:—"The writer is poor, but not despondent. To a British 1234567890 Public he £.s.d. appeals. Honour to our brave Army! And also 0987654321 to our gallant Navy. BRITONS STRIKE the ABCDEFG writer in common chalks would be grateful for any suitable employment HOME! HOME!"

This song was a popular number in Purcell's "Bonduca," and this may have been what Dickens had in mind. On the other hand, the song gave its name to an opera by Charles Dibdin, and we know that Dickens was familiar with that writer's work. Purcell's song (for soprano and chorus) was as follows:—

Britons, strike home! revenge your country's wrongs!
 Fight! fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.
 Britons, be firm, resolv'd to win the day!
 Strike! strike for the right, your country's call obey.

There is also a song by Dibdin with the same title. It is contained in a two volume edition of his songs edited by Dickens's father-in-law, George Hogarth. Mr. James Lightwood quotes the following verse from that work, which was published in 1803:—

When Dryden wrote and Purcell sung
 Britons, strike home,
 The patriot-sounds re-echoing rung
 The exalted dome.

Thus the phrase may have impressed itself on the novelist in several ways. But the song from which this verse is taken is entitled "Victory and George the Third," and the balance of probability is that he got the phrase from the title of the song in the collection of Dibdin's works edited by his wife's father. Its full title is:—

Britons ! Strike Home.

The Call of Honour.

Come, brother soldiers, join the cause !
At Honour's call your wounds display,
And swear, till Freedom bids you pause,
The scabbard shall be thrown away.

Bright Glory's ensign stream in air ;
Yet, ere proud Gallia bite the dust,
To heav'n prefer a fervent pray'r
To conquer, as our cause is just.

In Honour's quarrel, O how sweet
To taste the joys that Victory brings.
Trampling indignant under feet
Those slaves who threat to tread on kings.

Come, brother soldiers, give the word ;
Fate leaves them here to find their graves ;
The sword is drawn—fair Freedom's sword,
And fatal may it fall on slaves !

Hark ! how, with loud and horrid yell,
They seek destruction on our shore !
But pallid fear their din shall quell—
Wolves cease to howl when lions roar.

Presumably this song is about something, but it is appallingly poor stuff, and it is not worth while printing here the remaining five verses !

At the close of the serenade with which the gentlemen at Mrs. Todgers's regaled the Miss Pecksniffs they all joined in a song written by the gentleman of a literary turn, who showed that the young ladies were nearly related to Rule Britannia, and that if Great Britain hadn't been an island, there could have been no Miss Pecksniffs. It closed with this verse :—

All hail to the vessel of Pecksniff the sire !
And favouring breezes to fan ;
While Tritons flock round it, and proudly admire
The architect, artist, and man !

Dickens was taking liberties with Sir Walter Scott's famous " Hail to the Chief," which was set to music by Sir Henry R. Bishop :—

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances !
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever green Pine !
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heav'n send it happy dew, Earth lend it sap a-new,
Gailey to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While ev'ry highland glen sends one shout back again,
" Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, hi ! ieore ! "

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars for the ever green Pine !
 O ! that the rosebud that graces yon islands
 Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine !
 O ! that some seedling gem worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan Alpine then ring from her deepest glen
 " Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho ieore ! "

The van driver who gave Martin Chuzzlewit a lift on the road to London spoke of his friend " Lummy Ned of the Light Salisbury " in the past tense, and that induced Martin to inquire if he was dead. No, he was in the U-nited States, and, said the driver, " I don't understand wot particular business Ned turned his mind to when he got there, but he wrote home that him and his friends was always a singing Ale Columbia, and blowing up the President, so I suppose it was something in the public line, or free-and-easy way again." Exactly what our prohibitionist friends of America think of that passage I do not know ! The words of the famous song were adapted to the tune of the " President's March " by Dr. Joseph Hopkinson. Here is the first verse :—

Hail, Columbia, happy land !
 Hail, ye heroes, heav'n born band,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valour won.
 Let Independence be your boast ;
 Be ever mindful what it cost ;
 Be ever grateful for the prize,
 And let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty,
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

In an issue of Sharp's New London Songster I find a very different song entitled " Columbia " declared to be " the National Song of America." Its first verse runs :—

Columbia's shores are wild and wide,
 Columbia's hills are high ;
 And rudely planted side by side,
 Her forests meet the eye.
 But narrow must those shores be made,
 And low Columbia's hills,
 And low her ancient forests laid,
 Ere freedom leaves her fields ;
 For 'tis the land where rude and wild,
 She played her gambols when a child.

The assertion that this is the national song of America is not, of course, correct. That honour belongs to " The Star Spangled Banner."

But I have it on the authority of the American Embassy in London, to whose courtesy I am indebted, that both the songs I have quoted are popular patriotic airs frequently sung in the schools of America. It is surprising that "Yankee Doodle" should not have mention in *Martin Chuzzlewit*—at any rate, if it has I have missed it. But frequently it is referred to in *American Notes*; I wonder how many readers of this magazine really know that famous song? They have heard the expression "Yankee Doodle" all their lives, but in most cases I find it associated with the song about the Chesapeake and the Shannon. Here is the song:—

A Yankee boy is trim and tall,
And never over fat, sir.
At dance or frolic, hop or ball,
As nimble as a rat, sir.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coast,
Yankee Doodle dandy.
Fear not then, nor threat nor boast,
Yankee Doodle dandy.

He's always out on training day,
Commencement or Election,
At truck or trade he knows the way
Of thriving to perfection.
Yankee Doodle, etc.

His door is always open found,
His cider of the best, sir;
His board of pumpkin pie is crowned,
And welcome every guest, sir.
Yankee Doodle, etc.

Tho' rough a little in his farm,
That little is his own, sir;
His heart is strong, his heart is warm,
'Tis truth and honour's throne, sir.
Yankee Doodle, etc.

His country is his pride and boast,
He'll ever prove true blue, sir;
When call'd upon to give his toast,
'Tis "Yankee Doodle doo," sir.
Yankee Doodle, etc.

Let us recross the Atlantic, and note one more historic old English song. In the last of his *Reprinted Pieces* Dickens remarks that of a great institution like Smithfield Market the French are unable to form the least conception, and that a beast market in the heart of Paris would be regarded as an intolerable nuisance. "But," he exclaims, "The French are a frog-eating people who wear wooden shoes, and it's O the roast beef of England, my boy, the jolly old English roast beef." Leveridge's well known song is recalled also by the title of

one of the *Uncommercial Traveller* papers—"The Boiled Beef of New England."

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers good.
Oh! the roast beef of old England!
And oh! for old England's roast beef!

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song;
Oh! the roast beef of old England!
And oh! for old England's roast beef!

In *those* days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.
Oh! the roast beef of old England!
And oh! for old England's roast beef!

So far in this article we have dealt with songs which have real fame, songs of which everybody has heard though not everybody is actually acquainted with them. Now we will note a song which is not nearly so well known. At a memorable dinner in Buckingham Street, Strand, a cloud was cast over the happiness of the party early on by the arrival of Littimer, but eventually things became cheerful again, and after tea "Mrs. Micawber was good enough to sing to us (in a small, thin, flat voice, which I remembered to have considered, when I first knew her, the very table-beer of acoustics) the favourite ballads of "The Dashing White Sergeant" and "Little Tafflin." For both of these songs Mrs. Micawber had been famous when she lived at home with her papa and mama. Mr. Micawber told us that when he heard her sing the first one, on the first occasion of his seeing her beneath the parental roof, she had attracted his attention in an extraordinary degree; but that when it came to Little Taffline, he had resolved to win that woman or perish in the attempt.

Little Taffline was a character in "The Three or the Deuce, or Which is Which? A comic drama in one Act," by Prince Hoare, who died in 1834. The play was first produced at the Haymarket in 1795, and we may be perfectly sure that the reference to it in *Copperfield* was a reminiscence of the days when Dickens had frequented the theatres with his fellow clerk, Potter. Taffline is a Scotch female character, and the song is sung by her:—

Should e'er the fortune pe my lot
To pe made a wealthy bride,
I'll glad my parent's lowly cot—
All their pleasure and their pride.
And when I'm dressed
All in my pest,
Like a lady gay,
I'll trip away.

And the lads will say, "Tear heart! what a flash!
Look at Little Taffline with a silken sash!"

Oh ! then what pleasure to pe seen,
When the lads at ev'ning meet,
With silken sash of pink or green,
Silken roses on my feet !

How folks will stare
As hur goes py !
"See, see !" they'll cry,
"Her flaunty air !"

And the lads will say, "Tear heart ! what a flash !
Look at Little Taffline with a silken sash !"

The music was by Stephen Storace, who died in the year following the production of the play. Referring to this song, some years ago in the "Daily Telegraph," the late Mr. Louis N. Parker asked "Why did Dickens make a mistake in the sex of Little Taffline ?" What on earth he meant I cannot discover, for a careful reading of the passage in *Copperfield* has not revealed to me any reference at all to the sex of the character.

The Dashing White Sergeant.

Words by GENERAL BURGOUNE.
Allegro à la militaire.

SIR H. R. BISHOP.

1. If I had a beau For a sol-dier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no ? No, no, not I !
2. When my sol-dier is gone, Do you think I'd take on, Or sit mo-ping forlorn ? No, no, not I !

For a sol-dier who'd go, Do you think I'd say no ? No, no, no, no, no, no, not
Do you think I'd take on, Or sit mo-ping for-lorn ? No, no, no, no, no, no, not

I !..... When his red coat I saw, Not a tear would it draw,
I !..... His fame my concern, How my bo-som would burn,
ad lib.

But I'd give him o-clat for his bra-ve-ry !
When I saw him re-turn crown'd with vic-to-ry ! If an ar-my of Amazons e'er

came in play, As a dashing white ser-geant I'd march a-way,

A dashing white sergeant I'd march a-way, march a-way, march a-way,

p march a-way.... march a-way, march a-way,.... march a-way, march a-way,....

march a-way. . . march a-way....

"The Dashing White Sergeant" is not buried as so many of these songs are in a practically forgotten play. It still makes occasional appearances in song books, and as a matter of fact is included in Messrs. Novello and Co.'s Albums of English Song. It had widespread newspaper reference in 1928, for when the Court was at Balmoral it was the most popular tune at the Ghillies Ball, the dance in the castle ballroom at which the King and Queen entertain the tenants and employees on the estates of Balmoral, Birkhall, and Abergeldie. It was recorded at the time that "It was at the Queen's request that this graceful measure of the long ago was played twice during the evening." "The Dashing White Sergeant" is a soprano song by Sir Henry Bishop, the words being by General Burgoyne (incorrectly printed Bargoyne in the album alluded to above). Burgoyne, who lived 1723-1792, was a contributor to the famous *Rolliad*, but before that he had had a distinguished military career. As an author, he devoted himself principally to the political satire, but he was versatile in a journalistic way, and he wrote one very successful comedy, "The Heiress."

When Arthur Clennam was breaking Little Dorrit's heart by pressing her for her confidence if she should be in love, Mr. Pancks entered the garret with his favourite introduction of himself; "Pa-ancks the gi-ipsy fortune-telling."

"I am spending the evening with the rest of 'em," said Mr. Pancks. "I've been singing. I've been taking a part in White sand and grey sand. I don't know anything about it. Never mind. I'll take any part in anything. It's all the same, if you're loud enough."

"White Sand and Grey Sand" is a very old Round which has not altogether lost its popularity. Its date and author are both unknown.

White sand and grey sand,
Who'll buy my grey sand?
Who'll buy my white sand?

In the first chapter of *Our Mutual Friend* there is a reference to "The Miller of the Dee," which is a mid-eighteenth century song set to a still older tune which is found in "The Quaker's Opera" of 1728.

At the monthly meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Society, Mr. Anthony Humm moved "that the assembly do regale itself with a song."

With a view to their rational and moral enjoyment brother Mordlin had adapted the beautiful words of 'Who hasn't heard of a Jolly Young Waterman?' to the tune of the Old Hundredth, which he would now request them to join him in singing. He might take that opportunity of expressing his firm persuasion that the late Mr. Dibdin, seeing the errors of his former life, had written that song to show the advantages of abstinence. It was a temperance song (whirlwinds of cheers). The neatness of the interesting young man's attire, the dexterity of his feathering, the enviable state of mind, which in the beautiful words of the poet, enabled him to

"Row along, thinking of nothing at all,"

all combined to prove that he must have been a water-drinker (cheers). Oh, what a state of virtuous jollity ! (rapturous cheering). And what was the young man's reward ? Let all young men present mark this,

'The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily,'
(loud cheers, in which the ladies joined). What a bright example ! The sisterhood, the maidens, flocking round the young waterman, and urging him along the path of duty and of temperance. But was it the maidens of humble life only, who soothed, consoled, and supported him ? No !

'He was always first oars with the fine city ladies.'
(Immense cheering). The soft sex to a man—he begged pardon, to a female—rallied round the young waterman, and turned with disgust from the drinker of spirits (cheers). The Brick Lane Branch brothers were the watermen (cheers and laughter). That room was their boat ; that audience were the maidens ; and he, (Mr. Anthony Humm), however unworthily, was first oars (unbounded applause).

The reference to the late Mr. Dibdin seeing the errors of his former life is excellent, but as a matter of fact his life was chock full of errors right up to the end. He had died when Dickens was two years old, but his songs had retained their popularity, and Dickens must have known all of them. The song on which Mr. Humm built up his homily is sung by Tug in the ballad opera "The Waterman ; or The First of August."

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge us'd for to ply ?
And he feather'd his oar with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye :
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flocked to his boat so readily,
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and painted withal ;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party went to Ranelagh or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen ;
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love did he fall :
And would this young lady but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow,
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare ?

(To be continued)

THE DELIGHTFUL SCAMP

BY HENRY S. SANDERS



THE name of Micawber, one of the most delightful scamps in literature, who, like many a shiftless character in life, is always waiting for something to turn up, is known wherever the English language is spoken. The victim of unmerciful disaster which ever "follows fast and follows faster," he is the personification of genial optimism. If I were asked to name three of the foremost humorous creations of fiction, I would mention Don Quixote, Falstaff and Micawber. In many respects he is more lovable than the delectable Falstaff himself. Though fond of his glass of negus or punch, especially when he does the mixing, and with a cultivated and exquisite appreciation for the delights of the table and for all the good things of life, he is not so gross as Falstaff. He is not a shameless debauchee; neither is he a swaggering braggadocio, a palpable liar or an arrant coward. True, he has not the brilliant wit and the infectious humour of Shakespeare's immortal fat knight, but he has a grandiloquent manner of

expressing himself which is highly amusing. Even his simplest thoughts he clothes in high-falutin language. And with what relish, what infinite gusto, does he roll out his sonorous, high-sounding, grandiose, bombastic sentences. What a stump orator of the old school of oratory he would have made. And then, too, he has a habit of writing letters on the least provocation, especially when he has experienced some financial difficulty, couched in the most flowery and pompous terms, always winding up his epistle with an oblique descending flourish at the end, like an anchor chain cast astern. Thus he closes his letter to Copperfield when he is about to be imprisoned for non-payment of a note of acceptance that has become overdue:

"After premising thus much, it would be a work of supererogation to add that dust and ashes are forever scattered

On
The
Head
Of

Wilkins Micawber."

He passes with comical suddenness from joy to grief. One moment he is in a heaven of bliss; the next plunged into the deepest dejection. But no matter what calamities may threaten to engulf him, he rises triumphantly superior to every occasion. When some new misfortune overwhelms him, he is the picture of abject despair, until some slight ray of hope pierces athwart the gloom of his despondency,

when he will jauntily cock his hat on one side of his head, put his arms akimbo, and with his white shirt collar rising up almost to the top of his bald head, and his eye-glass maintaining a precarious hold upon his nose, he will present a transformation of demeanor that is simply astonishing. He is the embodiment of optimism, always hoping for something to turn up, whom no obstacles can freeze, no pecuniary disasters overcome. He is so gay, so volatile, so happy-go-lucky, so sprightly, so courtly. He is never so happy, never so much in his element, as when he is mixing a bowl of punch.

"His recent despondency, not to say despair, was gone in a moment. I never saw a man so thoroughly enjoy himself amid the fragrance of lemon-peel and sugar, the odour of burning rum, and the steam of boiling water, as Mr. Micawber did that afternoon. It was wonderful to see his face shining at us out of a thin cloud of these delicate fumes as he stirred, and mixed, and tasted, and looked as if he were making, instead of punch, a fortune for his family down to the latest posterity."

Even in his weaknesses and his follies we love him, for there is something peculiarly lovable and ingratiating about him. Like Mrs. Gummidge, when the happiness of others is involved, he can rise out of his sloth, his utter irresponsibility and his despair, and assert himself magnificently, as, for instance, when he gets to work and uncovers the hypocrisy and villainy of Uriah Heep. Listen to his scornful denunciation of him :

"What is the matter, gentlemen ? What is *not* the matter ? Villainy is the matter ; baseness is the matter ; deception, fraud, conspiracy are the matter ; and the name of the whole atrocious mass is—HEEP !"

The impecuniosity of Micawber is proverbial. He has an unfortunate habit of living beyond his means, and a propensity to give promissory notes that he cannot liquidate. Once he has given such a pledge, he feels that he can walk erect again before his fellow men, not at all realizing that the day will come around when it must be met or he will be incarcerated for debt. As a consequence, he is continually besieged by creditors.

"At these times, Mr. Micawber would be transported with grief and mortification, even to the length (as I was once made aware by a scream from his wife) of making motions at himself with a razor ; but within half an hour afterwards, he would polish up his boots with extraordinary pains, and go out, humming a tune with a greater air of gentility than ever."

His philosophy of living is expressed as follows :

" 'My other piece of advice, Copperfield,' said Mr. Micawber, 'you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are forever floored. As I am.' "

When David and Traddles call upon him, and David inquires how he is, he replies with airy persiflage :

“ ‘Sir, you are exceedingly obliging. I am in *statu quo*.’ ‘And Mrs. Micawber ?’ I pursued. ‘Sir,’ said Mr. Micawber, ‘she is also, thank God, in *statu quo*.’ ‘And the children ?’ ‘Sir,’ said Mr.

VANISHED DICKENSLAND

Dickens's last London House



Photo by]

[T. W. Tyrrell

NO. 5 HYDE PARK PLACE was demolished in 1928-29 to make room for the Regal Cinema at Marble Arch. Dickens rented this house from January to June, 1870, so as to be near at hand for his final series of Readings. To his American friend, James T. Fields, he wrote : “ We live here (opposite the Marble Arch) in a charming house until the 1st of June, and then return to Gad’s . . . I have a large room here, with three fine windows overlooking the park, unsurpassable for airiness and cheerfulness.”

This was the last London home of Dickens, the house from which he arranged for his son-in-law, Charles Collins, to do “ a charming cover for the monthly parts of the new book,” and here, when Collins was too ill to complete his work, he made the acquaintance, through Sir John Millais, of the then unknown Luke Fildes and chose him for his illustrator.

Micawber, ‘ I rejoice to reply that they are, likewise, in the enjoyment of salubrity.’ ”

Mr. Micawber has made an appointmnt with Mr. Dick and Betsey Trotwood for the purpose of making some astounding disclosures to them. When they arrive and Mr. Dick has effusively shaken Mr. Micawber’s hand half a dozen times, he is simply overcome. “ ‘ The friendliness of this gentleman,’ said Mr. Micawber to my aunt, ‘ if

you will allow me, ma'am, to cull a figure of speech from the vocabulary of our coarser national sports, floors me. To a man who is struggling with a complicated burden of perplexity and disquiet, such a reception is trying, I assure you.' "

When Micawber finally severs his connection with Uriah Heep and says that he will no longer associate himself with such a heap of infamy, the difference that has arisen between him and Mrs. Micawber is dissipated, and he exclaims :

" 'Emma, the cloud is passed from my mind. Mutual confidence, so long preserved between us once, is restored, to know no further interruption. Now, welcome poverty !' cried Mr. Micawber, shedding tears, 'Welcome misery, welcome houselessness, welcome hunger, rags, tempest and beggary ! Mutual confidence will sustain us to the end.' "

Micawber has no love for his wife's relatives. The mere mention of them puts him into a towering rage.

" 'My dear,' said Mr. Micawber, with some heat, 'it may be better for me to state distinctly, at once, that if I were to develop my views to that assembled group, they would possibly be found of an offensive nature ; my impression being that your family are, in the aggregate, impertinent snobs, and, in detail, unmitigated Ruffians.' "

As I have already stated, he is being continually arrested for debt, but when everything seems the blackest and when the debtors' jail is about to open its ponderous doors to admit him, something always does turn up. The clouds of despair are replaced by the roseate rays of hope, and he is once more his beaming, jovial self.

I agree entirely with Mr. Read that it was a mistake of judgment on the part of Dickens to have Micawber emigrate to Australia and become a prosperous farmer, and finally a magistrate at Port Middlebay. With his flighty and unstable nature and his unbusinesslike habits, it would require some stretch of imagination to picture him as succeeding in any venture that he undertook. He would always remain the same genial but unhappy victim of adversity.

Now, a few words about Mrs. Micawber, his worthy and faithful mate. In some respects she is reminiscent of Mr. Micawber, for she herself indulges in the luxury of high-sounding phrases, and expresses her thoughts with considerable circumlocution. However, she does possess a little more business ability than he, and had it not been for her I am afraid that the Micawber family would have gone to complete ruin. She has a very high opinion of Mr. Micawber's worth and the possibilities that lie dormant within him, and even predicts that ultimately he may attain to some exalted position. Listen to this :

" 'Micawber, your mistake in life is, that you do not look forward far enough. You are bound, in justice to your family, if not to yourself, to take in at a comprehensive glance the extremest point in the horizon to which your abilities may lead you. . . . I have always been of opinion that Mr. Micawber possesses what I have heard my papa call, when I lived at home, the judicial mind ; and I hope

Mr. Micawber is now entering on a field where that mind will develop itself and take a commanding station."

In the face of dire poverty and adversity, she often reiterates that she will never desert Micawber. When he is about to depart for Canterbury to attach himself to Uriah Heep, she says :

"My family may consider it banishment, if they please ; but I am a wife and mother, and I never will desert Mr. Micawber. That, at least, is my view, my dear Mr. Copperfield and Mr. Traddles, of the obligation which I took upon myself when I repeated the irrevocable words, 'I, Emma, take thee, Wilkins.' I read the service over with a flat-candle on the previous night, and the conclusion I derived from it was, that I never could desert Mr. Micawber. And though it is possible I may be mistaken in my views of the ceremony, I never will."

Truly a wonderful woman !

THE GATEWAY TO THE MYSTERY*

ANOTHER solution of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* ! This time it is from the able pen of Mr. Edwin Harris of Rochester, who, as a small boy, had the luck to be neatly extricated by Dickens himself from one of those painful plights which overtake small and enquiring boys. Good luck indeed !

"And did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you ?"

Mr. Harris has Rochester history, civil and ecclesiastical, at his finger ends, has written many books on the subject, and knows all the Dickens sites. Whether we agree with his theory or not, there is a wealth of topographical information in his latest book. It is well bound, excellently got up, cheap, and a pleasure to handle. One illustration depicts the original of Mr. Sapsea.

One of the things I like about the book is that it is a painstaking attempt to complete the story. It is easy to say, in a large way, that Datchery is Drood, Helena, Tartar, Mr. Grewgious, Bazzard, Miss Twinkleton, or a previously unknown character, but it is not so easy to work the thing out in detail, and, as Mr. Sapsea reminds us, " 'It don't do to boast of what you are ; but show how you came to be it, and then you prove it.' " Mr. Harris has chosen the Datchery-Bazzard theory, and while I cannot admit that he has proved it, my own ideas on the subject being so different, he has certainly made it more plausible than I should have supposed anyone could. He manages to weave into his story the stray chapter about Sapsea and the Eight Club, found by Forster among Dickens's Papers, and he gives the character of "Poker" to Helena. Two disguised persons in the streets of Cloisterham at one time is rather a crowd, and nothing will persuade me that Helena in coat and trousers can make herself anyone but her twin brother Neville, who is already well known by

* *John Jasper's Gatehouse*, by Edward Harris. A Sequel to "*Edwin Drood*," by Charles Dickens. 1931. Mackays Ltd., 137 Eastgate, Rochester. Cloth, 3s. 6d. Paper, 2s. 6d.

face to Mr. Sapsea. Personally, I believe that the Eight Club chapter was a trial trip, and that in *The Mystery*, Poker sobered down into *Datchery*.

Mr. Harris's kindness of heart is well known to his fellow Dickensians, but in his book I am afraid he carries it too far. Not content with the estate with which Dickens has enriched Tartar, he heaps a Scottish earldom upon his innocent head. He also tries to make the opium woman a sympathetic character. Certainly the information she extracts from Jasper under opium is convenient as part of the story, and Jasper deserved all he got. But Dickens must have known that to betray a man in his sleep is one of the things no woman can do, and I think he hints at it when he uses that phrase, "as a cat might stimulate a half-slain mouse." The thing has been done, I admit. But Delilah is not a sympathetic character, and is pretty sure to have come to a bad end. I cannot recognise Dickens's Princess Puffer who drank Heavens hard for sixteen years before she took to opium, in the decent broken-hearted mother Mr. Harris imagines. He himself does not seem any too happy about the use Mr. Grewgious made of her, for Jasper's confession in the condemned cell is the weakest part of his book.

Then, the first part of the mystery appears to lay down the principle that Jasper never acts unreasonably. Would he have shown such interest in the Sapsea key if he never meant to use it? Would he really need to intern Durdles while he took out three screws in the Gatehouse floor?

There are vivid passages in the book, notably the description of a Cloisterham election which brings about the downfall of Mr. Sapsea. Mr. Harris is at his best with Sapsea and Durdles. He is acquainted with all their tricks; how Sapsea took in his fellow citizens, and how Durdles retaliated by taking him in, and it makes amusing reading. Perhaps sometimes his profound knowledge of Rochester blinds him to the fairy city of Cloisterham. We know that Dickens uprooted houses at his will; the "Nun's House" is an example. College Gate could be described as the Ark on a stone gateway, and the inside of Jasper's Gatehouse tallies with that of College Gate. But not the outside. That is Prior's Gate with its great overhanging mass of ivy.

Mr. Harris gives us an excellent idea of the Travellers' Twopenny, and the methods of the lodgers; one appreciates all the grubby details of the opium woman's cookery. Capital, too, is his description of Durdles's one-roomed house; and, if the mystery picture on the magazine cover does represent Jasper confronting Edwin or his ghost in any part of the Cathedral, the Penance chamber is certainly the appropriate spot. By the way, would Edwin's clothes be so individual that they would be recognised as his on somebody else?

Whether we follow Mr. Harris's solution or not, this is a book which every Dickensian should buy, if only for its intimate knowledge of the city Dickens loved; and we cannot but be grateful to him for preserving for us something which he alone could have given to the world.

KATHERINE KELLY.

DICKENS TO HIS FIRST PUBLISHER.

SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

WHEREAS we know a great deal about Dickens's connection with Chapman and Hall, very little indeed is known about John Macrone, the publisher who first sent a book by Dickens into the world. The story attaching to the publication of *The Pickwick Papers* has been fully told by Dickens in his preface to that book, and has overshadowed to a certain extent the fact that Dickens had already published one book, that entitled *Sketches by Boz*, before the first number of *Pickwick* appeared.

This book was a collection of stories and sketches which had been appearing from December, 1833, in "The Monthly Magazine," "The Evening Chronicle," and "Bell's Life in London."

John Macrone was a young Irishman, for a short time partner with Cochrane, who published "The Monthly Magazine," in which Dickens's earliest pieces of fiction appeared. In 1834 he started on his own account in St. James's Square, backed by Harrison Ainsworth, several of whose popular works he published. Cruikshank was at that time illustrating Ainsworth's works, and it was Ainsworth who introduced Dickens to both Macrone and Cruikshank, with the object that the former should publish a collection of the sketches which had been appearing with such great success in certain newspapers and magazines, with the added attraction of Cruikshank's illustrations.

Publisher and author met in due course to discuss the proposal and letters passed, of which the following was undoubtedly one of the very earliest.

13 Furnivals Inn

Tuesday Morning October 28th.

[1835]

My Dear Sir,

Precisely the idea you suggest about the metallic bubbles, entered my brain after I left you the other day—bubbles from a spring impregnated with steel, I have heard of: but bubbles coming direct from a steel instrument would, I am inclined to think, be a natural curiosity. Are you particularly attached to the retention of the word "Brain"—when we can't preserve the Parody on Head's title? What do you think of

Sketches by Boz
and
cuts by Cruikshank
or
Etchings by Boz
and
Wood cuts by Cruikshank.

I think perhaps some such title would look more modest—whether modesty *ought* to have anything to do with such an affair, I must leave to your experience as a Publisher to decide.

I will go to The Chronicle office this morning; and if I cannot get slips, procure copies of the missing sketches. If you will have the kindness to send to Cochrane's (you are more likely

13 Finsbury Inn

Tuesday Morning October 28th

My Dear Sir,

Precisely the idea you suggest about the metallic bubbles, entered my brain after I left you the other day - bubbles from a spring impregnated with steel, I have heard of: but bubbles coming direct from a steel instrument would I am inclined to think, be a natural curiosity. Are you particularly attached to the notation of the word "Bewin" when we can't preserve the Parody on Head's title? What do you think of

Sketches by Box

and

Cuts by Cruikshank

or

Sketches by Box

and

Wood cuts by Cruikshank.

I think perhaps some such title would look more modest - whether modesty ought to have anything to do

First page of letter to Macrone, original size $7\frac{1}{2}'' \times 9''$

to get what we want than I am) for the October and November numbers of The Monthly for last year, you will find "The Steam Excursion" in one of them—I think the former. "The Great Winglebury Duel" (which is the title of the paper which will appear

in The Monthly for December) I will get a proof of, in the course of a few days.

Now if the whole collection fall something short of the two

1835-
Charles Dickens
good opinion of my sketches contained in your note, and hope — and then into the bargain — that your favourable augury of the success of the book may be realized, even to our joint satisfaction

I will call on you on Thursday morning, unless I should previously hear you are otherwise engaged.

Believe me

Dear Sir

Very truly Yours

Charles Dickens

John Macrone Esq.

Last of the four pages of the letter to Macrone

volumes, which we shall ascertain I suppose by the printing, I will be ready with two or three new sketches to make weight; and with this view I have begged Black to get old Alderman Wood to take me to Newgate—as an amateur of course. I have long projected

sketching its interior, and I think it would tell extremely well. It would not keep you waiting, because the printer has plenty to go on with; and a day's time is a handsome allowance for me—much less than I frequently had when I was writing for *The Chronicle*. In addition to "A visit to Newgate," I find in some memoranda I have by me, the following headings. "The Cook's Shop"—"Bedlam"—"The Prisoner's Van"—"The Streets"—"Noon and Night"—"Banking-Houses"—"Fancy Lounges"—"Covent Garden"—"Hospitals"—and "Lodging-Houses"—so we shall not want subjects at all events.

I am much gratified by the kind expression of your good opinion of my Sketches contained in your note, and hope—and believe into the bargain—that your favourable augury of the success of the book may be realized, even to *our* joint satisfaction.

I will call on you on Thursday Morning, unless I should previously hear you are otherwise engaged.

Believe me

Dear Sir

Very truly yours

John Macrone Esqre.

Charles Dickens.

From this letter it would appear that in discussing a title for the book the words "Bubbles" and "Brain" were suggested, but we see here how Dickens discarded this in favour of either "Sketches by Boz" or "Etchings by Boz," and we all know that the former title was adopted. Cochrane, mentioned in this letter, was the publisher of "The Monthly Magazine." *The Steam Excursion* had appeared in the October number; *The Great Winglebury Duel* did not appear in the December number, or in "The Monthly Magazine" at all; it was published for the first time in the book. Black who was to get Dickens into Newgate "as an amateur" was the editor of "The Morning Chronicle." "Dear old Black," wrote Dickens on one occasion, "my first hearty out-and-out appreciator."

The next letter concerns the illustrations Cruikshank had agreed to do for the two volumes. *The Black Veil* was one of the stories written specially for the book.

Furnivals Inn
Saturday Morning.

My Dear Sir,

It occurred to me after you left me the other day, that we thoughtlessly did Cruikshank an injustice in supposing his past negligence would postpone the work for any very long time. We were marvellously indignant if you remember, at his saying you should have "a" plate next week, and "two" the week afterwards, but we quite forgot his having told us a minute before, that each plate would contain "four" subjects. The sixteen will therefore be accomplished much sooner than we expected, and perhaps at as good a season after all.

Of course I shall see the first proofs when the Printer has pulled them: I am not a little anxious to see him fairly at work. Let me know when you propose sending the first advertisements to the *Chronicle*. I will get a paragraph inserted, calling attention to

it. I can hardly begin to puff it without apprizing them of its being in preparation, in the legitimate manner.

Have you read "The Black Veil"?

Believe me

Ever yours truly

John Macrone Esqre.

Charles Dickens.

Sketches by Boz, in two volumes, price one guinea, was not published until February or March, 1836; the preface is dated "February, 1836." As we have seen, publication was arranged the previous October and a delay of three or four months was irksome to the young writer, who was anxious to see his first book in all the glory of print, no less than to cash the hundred pounds he was to receive on publication. Cruikshank could not well get on with the illustrations without seeing the proofs of the letterpress, which were being delayed for some unknown reason. The Newgate sketch had by this time been written, and Macrone had passed his opinion on it.

Furnivals Inn

Wednesday Afternoon.

My Dear Sir,

I have received neither specimen page nor proofs. I hope there is not going to be any more delay, but that both Cruikshank and I are to be supplied at once. Will you tell me what you have done?

I am highly gratified with your opinion of "Newgate"—no praise I have received or can receive for it, affords me greater pleasure. The two points you mention I had not forgotten; I rejected them purposely after mature deliberation. With regard to Mrs. Fry, I saw a quakeress in the office, and turning round to you in jest, said—"Mrs. Fry"; but whether it was really her, or some other good quakeress of whom there are numbers, God only knows—I am not even sure she's alive; if she is, she must, I should think be older than the Lady we saw. Again, about the Kitchen. I know no place in which I could introduce the fact without weakening my subsequent description, and I left it out lest scrupulous ninnies who do not see these things as you and I do, should think there was something disgusting in the idea, and repulsive. When I have the proof I will look at it again, and endeavour to notice it in the right place en passant.

Lastly with respect to the House of correction. I wrote to Cruikshank to give me a Note to Chesterton for another ramble over the place, but I would much rather not describe it for this scene. You cannot throw the interest over a year's imprisonment, however severe, that you can cast around the punishment of death. The Tread-Mill will not take the hold on men's feelings that the gallows does; and Hogarth—whose judgment in those matters from long experience is not to be despised—says that he thinks the insertion of another Prison paper would decidedly detract from the "hit" of the first.

Believe me

My Dear Sir

Ever Yours most sincerely

John Macrone Esqre.

Charles Dickens.

Hogarth, who did not advise the insertion of a second prison paper, was his father-in-law to be, and editor of "The Evening Chronicle." It should be noted that the sketch, "The Prisoner's Van," which appeared in "The Evening Chronicle" for November 29th, 1835, was included in the first series of *Sketches by Boz*.

Our last letter is of a somewhat later date; although not dated, from internal evidence it was written on the 3rd August, 1836, when five monthly parts of *The Pickwick Papers* had already been published, and a Second Series of *Sketches by Boz* in one volume was in contemplation, owing to the great success of the first series, which had run into more than one edition.

Furnivals Inn
Wednesday Morning.
[3 August 1836]

My dear Macrone

The Carlton Chronicle has got a new editor, who has applied to me to write a series of short sketches for it, which I have consented to do, once a fortnight, as they will be very short, and the terms long; the Carlton Club being as liberal as need be. I make my first appearance next Saturday. The circulation I believe is a small one, so much the better—Fewer people will see the sketches before they are collected. It is all among the nobs too—better still—they'll buy the book.

What I want to consult you about is the title. As I have the copyright of the sketches, don't you think the following would be a good one, for our purpose?—

Leaves
From an Unpublished Volume
By Boz

(which will be torn out, once a fortnight)

Let me know.

Hansard's people don't exhaust themselves with work. I have only had 5 sheets altogether.

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

John Macrone Esqre.

It is a new discovery that Dickens was a contributor to "The Carlton Chronicle of Politics, Literature, Science and Art" which had its first issue on the 11th of June prior to the writing of this letter. The first sketch entitled *The Hospital Patient* appeared in number 9 dated Saturday, August 6th, 1836, under the title of "Leaves from an unpublished volume by 'Boz' (which will be torn out once a fortnight)." When the next fortnight came round, however, "The Carlton Chronicle" did not appear. For what reason I do not know, but No. 11 is dated September 17th, a month after it was due to appear, and in it we find the sketch, *Hackney Cabs and their Drivers*, under the same general title as before but minus the intimation that the leaves would be torn out once a fortnight. Apparently the "long

terms" that were looked upon as being so "liberal" were really long in coming; so Dickens ceased his contributions! In the issues Nos. 14 and 15 dated October 8th and 15th respectively, appeared two other sketches *Scotland Yard* and *Doctors' Commons*, both labelled "From 'Sketches by Boz' new series" These had appeared in both "The Morning Chronicle" and the "Evening Chronicle" a few days previously, and it is therefore more than likely that Dickens did not receive any payment for them.

VANISHED DICKENSLAND

Tavistock House



Photo by]

[C. W. B. Ward

TAVISTOCK HOUSE in Tavistock Square, where Dickens lived from 1851-1860, was pulled down in 1900. *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Great Expectations* were wholly or partly written here. On the ground floor at the back, used ordinarily as the school-room, Dickens had a stage erected, and several remarkable performances were given at this "The Smallest Theatre in the World" as he called it, including "The Frozen Deep" and "The Lighthouse." For a fuller account of the house see *The Dickensian*, 1926, page 48.

THE INFLUENCE OF DICKENS

COLLECTED FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(PODLEIAN LIBRARY)

DOSTOEVSKY

"It ('Netochka Nezvanova') is as diffuse and ill-knit as the earlier works of Dickens; but the touch of genius of a Dickens is altogether lacking."

"The new influence at work in these Siberian stories seems to be that of Dickens, most of whose novels were translated into Russian within a few years of their publication. One tradition . . . declares that the only books which Dostoevsky would read in his captivity were *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*; and a casual phrase in a letter of 1857, shows that Dickens was familiar to him at this period of his life. It has always been recognised by critics that Nelly in 'The Insulted and Injured,' the first novel written by Dostoevsky . . . is taken straight from the pages of *The Old Curiosity Shop*; and it seems as little open to doubt that Foma Fomich is the spiritual progeny of Uriah Heep and Mr. Pecksniff."—"Dostoevsky," by E. H. Carr. (Allen and Unwin).

STRINDBERG

"It is interesting to note that 'The Red Room' shows many traces of the influence of Dickens . . . Strindberg had recently returned to *David Copperfield*, which he had discarded as useless in his youth, to find there a kindly English humor, social criticism, and 'the philosophy of development.' What he loved in Dickens was the praise and pity for the simple poor, the criticism of officialdom and the ruthless rich, and the plans for reform."

"But his satire ('The New Realm') . . . shows the influence of . . . Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* . . ."

"He thus opposes [in 'A Doll's House'] the idealistic, impossible demands of Ibsen and Björnsen, giving us a picture of domestic bliss as sweet and smug and prosaic as Dickens himself could have imagined."

"To a questionnaire handed to Strindberg in . . . 1897, he made the following answers . . .

What books do you like best?

The Bible; . . . Dickens: *Little Dorrit*; Anderson's 'Fairy Stories.'"

" . . . his favourite English writer, Dickens."

"August Strindberg," by V. J. McGill. (Noel Douglas).

CONRAD

"Chesterton expresses better than anyone what I think about Dickens. That delightful little book on Dickens is more remarkable than it appears, because the paradoxical torture of phrase hides the real and exact profundity of that study."

"Now look at that word 'punch'—all the meanings it has. It is a technical noun and it is several other common things. Also there is the 'punch' immortalized by Dickens in *Pickwick*. Can you wonder that I experienced enormous difficulty in learning the English language?"

"I consider Dickens quite a great man; his worth is wonderful."

"Conrad is exceptionally popular among the great creators in fiction because of the power and simplicity of the fantasies which mould his stories. This could not be so, however, if his mastery of English prose were not comparable with that of at least the second-rate stylists, such as Dickens, who are in the front rank as creators."—"Joseph Conrad's Mind and Method," by R. L. Mégroz. (Faber and Faber).

"Which of the English novelists," I asked, "counted to him [Conrad] most for stimulus, in his sense of narrative, when he was beginning to write?" He did not hesitate. "Dickens and Thackeray. And of the two, Dickens easily first!"

"It was extraordinary how well Mrs. Nickleby could chatter disconnectedly in Polish"—[Joseph Conrad concerning a Polish product of *Nicholas Nickleby*].—"Everyman remembers," by Ernest Rhys. (Dent).

BERNARD SHAW

"... who is the great fountain-head of the modern humorous school...? Clearly Dickens, who has saturated the whole English-speaking world with his humor. We have whole squadrons of humorous writers who, if they had never read him, would have produced nothing but sectarian tracts, or, worse still, magazine articles. His ascendancy is greater now than ever, because, like Beethoven, he had 'a third manner,' in which he produced works which influenced his contemporaries as little as the Ninth Symphony influenced Spohr or Weber, but which are influencing the present generation as much as the Ninth Symphony influenced Schumann and Wagner."

"My first acquaintance of the French Revolution was acquired... from *A Tale of Two Cities*, and I also struggled with *Little Dorrit*; I say struggled, for the books oppressed my imagination most fearfully, so real were they to me. It was not until I became... twelve or thirteen that I read *Pickwick*, *Bleak House*, and the intervening works. Now it is pretty clear that Dickens, having caught me young when he was working with his deepest intensity of conviction, must have left his mark on me far more deeply than on his own contemporaries."

"... if the beginner were to be ranked above the consummator, we should, in literary fiction, have to place Captain Mayne Reid, who certainly struck a new vein, above Dickens, who simply took the novel as he found it, and achieved the feat of compelling his successor... either to create quite another sort of novel, or else to fall behind his predecessor as at best a superfluous imitator."

"... the public, in spite of Charles Dickens, loves everything connected with a funeral."—"The Works of Bernard Shaw, vols. 26-28. (Constable).

"When Dumas fils publicly assured a young lady of good family who wanted to become an actress that it was quite out of the question for a person in her social position, and when Charles Dickens, himself an incorrigible actor, imposed the same prohibition on his daughter, they were expressing a class prejudice, not a moral one; for the stage is socially quite promiscuous."—[Shaw's Introduction to] "*Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: a Correspondence*." (Constable).

WILKIE COLLINS

"It was probably the success of 'Antonina' that brought Wilkie Collins to the attention of Dickens."

"Dickens seems to have enjoyed the society of Collins more than that of any other man . . . with Collins he could forget he was a genius and a celebrity and give himself up unrestrainedly to the jollities of life."

"Further, Wilkie Collins was one of the few authors who definitely influenced Dickens's literary work. *Oliver Twist* and *Barnaby Rudge* were written to a certain extent in imitation of the . . . successes of Ainsworth and Bulwer, but far more pronounced were the influences of Wilkie Collins on the later Dickens of *Our Mutual Friend*."

"'The Moonstone' was his last great book . . . in future he was to be concerned more with the novel of propaganda which aimed at redressing some wrong or exposing some . . . injustice, which was his last reaction to the influence of Dickens."—"Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu and others," by S. M. Ellis. (Constable).

"EVERYMAN" (Ernest Rhys)

"But it is to London we must always return in these pages, and I am bound to think of Galsworthy as another in the long line of London chroniclers, factual or fictive. When Alphonse Daudet paid his first visit to London he could only see its smoky pageant (it was in November) with the eyes of Dickens. I suppose it would be hard to find a distinctly Dickensian character in any one of Galsworthy's novels, but there are motives and episodes that do remind one, let us say of *David Copperfield* and *Dombey and Son*, if not Mr. Pickwick himself. For myself, I was drilled so early and so thoroughly in the Dickens school that at any time the London vista is for me coloured by his fantasy. So it was, one morning when I had landed at Leicester Square, in a street that Dickens had never known, by means of a Tube, that the whole street affected me as if it were the stage on which Sam Weller or Dick Swiveller or other characters just as grotesque, might be seen passing by. There it was, standing at the exit from the Hampstead Tube, I first met John Galsworthy in the London scene."—"Everyman Remembers," by Ernest Rhys. (Dent).

CHAPMAN AND HALL

" . . . Chapman and Hall . . . had been living for years in a state of commercial spiritual pride which was entirely unjustified by any virtue of their own. They had, in fact, been living upon Charles Dickens, and could have run their business just as well if they had confined their activities to Dickens, Carlyle and 'The Fortnightly Review.'"

"The sales of Dickens in those days were prodigious." "If it wasn't for Dickens," said the secretary of the company . . . "we might as well put up the shutters to-morrow."—"One man's road," by Arthur Waugh. (Chapman and Hall).

CONTINENTAL PLAYWRIGHTS

"A studio school, opened [in Moscow] in 1912, developed into a trial theater with its own plays which now and then, as in the case

of . . . a dramatization of Dickens' (*sic*) *Cricket on the Hearth*, proved so good as to be transferred to the principal stage."

"In 'The Fireside,' written with Thadée Natanson, Mirabeau directs his attack against . . . mismanaged philanthropy, with orphaned girls starved in a 'home' quite after the fashion of a novel by Dickens."

"Throughout ['The Late Mattia Pascal'] Pirandello employs a bantering tone, 'jazzing' his tale . . . both by his serio-comic style and by his choice of grotesque incidents. The folk are as whimsical and lop-sided as those of Dickens."—"Modern Continental Playwrights," by F. W. Chandler. (Harper).

THE VICTORIAN AGE

"The Victorian age has come to be associated in most people's thoughts with much that has been picked up from reading Dickens . . ."

"It is worth recalling that other successes of the decade [the 1850's and 1860's] were *David Copperfield*, *The Newcomes*, *Adam Bede*."

"Of Ruskin's famous pamphlet on the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1855 the 'Quarterly' reviewer wrote that nothing could be more degradingly low. Yet again, while great writers were praised on wrong grounds, equally they were blamed on wrong grounds. Dickens himself drew murmurs from his audience because he was perverting the minds of youth by presenting British institutions to them in an unfavourable light. The 'Quarterly,' indeed, went so far as to describe him as a Pre-Raphaelite among novelists."—"Browning," by F. R. G. Duckworth. (Benn).

(2) VARIOUS.

DICKENS'S REGARD FOR CHAPPELL'S.

"Chappell's for a considerable time, commencing in 1866, financed and ran the famous 'Readings by Boz,' a series of reviews by Charles Dickens in lecture form from some of his best-known novels. . . . He appears to have had much the same appreciation of Chappell's as Beethoven had. He wrote as follows: 'I do believe that such people as the Chappells are very rarely to be found in human affairs. To say nothing of their noble and munificent manner of sweeping away into space all the charges incurred uselessly and all the immense inconvenience and profitless work thrown upon their establishment, comes a note this morning from the senior partner to the effect that they feel that my overwork has been indirectly caused by them, and by my great and kind exertions to make their venture successful to the extreme. There is something so delicate and fine in this that I feel it deeply.'"—"Fifty Years of Music," by W. Boosey. (Benn).

AN EDITOR AT THE "BULL"

"I stopped for a moment at 'The Bull' at Rochester, where Mr. Pickwick and his friends had that memorable night . . . the 'Bull' is exactly where it was, and what it was, when Dickens wrote about it . . . only the inn yard is now occupied by motor cars instead of coaches, and there are no Sam Wellers about."—"All in a lifetime," by R. D. Blumenfeld. (Benn).

EDUCATION

"Later on, Dickens satirized schoolmasters, sometimes unmercifully and undeservedly, although his descriptions of Bradley Headstone and Miss Peecher probably convey an excellent picture of the mid-Victorian school-teachers, as turned out by the normal schools at that time."—"Education," by T. Raymont. (Longmans).

PROPAGANDIST OR NOVELIST

"I doubt whether there can be art for art's sake, but the purest art for art's sake would be propagandist—propagandist for art for art's sake. Dickens is the perfect propagandist, but he is the greatest English novelist. These terms, used in a denigratory sense, are supremely foolish. We have, from the critical standpoint, no right to ask whether a work is propagandist and how far it is propagandist; we have only the right to ask whether it is a good specimen of what it purports to be—if it purports to be a novel, whether it is a good novel."—"Back to Montparnasse," by Sisley Huddleston. (Harrap).

MARY WEBB

"Our last meeting was at a Dickens Fellowship Christmas party when the members came dressed up to represent Dickens characters. She was dressed like Dolly Varden, and as I was not a dancer she suggested we should sit in the gallery and look down at the fun."—"Everyman Remembers," by Ernest Rhys. (Dent).

LAWYERS AND DOCTORS

"At Sherborne in Dorsetshire, Macready the actor used to live at Sherborne House, and Charles Dickens stayed with him there. He took the 'party by the name of Guppy' from one of the tradesmen there; and there was, too, a lawyer man who had been actually or nearly struck off the rolls, who looked a sanctimonious hypocrite, and was the image of the illustration by Cruikshank* of Pecksniff in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. My father used to tell the story of the avidity with which each number of the *Pickwick Papers* was read as it was published, and how one early reader of Mr. Winkle's experiences on the ice got credit when somebody said 'How slippery it is,' by saying, 'Not an uncommon thing on ice'—Sam Weller's words to Mr. Winkle when on the ice at Dingley Dell."

"I am one of Dickens's most ardent admirers—and love his Bob Sawyer—but I think he and Molière were both a little hard on the medical profession. Nowadays things are so different, both theoretically and practically, that sneers and jibes at our former ignorance and pretensions 'cut no ice.'"—"Unorthodox reminiscences," by Sir George Turner. (Murray).

[*It was by Phiz.—ED.]

READING "CHUZZLEWIT" IN VIRGINIA

"He (Allan Pinkerton) started from New York that night, and mentions reading *Martin Chuzzlewit* until he reached Alexandria, Virginia. . . Mr. Dickens' (*sic*) poor opinion of slavery had been in print some fifteen years, but any glimpse of the book influenced those professional Southerners whom the traveller moving upon Montgomery could hardly help but encounter."—"The Pinkertons," by R. W. Rowan. (Hurst and Blackett).

THACKERAY

A copy of the "North British Review" containing an article by David Masson on "Pendennis" and *David Copperfield* was sent to Dickens and Thackeray. "Acknowledgments were duly received—Dickens's letter to be remembered as very pleasant, but there was nothing particular about it. Thackeray's letter to be cherished always . . . because in it he spoke so enthusiastically of Dickens. Dickens's little note—he was 'truly gratified by the praise which is so eloquently and thoughtfully bestowed'—was dated from Devonshire Terrace, 'Ninth May 1851,' and it was written on paper with a mourning edge. He had, in fact, returned to London from the death-bed of his father . . ."—"Victorians all," by Flora Masson. (Chambers).

INSURANCE

"From the very first the 'Eagle' appears to have attracted a distinguished clientèle among its life policy holders . . . Charles Dickens insured his life with the company for £5000; his policy is dated November 19th, 1841. On his death in 1870, his beneficiaries received the total sum of £6337 7s. 0d. The record is interesting because Dickens satirized insurance companies unmercifully (one recalls Montague Tigg of the 'Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company'), and because his sponsors whose names figure on his proposal are Macready, the great tragedian, and John Forster, who wrote the standard life of the novelist. The date shows that the policy was taken out shortly before his visit to America although there is no evidence that he paid an additional premium in respect of the voyage!"—"The Human side of Insurance," by F. J. Maclean. (Sampson Low).

* * * * *

"One should read Lucy Larcom's 'A New England Girlhood' . . . which described the happy, useful life of the factory girls in the Massachusetts mills of the early 'forties, and even Charles Dickens waxed lyric on the same subject, when he visited the Lowell mills."—"An Economic History of the United States," by E. F. Humphrey. (Appleton).

* * * * *

Dickens is represented in "Great Love Scenes from English Literature," chosen by L. Oliphant, by a four-page extract from *Martin Chuzzlewit* entitled "Love in the Temple," featuring Ruth Pinch and John Westlock. (Gregg Publishing Co.)

* * * * *

The chapter on "Great Victorians" in "Aspects of literary theory and practice, 1550-1870," by P. G. Thomas, is divided into two sections one of which, 14 pages in length, is entitled "Dickens and Thackeray." (Heath Cranton).

* * * * *

In "The Woman Beautiful, and other essays," by A. B. Cooper, essay number two is entitled "Charles Dickens." (Epworth Press).

* * * * *

In "The Golden Road in English Literature," by Amy Cruse, the chapter on "The Great Victorians," contains about 10 pages devoted to Dickens. (Harrap).

DICKENS IN FRANCE

BY HON. EDOUARD FABRE SURVEYER, F.R.S.C.
(JUSTICE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL)

I.

ON July 2nd, 1837, Dickens landed at Calais, and wrote to his friend John Forster: "We have arranged for a post-coach to take us to Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, and a hundred other places that I cannot recollect now and couldn't spell if I did."

Was that Dickens's first contact with France, or with the French sea-port? It may be doubted, since in "The Calais night-mail," he writes: "When I first made acquaintance with Calais, it was as a maundering young wretch in a clammy perspiration and dripping saliva particles, who was conscious of no extremities but the one great extremity, sea-sickness . . ."

His 1837 continental holiday trip had Belgium for its objective, the second, Italy and the third Switzerland.

On March 10th, 1844, he wrote to Lady Blessington: "I have made up my mind to 'see the world,' and mean to decamp, bag and baggage, next midsummer for a twelvemonth. I purpose establishing my family in some convenient place, from whence I can make personal ravages on the neighbouring country, and, somehow or other, have got it into my head that Nice would be a favourable spot for headquarters. You are so well acquainted with these matters, that I am anxious to have the benefit of your kind advice. I do not doubt that you can tell me whether this same Nice be a healthy place the year through, whether it be reasonably cheap, pleasant to look at and to live in, and the like . . ."

The answer was given through Count d'Orsay, who according to M. de Pontavice du Heussey, worded it somewhat as follows: "Do not go to Nice: that horrid Nice is a sort of walking graveyard. All the doctors of Europe send there, to die, the patients whom they have not succeeded in killing at home." It may not be amiss to point out that Nice was not in France then. A fortnight later, Dickens wrote to his friend T. J. Thompson: "D'Orsay, who knows Italy very well indeed, strenuously insists that there is no such place for headquarters as Pisa. Lady Blessington says so also . . ." This advice, however, was disregarded, and Dickens and his family started in July, 1844. They arrived on a Sunday, stopped at the Hôtel Meurice, and Dickens's first remarks on Paris are: "There was, of course, very little in the aspect of Paris—as we rattled near the dismal Morgue and over the Pont-Neuf—to reproach us for our Sunday travelling. The wine-shops (every second house) were driving a roaring trade; awnings were spreading, and chairs and tables arranging, outside the cafés, preparatory to the eating of ices, and drinking of cool liquids, later in the day; shoe-blacks were busy on the bridges; shops were open; carts and wagons clattered to and fro; the narrow, up-hill, funnel-like streets across the river, were so many dense perspectives of crowd and bustle, parti-coloured night-caps, tobacco-pipes, blouses,

large boots, and shaggy heads of hair : nothing at that hour denoted a day of rest, unless it were the appearance here and there, of a family pleasure-party, crammed into a bulky old lumbering cab ; or of some contemplative holiday maker in the freest and easiest deshabelle, leaning out of a low garret window, watching the drying of his newly polished shoes on the little parapet outside (if a gentleman), or the airing of her stockings in the sun (if a lady), with calm anticipation."

All the chapter entitled "Going through France" in *Pictures from Italy*, is in the same critical vein. The next one is written in the same spirit, if we judge by the following extract : "What a city Lyons is ! Talk about people feeling, at certain unlucky times, as if they had tumbled from the clouds. Here is a whole town that has tumbled, anyhow, out of the sky ; having been first caught up, like other stones that tumble down from that region, out of fens and barren places, dismal to behold !"

When he went from Genoa to Marseilles to meet his brother Frederick, his most precise recollection was that of the "Grand Hôtel de la Poste," which he described as the rendezvous of fleas and vermin. The return journey through France was even briefer than the first crossing, save for a few kind words about Strasbourg, and the chapter ends with these words : "Like Grumio, I might have told you, in detail, all this and something more—but to as little purpose—were I not deterred by the remembrance that my business is with Italy. Therefore, like Grumio's story, it 'shall die in oblivion.'"

While he journeyed to London, at the end of the year, in order to take *The Chimes* to England, Dickens, in Paris, has a kind word for the Hôtel Bristol, and he writes to his wife : . . . "I can report of this house . . . that it is the best I ever was in. My little apartment, consisting of three rooms and other conveniences, is a perfect curiosity of completeness. You never saw such a charming little baby-house. It is infinitely smaller than those first rooms we had at Meurice's, but for elegance, compactness, comfort and quietude, exceeds anything I ever met with at an inn."

At the end of his letter, he says : "Paris is better than ever. Oh dear, grand it was when I came through it in that caravan last night ! I hope we shall be very hearty here, and able to say with Wally, 'Han't it pleasant ?'"

Dickens was in Italy again in February, 1845, and returned home at the end of June, by way of Switzerland and Belgium. No mention of France is to be found in his published letters of that year.

II.

Dickens's next continental journey seems to have had Lausanne as its immediate objective. Owing to the lack of correspondence covering that period, we must refer to "Travelling Abroad" : "On a bright morning I rattled away from Paris . . . Welcome again, the long, long spell of France, with the queer country inns, full of vases of flowers and clocks, in the dull little towns, and with the little population not at all dull on the little Boulevard in the evening, under

the little trees ! Welcome, Monsieur le Curé, walking alone in the early morning a short way out of the town, reading that eternal Breviary of yours, which surely might be almost read, without book, by this time ! Welcome, Monsieur le Curé, later in the day, jolting through the highway dust (as if you had already ascended to the cloudy region), in a very big-headed cabriolet, with the dried mud of a dozen winters on it. Welcome again, Monsieur le Curé, as we exchange salutations." . . .

Dickens contemplated a trip to Paris for the end of the year. "If everything goes well," he wrote, "and I can finish for the end of November, I shall go alone and spend a few days in England, and I shall send my caravan to wait for me in Paris . . . At that time I shall have just reached that moment of my novel where I shall need the life, the crowd, the excitement of the streets of that admirable Paris." Between June and November, 1846, Dickens seems to have left Switzerland once, to go to Chamounix. But Chamounix was not in France then.

His experiences at the frontier he describes to his Lausanne friend, de Cerjat, as follows : "They weighed our plate at the frontier custom-house, spoon by spoon, and fork by fork, and we lingered about there, in a thick fog and a hard frost, for three long hours, during which the officials committed all sorts of absurdities, and got into all sorts of disputes with my brave courier."

After his late arrival Dickens wrote : "The procession of our three carriages through the capital of France created some sensation, and we were received in the inner court of the hotel by the whole staff in gala attire," and a fortnight later : "We are in the agonies of house hunting. The people are frightfully civil, and grotesquely extortionate. One man (with a house to let) told me yesterday that he loved the Duke of Wellington like a brother. The same gentleman wanted to hug me around the neck with one hand and pick my pocket with the other."

Then he described the passage of the King, Louis Philippe, through the Champs Elysées, with the prefect of police watching lest His Majesty be attacked, and he sighs : "Poor people : the most intelligent, most witty, most generous of peoples, the most incapable of governing itself or of being governed."

"The agonies of house-hunting," wrote Dickens, "were frightfully severe. It was one paroxysm for four mortal days." He was rewarded by finding a house at No. 48 rue de Courcelles, St. Honoré, the description of which appears to have given him no end of amusement, since he varies it whenever he writes. To the Hon. Richard Watson, he says : "I am proud to express my belief, that we are lodged at last in the most preposterous house in the world. The like of it cannot, and so far as my knowledge goes does not, exist in any other part of the globe. The bedrooms are like opera-boxes. The dining-rooms, stair-cases and passages, quite inexplicable. The dining-room is a sort of cavern, painted (ceiling and all) to represent a grove, with unaccountable bits of looking-glass sticking in among the branches of the trees. There is a gleam of reason in the drawing-room. But it is approached

through a series of small chambers, like the joints in a telescope, which are hung with incrustable drapery. The maddest man in Bedlam, having the materials given him, would be likely to devise such a suite, supposing his case to be hopeless and quite incurable."

Letters to de Cerjat, to John Forster and to T. J. Thompson contain the same appreciation under a slightly different form.

Begging-letter writers of Paris soon found out "Monsieur Dickens, le romancier célèbre" and waylaid him at the door and in the street as numerous as in London; their distinguishing peculiarity being



Dickens at the Morgue

that they were nearly all of them "Chevaliers de la Garde Impériale de Sa Majesté Napoléon le Grand" and that their letters bore immense seals with coats of arms as large as five-shilling pieces. What Dickens thought of begging-letter writers he has expressed in *Reprinted Pieces*.

Dickens ended the year by a visit to the Morgue, where he was drawn, he says, by invisible force. There he found the corpse of an old man who had been strangled. "It was just dusk when I went in; the place was empty; and he lay there, all alone, like an impersonation of the wintry eighteen hundred and forty-six."

The year 1847 found Dickens more cheerful. One of his first letters

was a recommendation to his friend John Forster, who was going to land at Boulogne. After the first ten lines, Dickens lapsed into the French language, and described himself: "naturalized Frenchman and citizen of Paris."

From that moment on, Dickens seems to have dropped the critical vein. One of his friends was Régnier, then the star of the Comédie Française, and Dickens wrote: "My passion for the stage increases in this country, where the theatrical art has really reached its perfection."

Of Alexandre Dumas he said in the same letter: "What overflowing of physical and intellectual vigour! What power, what inexhaustible verve in that excellent giant! Corporally and spiritually, Eugène Sue and Alphonse Karr, who were dining with us, seemed like pygmies in comparison."

On January 28th, he wrote to the Rev. Edward Tagart:—". . . 'I have been seeing Paris—wandering into hospitals, prisons, dead-houses, operas, theatres, concert-rooms, burial-grounds, palaces, and wine-shops. In my unoccupied fortnight of each month, every description of gaudy and ghastly sight has been passing before me in a rapid panorama.'"

In the same letter he referred to the attempts of French playwrights to put Englishmen on the stage: "Several pieces are in course of representation, involving rare portraits of the English. In one, a servant, called 'Tom Bob,' who wears a particularly English waistcoat trimmed with gold lace and concealing his ankles, does very good things indeed. In another, a Prime Minister of England, who has ruined himself by railway speculations, hits off some of our national characteristics very happily, frequently making incidental mention of 'Vishmingster,' 'Regeenstreet,' and other places with which you are well acquainted. 'Sir Fakson' is one of the characters in another play—'English to the Core'; and I saw a Lord Mayor of London at one of the small theatres the other night, looking uncommonly well in a stage-coachman's waistcoat, the order of the Garter, and a very low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, not unlike a dustman."

To Lady Blessington he described his visit to Victor Hugo: "We were at Victor Hugo's house last Sunday week, a most extraordinary place, looking like an old curiosity shop, or the property-room of some gloomy, vast, old theatre. I was much struck by Hugo himself, who looks like a genius as he is, every inch of him, and is very interesting and satisfactory from head to foot. His wife is a handsome woman, with flashing black eyes. There is also a charming ditto daughter of fifteen or sixteen, with ditto eyes. Sitting among old armour and old tapestry, and old coffers, and grim old chairs and tables, and old canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous old golden balls, they made a most romantic show, and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books."

On February 3rd, 1847, Marie Duplessis, who was Alexandre Dumas's "La Dame aux Camélias," died at the age of twenty-three. Her

death attracted unusual attention, and caused Dickens to write: "Everything has given place to an event of such importance. At sight of the general admiration and consternation one would think that it was a question of some hero or some Jeanne d'Arc; but the enthusiasm became unlimited when Eugène Sue bought the famous demi-mondaine's prayer book."

Marie Duplessis's latest biographer (Anonymous, Paris, 1929), has published the complete minutes of the sale, and pointed out that no prayer book had been put up at auction, and that in no case had Eugène Sue been the last bidder. But *si non era vero, era bene trovato*, and Dickens seems to have expressed his feelings in several letters.

This sojourn of Dickens in Paris is the subject of the Chapter XV. in Forster, "Three months in Paris," and I have avoided, except when I had no other sources of information, repeating the biographer's statements or covering the same ground. So I refer to Forster for Dickens's criticism of the French working class, and his prophecies as to a revolution, which were realized within two years.

III.

Dickens did not go to France in 1848 or in 1849, but he kept in touch with events in France, and on March 2nd, 1848, he wrote to Macready, the actor: "I think Lamartine, so far, one of the best fellows in the world; and I have lively hopes of that great people establishing a noble republic. Our court had best be careful not to overdo it in respect of sympathy with ex-royalty and ex-nobility. These are not times for such displays, as, it strikes me, the people in some of our great towns would be apt to express it pretty plainly."

About that time, Dickens gave a dinner at Devonshire Terrace for Scribe and the composer Halévy, who had come to London to bring out the *Tempest* at Her Majesty's Theatre.

On July 27th, 1850, he was in Paris again and wrote to his friend, W. H. Wills, from the Hôtel Windsor: "There is nothing doing in the theatres, and the atmosphere is so horribly oppressive there that one can hardly endure it. I came out of the Français last night half dead . . . The French people, as usual, are making as much noise as possible about everything that is of no importance, but seem (as far as one can judge) pretty quiet and good-humoured. They made a mighty hullabaloo at the theatre last night when Brutus (the play was 'Lucretia') declaimed about liberty."

In February, 1851, Dickens made a short bachelor excursion to Paris with the Hon. Spencer Lyttleton and John Leech. Only one letter, written to his wife from the Hôtel Wagram, on February 12th, marks this short jaunt.

In October, 1852, the editors of his letters say that he crossed over to Boulogne, with his wife and sister-in-law, to inspect that town and its neighbourhood with a view of making it his summer quarters the following year. The three letters written from the Hôtel des Bains say nothing about France. But his inspection of Boulogne had evidently been successful, for between 1853 and 1857 Dickens lived

more in France than in England. *Hard Times* and *Little Dorrit* were practically entirely written in France.

Of the town of his choice, he says : " If this were but 300 miles farther off, how the English would rave about it ! I do assure you that there are picturesque people, and town, and country, about this place, that quite fill up the eye and fancy. As to the fishing people (whose dress can have changed neither in colour nor in form for many, many years) and their quarter of the town cobweb-hung with great brown nets across the narrow uphill streets, they are as good as Naples, every bit." He enlarged upon the subject in " Our French watering place." There we find the following phrase : " To us, it is not the least pleasant feature of that French watering place that a long and constant fusion of the two great nations there has taught each to like the other, and to learn from the other, and to rise superior to the absurd prejudices that have lingered among the weak and ignorant in both countries equally."

Bleak House was written at Boulogne in the summer of 1853, and on June 18th, Dickens wrote to W. H. Wills :

" GENERAL MOVEMENTS OF INIMITABLE.

" I don't think (I am not sure) I shall come to London until after the completion of *Bleak House*, No. 18—the number after this now in hand—for it strikes me that I am better here at present. I have picked up in the most extraordinary manner, and I believe you would never suppose to look at me that I had had that week or half an hour of it. If there should be any occasion for our meeting in the meantime, a run over here would do you no harm, and we should be delighted to see you at any time. If you suppose this place to be in a street, you are much mistaken. It is in the country, though not more than ten minutes' walk from the post office, and is the best doll's house of many rooms, in the prettiest French grounds, in the most charming situation I have ever seen ; the best place I have ever lived in abroad, except at Genoa. You can scarcely imagine the beauty of the air in this richly-wooded hill-side."

At that time Dickens lived in a villa pompously called *Château des Moulineaux* and owned by a M. Beaucourt, of whom Dickens grew to be very fond.

On July 24th, he wrote : " Among the other sights of the place, there is a pig-market every Saturday, perfectly insupportable in its absurdity. An excited French peasant, male or female, with a determined young pig, is the most amazing spectacle. I saw a little Drama enacted yesterday week, the drollery of which was perfect. *Dram. pers.* :—1. A pretty young woman with short petticoats and trim blue stockings, riding a donkey with two baskets and a pig in each. 2. An ancient farmer in a blouse, driving four pigs, his four in hand, with an enormous whip—and being drawn against walls and into smoking shops by any one of the four. 3. A cart, with an old pig (manacled) looking out of it, and terrifying six hundred and fifty young pigs in the market by his terrific grunts. 4. Collector of Octroi in

an immense cocked hat, with a stream of young pigs running, night and day, between his military boots and rendering accounts impossible. 5. Inimitable, confronted by a radiation of elderly pigs, fastened each by one leg to a bunch of stakes in the ground. 6. John Edmund Reade, poet, expressing eternal devotion to and admiration of Landor, unconscious of approaching pig recently escaped from barrow. 7. Priests, peasants, soldiers, etc."

On August 24th, he wrote to his friend, Macready, the actor: "I saw 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' of the Opéra Comique, done here (very well) last night. The way in which a poet named Willyim Shay Kes Peer gets drunk in company with Sir John Foll Stayffe, fights with a noble knight, Lor Latimeer (who is in love with a maid of honour you may have read of in history, called Mees Oleevia), and promises not to do so any more on observing symptoms of love for him in the Queen of England, is very remarkable. Queen Elizabeth, too, in the profound and impenetrable disguise of a black velvet mask, two inches deep by three broad, following him into taverns and worse places, and enquiring of persons of doubtful reputation for 'the sublime Williams,' was inexpressibly ridiculous. And yet the nonsense was done with a sense quite admirable."

On August 27th, Dickens wrote the Hon. Mrs. Watson: "I contemplate starting from here on Monday, the Tenth of October . . . I shall go first to Paris and Geneva . . . to Venice and home by Germany, arriving in good time for Christmas day" . . . On September 25th, he wrote to the same lady: "I am finishing 'The Child's History (of England),' and clearing the way through 'Household Words,' in general, before I go on my trip."

A few days earlier, he had written to John T. Delane: "I never saw anything so ridiculous as this place at present. They expected the Emperor ten or twelve days ago, and put up all manner of triumphal arches made of evergreens, which look like tea-leaves now, and will take a withered and weird appearance hardly to be foreseen, long before the twenty-fifth, when the visit is vaguely expected to come off. In addition to these faded garlands all over the leading streets there are painted eagles hoisted over gateways, and sprawling across a hundred ways, which have been washed out by the rain and are now being blistered by the sun, until they look horribly ludicrous. And a number of our benighted compatriots who came over to see a perfect blaze of fêtes, go wandering among these shrivelled preparations and staring at ten thousand flag-poles without any flags upon them, with a kind of indignant curiosity and personal injury quite irresistible."

A few days later, Dickens wrote to Forster: "The day came at last, and all Boulogne turned out for its holiday; but I had by this cooled down a little, and, reserving myself for the illuminations, I abandoned the great man and set off upon my usual country walk. See my reward. Coming home by the Calais Road, covered with dust, I suddenly find myself face to face with Albert and Napoleon jogging along in the pleasantest way, a little in front, talking extremely loud about the view, and attended by a brilliant staff of some sixty

or seventy horsemen, with a couple of our royal grooms with their red coats riding oddly enough in the midst of the magnates. I took off my wide-awake without stopping to stare, whereupon the Emperor pulled off his cocked hat ; and Albert (seeing, I suppose, that it was an Englishman) pulled off his. Then we went our several ways. The Emperor is broader across the chest than in the old times when we used to see him so often at Gore-House, and stoops more in the shoulders."

In the summer of 1854, Dickens returned to Boulogne, to a new villa built by his landlord of last year, Mr. Beaucourt and called " Villa du Camp de Droite." For a short time he had for a neighbour, Thackeray, who had rented an old and dismal manor on the road to Paris. But Thackeray loved comfort, and soon left Boulogne for Spa.

In February, 1855, Dickens planned a week's stay in Paris with Wilkie Collins, and he wrote to his friend Régnier, the actor: " Now, *mon cher*, do you think you can, without inconvenience, engage me for a week an apartment—cheerful, light and wholesome—containing a comfortable *salon et deux chambres à coucher*. I do not care whether it is an hotel or not, but the reason why I do not write for an apartment at the Hotel Brighton is that there they expect one to dine at home (I mean in the apartment) generally ; whereas, as we are coming to Paris expressly to be always looking about us, we want to dine wherever we like every night. . . . I want it to be pleasant and gay, and to throw myself *en garçon* on the festive *diableries de Paris*."

En route for Paris, Dickens stopped at Boulogne, where his two sons were at school.

On February 16th, Dickens wrote to Miss Hogarth from the Hôtel Meurice: " We have a beautiful apartment, very elegantly furnished, very thickly carpeted, and as warm as any apartment in Paris *can* be in such weather. . . . We breakfast at ten, read and write till two, and then I go out walking all over Paris, while the invalid sits by the fire or is deposited in a café ! We dine at five, in a different restaurant every day, and at seven or so go to the theatre—sometimes to two theatres, sometimes to three. We get home about twelve, light the fire and drink lemonade, to which I add rum. We go to bed between one and two. I live in peace, like an elderly gentleman, and regard myself as in a negative state of virtue and respectability.

" The theatres are not particularly good, but I have seen Lemaître act in the most wonderful and astounding manner. I am afraid we must go to the Opera Comique on Sunday" (Was he complaining over having to break the Sabbath, or having to go to the Opera Comique ?)

" My ear has gradually become so accustomed to French that I understand the people at the theatres (for the first time) with perfect ease and satisfaction. I walked about with Régnier for an hour and a half, yesterday, and received many compliments on my angelic manner of speaking the celestial language."

Speaking of a clown from Astley's then performing in a Paris circus, Dickens says: " He talks slang English (being evidently an idiot) as if he felt a perfect confidence that everybody understands him."

Ten days later, he was back at Tavistock House, a trip to Bordeaux having been given up on account of the weather.

I am inclined to think—although this means contradicting Mr. R. du Pontavice de Heussey—that his allusion to Lemaître refers to the performance which he lengthily describes to his friend John Forster: “Incomparably the finest acting I ever saw, I saw last night at the ‘Ambigu.’ They have revived that old piece, once immensely popular in London, under the name of ‘Thirty years of a gambler’s life.’ Old Lemaître plays his famous character, and never did I see anything, in art, so exaltedly horrible and awful.”

In October, Dickens returned to Paris, still with his friend Collins, and presumably waiting for his wife and family to join him. “We have decided,” he writes, “Collins and I, that for at least a good week, we would be mere English tourists, idlers and curious, and not the inimitable writers whom everybody knows. Yes, during a whole good week, we will remain deaf to the most amiable invitations, to the most flattering meetings; we will dine every night in a restaurant, and we will go to the theatre every night. If some one asks our name, we will answer with a smile that we are the two Smiths, from Sheffield: we have had visiting cards made to that effect.”

This did not work very long, and Dickens had to write: “Alas, our incognito has been seen through; we had to take off our false noses, to burn our false cards, and I have become again for everybody the inimitable Boz. I had no idea of my reputation here. . . . Hardly had I arrived, when the daily press got hold of my person, and the illustrated papers published my portrait. As a result, I cannot enter a shop without being received and greeted in a charming manner. My novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, appears every day serially in ‘Le Moniteur,’ and that makes my name more popular.”

He then describes the numerous visitors he has to interview, and ends a letter to Forster by announcing that a great Paris firm wishes to publish a translation of his complete works, of which we will hear more later.

On October 24th, he wrote to W. H. Wills from 49 avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris: “I have two floors here—*entresol* and first—in a doll’s house, but really pretty within, and the view without astounding, as you will say when you come. The house is . . . close to the Jardin d’Hiver. We have no fewer than six rooms (besides the back ones) looking on the Champs-Elysées, with the wonderful life perpetually flowing up and down.”

Three days later, he wrote to the same friend: “You cannot think how pleasant it is to me to find myself generally known and liked here. If I go into a shop to buy anything, and give my card, the officiating priest or priestess brightens up, and says: ‘Ah! c’est l’écrivain célèbre! Monsieur porte un nom très distingué. Mais! je suis honoré et intéressé de voir Monsieur Dick-in. Je lis un des livres de monsieur tous les jours’ (in the ‘Moniteur’). And a man who brought some little vases home last night said: ‘On connaît bien en France que Monsieur Dick-in prend sa position sur la dignité de la littérature.’

Ah ! c'est grande chose ! Et ses caractères ' (this was to Georgina, while he unpacked), ' sont si spirituellement tournées ! Cette Madame Tojair ' (Todgers), ' ah ! qu'elle est drôle et précisément comme une dame que je connais à Calais.'"

To be continued

SAIREY GAMP ON MODERN NURSING

BY WINNIFRED MOORE

R.V.T.N.A. (MELBOURNE)



DEARIES all : I was arst to read a paper on modern nussin' and nusses, Well I says, Drat them modern Nusses ; much the flighty hussies know about their business and their charges being so high and their skirts so short. Now Mrs. Prig and me has nussed together, turn and turn about, one on one off. We knowed each others ways, and often gave relief where others failed, and our charges always low. Me and Betsy Prig never wasted time aboiling and aboiling basins and scissors and rubbers and them new fangled things—

sterilizationin' they calls it—Germs—these modern hussies say. Germs says I to Betsy Prig, let the germs fight it out among themselves I ain't no believer in peace conventions where Germs is concerned—Much easier to let them mix up and kill each other, quicker than aboilin' one or two at a time as might be hangin' to a basin. I never seed no germs. Some of these new nusses has what they calls "a spot," believe me, that's when they imagin' they sees germs on basins.

Betsy and me would not be impoged on with their sterilizationin' and fumigationin' and sich like when we was nussin', like them modern bold nusses with their short skirts and antinacassars floatin' from their pert 'eads.

Spirits they tell me the hussies rub on the poor sick dears backs. I remember my dear friend Mrs. Harris once says to me "Never did I think till I knowed you Mrs. Gamp, that any one could sick nurse and monthly too, on the little that you takes to drink."

"Mrs. Harris," I says to her, "None of us knowed what we can do

till we tries out. Oh, Dearies ! Spirits on their poor backs to harden 'em !! Betsy Prig and me knowed other ways to hardenin' 'em ! Experienced ways we had. Spirits rubbed on ! I arst you. Now I prefers mine otherwise perwisin' it is brought reg'lar and drawn mild. On me back !! I says, on the chimley pieg and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.

Mrs. Harris often said to me, "Mrs. Gamp," she says, "I never knowed a nuss like yer for restfulness, never before or since has I seen sich a restful nus, and I suppose she was right.

Now them modern nusses ain't restful—their make up and down lipsticken' and roogen' and powderin' and yazzin'. A little snuff in gruel or barley water and that didn't signify. It was to stimulate a patient, but I didn't relish it myself, but as for their fags and rooge, it might not even stimulate, I ain't denieging that. Hashes or bloom of roses they call their rooge. Between ourselves altho' Betsy never rooged she always had a bloom of somethin' on her nose. Talkin' of restfulness. These hussies is up and down spongin' an' washin' the poor sick dears, always at 'em, takin' their tempers and pulses, not letten' them breathe without writing it down and putting things like forks lightening up and down paper—charts they calls 'em.

Now Betsy Prigs an me could teach em how to sponge. We were experienced spongers we was. Our mottar was "Rest in peace" an my friend Mr. Moule the undertaker says "an a very good mottar too, Mrs. Gamp." Spongin' and Cleanin', ugh ! Give me a couple of easy chairs, a shillinsworth of somethin' warm, a little bit of pickled salmon an cucumber, new bread an just a little pat of fresh butter. with a nice warm fire, an I'd teach em somethin' about spongin'. My second mottar is "Let sleeping dogs lie."

I cuts me 'ead one day—no matter telling you how, but I finds meself in a 'ospital with one of 'em young hussies of nusses cuttin' me 'air, and washing me 'ead. I says "Young woman, me 'air is clean so none of your shinglin' and shampogin' of me." 'Owver she gets a needle and thread an if you please started sewin' me 'ead. Good old sticking plaster and cobweb, I suppose being old fashioned. She says somethin' about 'orses 'air an I tells er me 'air is as fine as 'ers, an she says it is the thread she is sewin' me with she is talkin' about. When I asked er what all the little reels in liquid was, she says in 'er hoity toighty ways "Silk worm gut -cat gut." "You might answer one of yer perfession civil like and not tell lies," ses I.

She starts after that fermentin' me poor black eye, and I advised a good lump of raw steak slapped on it. The good old ways is good enough for Sairey Gamp, who was nuss before these hussies were at school. Next bed to me was a poor dear who 'ad 'ad 'er appendicitis cut out, a pity that, you know, as I have heard tell they never gets another. In my days people didn't have appendicitises but now lots of the best people have 'em. Some have appendix ones and somes the itices. There are all sorts of itices in folks now, fashions change even that way.

The nus comes flourishin' a little spirit level, she puts it in my

mouth an says "Shut your mouth." I ses "I'll not be spoke to like that." "Shut your mouth on it," ses she, "an I'll take your temper." "Me temper? I'll report you for impidence you minx." Oh! she esasperated like "Let me put it under your arm." An she puts the little spirit level there an holds me wrist for some minutes by her watch an chain to soothe me I suppose. Another nus wheels up an auto-tray to the bed next to me an I have a peep under the white cover anxious like to see what she had brought, and believe me it was all basins and jars, an my, that nus did get annoyed. She ses it was a trolly an a sceptican; now she would have to boil it up again, as it might be germey she supposed from me ands, insultin' me I calls it; guess she'd been spotin'. I couldn't see no germs on me 'ands to put on 'er trolly or a sceptic as she called it.

She puts a screen between me and the poor dear whose appendix was gone, an a bit of a baby doctor came to dress where her appendix used to be. I was peeping through the screen and I'd call it undress meself. Well, that insultin' impident hussy was all meek and polite. "Yes sir," "No sir," she says to that baby doctor while she ties him up in a white gown thing wot made him look like he was playing being a pork butcher.

Then she washes her 'ands; an the style of im, he puts on gloves an sets to work with 'em on, would yer believe me. The nus all affected like ands him little bits of muslin with tongs. Give me the good old days when we wasn't afraid to tear up old rags with our hands. What was 'ands made for? Tongs, I arskes yer.

The nus takes away a rubber tube to be boiled what they had given that dear instead of appendicitis I suppose. They calls themselves nusses and doctors. I calls 'em mechanicks with their rubber tubin', lumber puncturin' explorin' and high an low pressures an silly new fashioned finicky ways.

One poor dear was all burnt an if you'll believe me they was graftin' her like any tree. Now what do you suppose they wanted to turn er into. She was all good English made an they was graftin' er with bits off her Scotch husband. Suppose they 'd get a bit of Irish skin off someone and turn the poor dear into the British Isles.

I got out of that 'ospital all quick! No baby doctors and bits of nusses experimentin' on me an perhaps graftin' someones leg on to me cut head.

I met Mark Tapley and I arsts him how he finds the world now an I ses to him "yer looking jolly Mark." He ses "that's the worst of it," worst ses I. "Well," ses he, "my constitootion is to be jolly and my weekness is to find any credit in being jolly in this world with motor cars at your door, music floatin' at yer winder from everywhere on the little dots of dust as blows in without so much as wings, how can anyone help being jolly and no credit for it."

"Some people is hard to please," I says. The only thing I find fault with is them dry areas, an in concloogin the best I can say is—Never to be a wictim to them spongin' modern nusses, an I'd like to advise you all not to be impoged into reading of papers. It is awful dry.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP, 1931-33



Horace Annesley Vachell

“GIVE me the wayfarer who passes the time of day joyously in fair weather and foul. He will beguile the tedium of the road, be it high or low. . . . To the merry hearts who have cheered me on my way I lift my hat and glass.”

Thus ends the autobiography of Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell. Beyond doubt that expresses the true man of him, and for certain the man thus expressed is an entirely appropriate choice for the presidency of the Dickens Fellowship. Those who heard the wonderful speech he made at the Conference Dinner at Bath eighteen months ago were left in no doubt as to the earnestness of his appreciation of

Dickens; none who has read his books can doubt but that Dickens would have found in him a congenial soul. I am very sure that to the author of “The Hill” the heart of Dickens would have reacted without reserve.

I see much in common between Charles Dickens and Horace Annesley Vachell. They were born in different strata of society, but the souls of the men are kin. Nobody who has read half-a-dozen of Mr. Vachell's books needs to be told that his denunciation at that Bath dinner of certain modern novelists was entirely sincere. As Dickens did, he sees life as something to be enjoyed. It is hard sometimes, but it should be strenuously lived; and it is worth living to all whose hearts are sound. “Though there are shadows on this world, its lights are stronger by the contrast.” Mr. Vachell has lived strenuously. Educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, he listened to the call of the wild, and for some years lived close to Nature as a rancher and as a farmer in California. He has lived in the great open spaces of the world, and in the more crowded cities of Europe where history was written: he has had what he describes as essential to the novelist, Experience—experience of the world, experience of men of all national-

ities and of all standards. Sorrow has crossed his path with heavy tread and thrown a long shadow, but as with Dickens the hard buffetings from the world and cruel personal sorrow have left him with head unbowed, and heart unembittered. In hardship and in grief he has found the sweetness of love and friendship; and now, at seventy years of age—he celebrated his seventieth birthday in October—his faith in his Fellow Travellers through this life is as strong as when he set forth on the journey.

Like Dickens, Mr. Vachell has faced misfortune bravely, has stood right up to it and won the bout. Like Dickens, he has met with good success as a novelist, but popularity has left him unspoiled, and he has always scorned the specious and prurient methods adopted by some of his contemporaries for enhancing their royalties. There is no self-consciousness in anything he has written. Maybe there is just a touch of mysticism, but his books suggest, as does his presence, the healthy mind in the healthy body. He is a connoisseur of wines and a lover of merry company, but because they are good things they are not to be abused. I know him through his books only, but if a writer is not to be known through his writings how shall he be known? His place as a novelist has nothing to do with our present case: I am concerned with the man; and I am sure that if he could have put his head round the dining-room door at Devonshire Terrace he would have been very particularly welcome. And I am sure that the Dickens Fellowship has made a wonderfully happy choice in electing Horace Annesley Vachell to be its President. J. W. T. LEY.

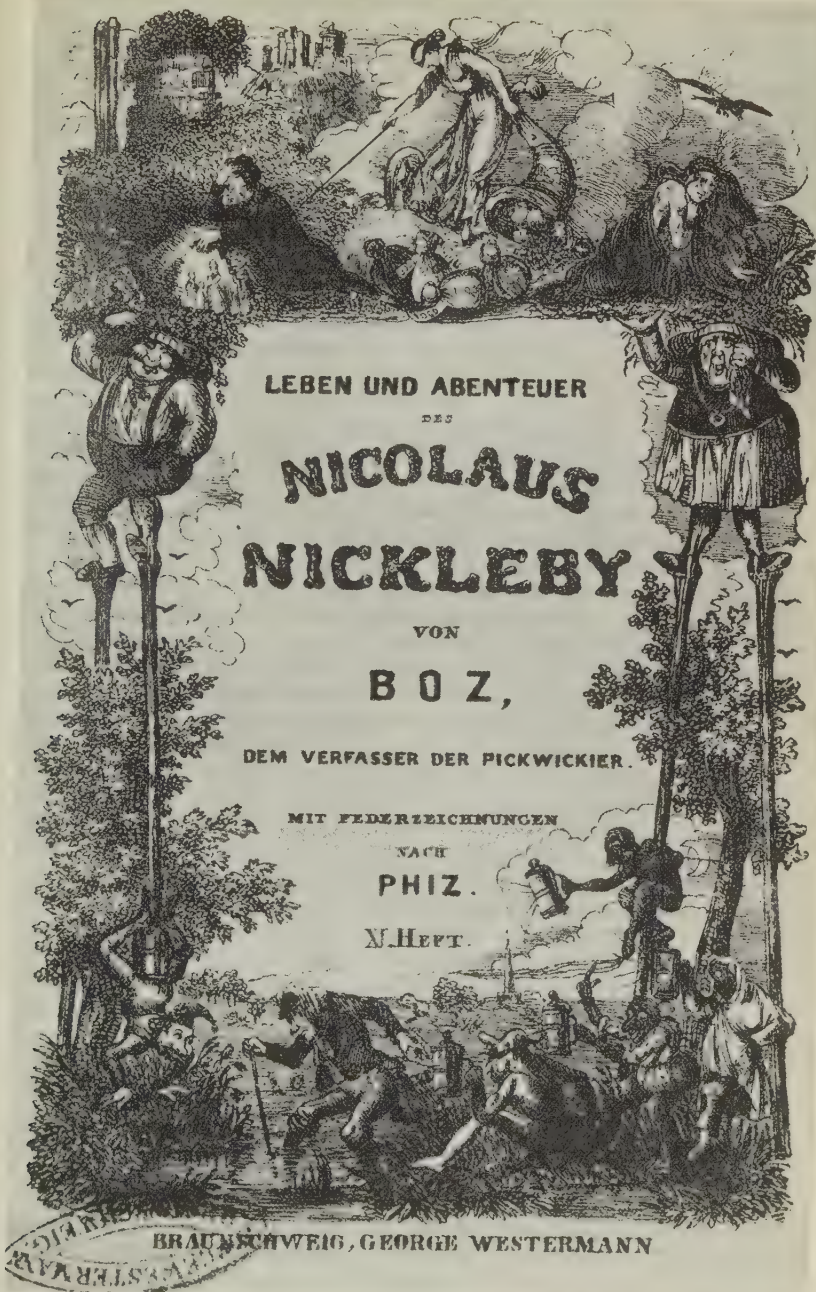
Mr. Vachell received the members of the Fellowship at the opening of their thirtieth year, on October the sixth, at the Express Hall, Charing Cross Road, London. He expressed the great honour he felt in being elected President of such a world-wide society. He amused his hearers greatly with reminiscences of his early days when in emulation of Pickwick and Micawber he had endeavoured to make Punch. Mr. Frank Staff was the chairman for the evening, and the members contributed an excellent variety programme, interspersed with selections by the orchestra and dancing. The president stayed the evening out, and appeared to enjoy it as much as any one; a very happy augury for his term of office.

THE FIRST GERMAN TRANSLATION OF *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*

THE first German translation of the *Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby* was published serially at Brunswick by George Westermann in 1838-1839.

A short description of this translation, the printing of which must have kept pace very closely with the publication of the monthly parts in England, may be of interest to readers of *The Dickensian*.

Realising the almost world-wide popularity attained by the "green leaves" of Pickwick, the German publisher evidently aimed at re-



producing as faithfully as possible the main features of Dickens's new work.

When completed, *Leben und Abenteuer des Nicolaus Nickleby* comprised 20 books ("Hefte") in 18, the first and last numbers being double ones. The size was a crown octavo ($7\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ inches). Three "hefte" formed a so-called Part ("Theil") and the first number of each of these Parts had a printed title-page and a half-title.

The title-page of Part I. reads as follows :

Leben und Abenteuer / des / Nicolaus Nickleby / Herausgegeben / von Boz, / dem Verfasser der Pickwicker. / Nach dem Englischen / von / Karl Heinrich Hermes. / Mit Federzeichnungen nach Phiz. / Erstes Heft. / Braunschweig, / Verlag von George Westermann. / 1838.

In the title-page of Part III. (7th number), a change occurs in the name of the translator, the work of K. H. Hermes being henceforth carried on by Dr. U. Diezmann. The date here and in subsequent title-pages is 1839.

Each number was stitched within green covers, of the same texture and shade as those of their famous English model, and decorated with a lithographed design which, despite the reduced format, is an exact and well-finished copy of the wrapper drawn by Phiz. The portrait after Maclise and Finden and the 39 plates, all lithographs, are likewise most carefully executed replicas of the original etchings.

A few numbers contain some extra pages of literary advertisements, the most interesting of which refer to the works of great English writers edited in German by Dr. Diezmann. In the last number appears an advertisement of "*Oliver Twist*, oder die Laufbahn eines Waisenknaben," done into German by the same indefatigable translator.

About Herr Hermes, who translated the first chapters of *Nicholas Nickleby*, it has not been possible to obtain any further information. But Dr. U. Diezmann is no doubt the gentleman to whom Dickens wrote on March 10th, 1840: "To you who have undertaken the laborious and often I fear very irksome task of clothing me in the German garb, I owe a long arrear of thanks. . . . It is with great regret that I have to inform you, in reply to the request contained in your pleasant communication, that my publishers have already made such arrangements and are in possession of such stipulations relative to the proof-sheets, that I have no power to send them out of England. If I had, I need not tell you what pleasure it would afford me to promote your views." (Vide: "The Letters of Charles Dickens," where the name is misspelt S. A. Dietzman).

Of the merits of Herren Hermes and Diezmann as translators, the present writer is not a qualified judge. But from a careful study he has made of several passages of the German text, and more especially of the humorous ones which lend themselves less easily to a literal rendering, he has ascertained that these pioneers in the field of Dickensian translations were much better fitted for their task than their French "confrères" of that day, and that their work although necessarily hurried was carried out conscientiously and efficiently.

A. DE SUZANNET.

DICKENS AND TOLSTOY

Specially written for *The Dickensian*

By N. GUSEV

Formerly Secretary to Tolstoy

(Translated by EDWARD BERNSTEIN)

FROM his youth to the end of his days, the great Russian writer valued the works of the great English novelist.

Tolstoy read Dickens for the first time when he stayed in the Caucasus. The entry in his Diary for the 2nd of September, 1852, refers to this. "How delightful is David Copperfield!" It was in a Russian translation that Tolstoy read Dickens. So on the following year, he asks his brother, then doing military duty in the Capital, to buy a copy of David Copperfield in the original, and send it to him in the Caucasus. From then onward, all through his long life, Tolstoy had on hand one or another of the works of Dickens. He read and re-read; *The Pickwick Papers*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *The Chimes*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *A Child's History of England*.

The portrait of Charles Dickens hung in Tolstoy's study. Tolstoy regarded Dickens as a world genius, a true master of the literary word. When Tolstoy and his friend V. G. Chertkov established a business in 1885 for the purpose of publishing the best books for the working people, then among the authors whom he recommended for popular reading, Dickens occupied a foremost place. In his letters to Chertkov, Tolstoy insistently advises him to go in for "everything by Dickens," because for popular reading "much that is beautiful" will be found in him, particularly his short stories and novels, such as *Edwin Drood*, *Oliver Twist* and others. He asked his friends that they should adapt for popular reading a number of Dickens's works, like *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Bleak House*. He advised the attempt to read Dickens in schools for adults. "It is worth while doing this," he writes, "and particularly Dickens, in order to bring out all the fine irony of feeling, to learn to appreciate shades of meaning. For this, there isn't a better author than Dickens."

In his celebrated tract "What is Art?" Tolstoy enumerates the forms of creative art—which, in his opinion, are not many—and among them he mentions four works of Dickens—*The Chimes*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *David Copperfield*, and *The Pickwick Papers*. What is it which attracted the great Russian writer to the great English novelist? What made Dickens and Tolstoy so close and kin? First of all, of course, Dickens's valiant cheerfulness, his healthy optimism, his wide humanity. Dickens always draws with sincere affection his many and his varied characters. He unfolds to the reader their inner being. He compels the reader to understand them, to love them. His sympathies are always on the side of the injured, the humbled, the poor, the unfortunate. In all this he particularly endeared himself to Tolstoy, who was teaching that the purpose of art is the increase of goodness and love in man. To conclude our brief note, we shall let Tolstoy himself say how he regarded Dickens, and his importance among other writers.

In a letter of the 3rd of February, 1904, Tolstoy writes: "I think that Charles Dickens is the greatest novel writer of the nineteenth century, and that his works, impressed with the true Christian spirit, have done and will do a great deal of good to mankind."

VICTORIANISM

BY J. W. T. LEY

MR. ROBERT LYND has described the word "Victorianism" as "a word so wide in its meaning that it has in fact come to have no meaning at all." I was in company with three or four people recently, and we were talking about books. One of our number admitted an affection for *David Copperfield*, and this brought the remark from another that the book was "so Victorian." This, of course, is the stock sneer with the semi-cultured "neo-Georgian," and I never hear it but I recall a remark that I heard a famous politician make during the war. He declared that there were thousands of people everlastingly mouthing the word "democracy" who knew as little of its meaning as they knew of Almighty God. It was during the war, too, that a prominent journalist described the fulminations of a certain demagogue as "the cant of anti-cant."

All these sneers at "Victorianism" are merely silly. Many times have I tackled sneerers with the question "what do you mean?" They invariably retort with vague talk about "smug hypocrisy." Ask them to expand the argument, and they have really nothing to say. Of course, it is quite *de rigueur* for half the characters in the present day novel or play to use an occasional "bloody," but is not this very "frankness" in actual fact a pitiful literalness? The worst words that Dickens puts into the mouth of Bill Sikes are "blast" and "damn," but has any reader of the book ever been left in any doubt but that the man was a really foul-mouthed blackguard—that he said "bloody" a great deal more frequently than any Eliza Doolittle that ever was? Has any reader of *Copperfield*—save the very young, of course—failed to grasp the real occupation of poor Martha? Have we not here the case of the artist as distinct from the photographer?

But, in any case, what was the matter with the Victorian era? In those sixty years there was a greater progress than had been registered in the previous thousand years—I mean improvement in the social well-being of the people, which is the true measure of progress. Is it not a fact, and not an arguable proposition, that the Victorian era produced a host of great men such as no other period in our history has surpassed? Omitting Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, and Spenser, who were not of one era, to what period in our history do the poets of the Victorian era take second place? Which period in English history has produced ever so much better art? Which can show a more splendid array of scientists? And—seeing that we are really talking about Dickens—are not Dickens and Thackeray in the company of the world's greatest novelists of all periods? I have

just re-read Thackeray and if he was not one of the three greatest novelists who have written in the English language, for whom must he step aside? For Bennett, for Wells, for G. B. Stern, or for Waugh? And if Dickens is not one of the other two, does the place belong to D. H. Lawrence? I am assuming, of course, that not even the neo-Georgian will dispute Fielding's place, though you never know.

Well, when I heard the objection to *Copperfield* that it was "so Victorian," I asked what was meant, and the reply was that it was "so sentimental." There was the whole essence of this silly talk about "Victorianism." I recalled at once a remark of Mr. George Sampson's—"The spectacle of the earnest and clever little fellows putting Tennyson and Browning, and Carlyle and Macaulay and Darwin into their places really needs not a critic's pen, but the pencil of Max Beerbohm or George Morrow to do it justice."

But there is the truth. This silly talk is nothing but a self-conscious protest against "sentiment," and why there should be an objection to sentiment passes my comprehension. Sentimentality, if you like, but why sentiment? The world has, so to speak, been born again after the death-throes of 1914-1918, and a new generation is adolescent, and youth is always afraid of sentiment—until it meets the girl it wants to win! Adolescence is always self-conscious, and this accounts for the glorious cynicism of youth. Matters of this kind can always be reduced to the particular. If twice two does not make four, then all talk about the census returns is simply meaningless. To this gentleman I said "You are married. Did you eschew sentiment in your wooing of a woman? Do you eschew it in your relations with your children?" To which all he could reply was that he always eschewed personalities in argument. Which was a fatuous reply, and not to the point at all!

But the objection to *Copperfield*, or to Dickens, on this ground is particularly stupid, for the all sufficient reason that Dickens happens to be one of the world's greatest humourists. The very book we were talking about contains one of the greatest humorous creations in fiction. But I was driven to reflect: and I make bold to say that it serves Dickensians right. Laughter is always nigh to tears, all great humourists are sentimentalists, and by the very intensity of their feeling are apt to use too heavy a brush when depicting sentiment. This is perfectly true of Dickens, but so many people fail to see that his excesses when dealing with sentiment were due entirely to the intensity of his sincerity. But I do wish Dickensians would keep steadier hold of the fact that before all else and above all else Dickens was a humourist. Ask a member of a Fellowship Branch to read a paper, and it is a million to one that he will choose "Dickens as a Social Reformer," or "Dickens and Children" or some similar subject. I do not want to be misunderstood as meaning that sight should be lost of what Dickens did for social reform or for the children, but I do urge Dickensians to remember that in all that he did, his one ever effective tool or weapon was his humour. I once heard a lecture on Mark Twain. For an hour and a quarter the lecturer talked, and

not once did he refer to Twain's humour ! I vouch that this is true. It may have been an extreme case, but it is typical of too many Dickensians. When I was Secretary of the Fellowship, I read a paper to a Branch meeting and in the course of it had the temerity to say that in my opinion Dick Swiveller was a greater creation than Little Nell, and a lady member of that Branch never spoke to me again ! Yet is it not true that essentially *Pickwick* was Dickens's greatest achievement ? George Gissing insisted on this point a generation ago. He quoted the incident of Sally Brass taking the Marchioness into the wretched kitchen, cutting her off a square inch of meat, and enjoining her not to say that she had no meat in that house. Try to think how Marie Corelli would have dealt with that ! I think the Cratchit's Christmas dinner is a better illustration of what I mean. Read it again, and you will get the same old catching at the throat, but if you do not find yourself laughing all the time, then leave Dickens alone, and try Hervey's "Meditations." The whole effect is obtained by means of the author's humour. As Gissing wrote "We laugh, but after the laugh comes the reflection. But what a shame !" The *Old Curiosity Shop* would never have been kept alive by the vitality of Nell's grandfather.

The gentleman I have quoted went off on another tack. "You will surely agree with me," he said, "that the first business of a novelist is to have a tale to tell, and Dickens could not tell a tale." To which I replied that I totally disagreed with both propositions. As to the second I said that I thought he had succeeded fairly well in *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*, and had not made an absolute mess of *Bleak House*. "Ah," he said, "But you Dickensians do not place *A Tale of Two Cities* on a high pedestal." (He ignored *Great Expectations*, of course).

I answered, "we do place it on a very high pedestal, indeed, but not among the works that we regard as really representative of Dickens's essential genius. But (I added) you bring me back to my point, that Dickens's greatest works are exactly those in which he is least conscious of 'telling a story.' If you are right, then Wilkie Collins, and Conan Doyle are greater than Dickens, which, as Euclid says, is absurd."

Is it not true that the greatest novelists are not the "story tellers" at all, but the creators of character ? I no more believe that Dickens knew what he meant to do with Sapsea in the end than I believe that when he wrote the first chapter of *Pickwick* he knew what was going to happen to that gentleman in the tenth number. The great novelist conceives a character first of all. That character points him along a certain road, takes him by the hand, as it were, and leads him along it. Then he becomes steadily conscious of—shall I say a destiny ?—the destiny of that character. Is there any critic who does not agree that the influence of Wilkie Collins on Dickens was a stultifying influence on the whole ? His marvellous creative genius could not be suppressed, but his greatest work was done when his creativeness was unhampered.

Just a few thoughts.

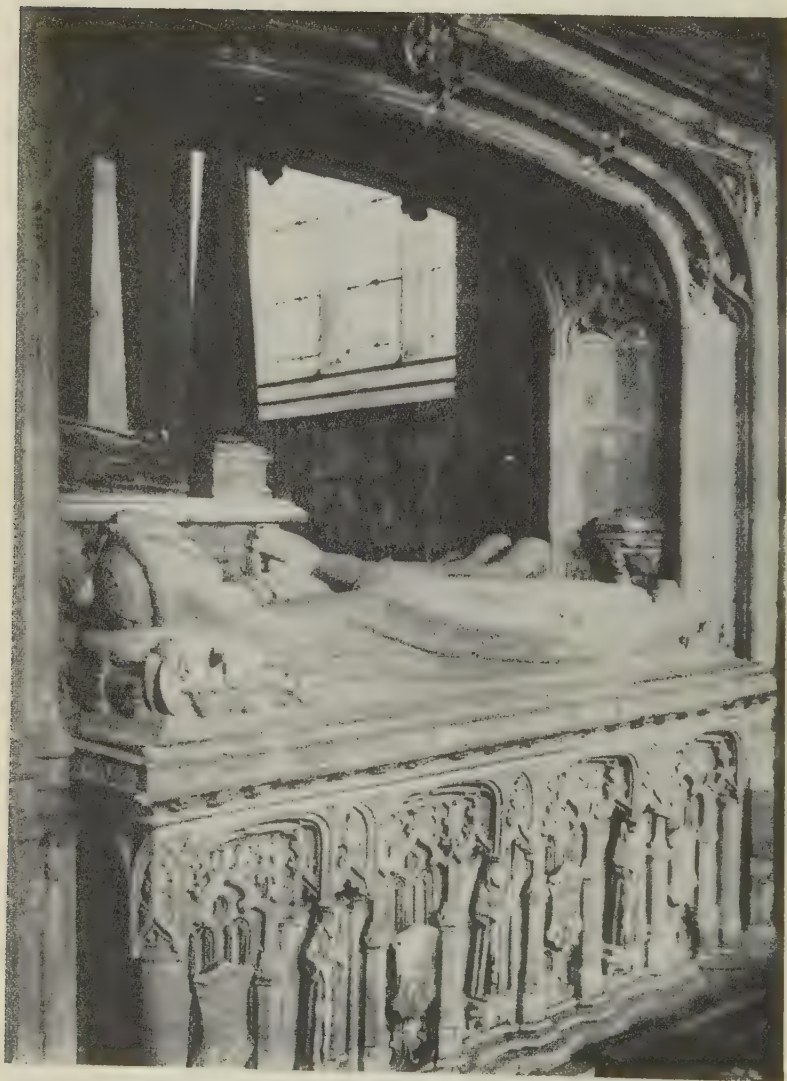


IN LITTLE NELL'S CHURCH

CAMERA STUDIES AT TONG BY WM. A. CLARK, F.R.P.S.

SOME part of the edifice had been a baronial chapel, and here were effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone with folded hands, cross-legged—those who had fought in the Holy Wars—girded with their swords, and cased in armour as they had lived. Some of these knights had their own weapons, helmets, coats of mail, hanging upon the walls hard by, and dangling from rusty hooks. Broken and dilapidated as they were, they yet retained their ancient form, and something of their ancient aspect. Thus violent deeds live after men upon the earth, and traces of war and bloodshed will survive in mournful shapes, long after those who worked the desolation are but atoms of earth themselves.

The best work and the worst, the plainest and the richest, the state-liest and the least imposing—both of Heaven's work and Man's—all found one common level here, and told one common tale.—*The Old Curiosity Shop*.



In Little Nell's Church

Camera Study at Tong by Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXII.—A CHRISTMAS PARTY AT THE MACREADYS.

Part of a Letter from Mrs. Carlyle to her cousin Miss Walsh,
December 23rd, 1843.

(From Jane Welsh Carlyle. Letters to her family. Edited by
Leonard Huxley, LL.D.)



IT was the very most agreeable party that ever I was at in London—everybody there seemed animated with one purpose to make up to Mrs. Macready and her children for the absence of the “Tragic Actor,” and so amiable a purpose produced the most joyous results. Dickens and Forster above all exerted themselves till the perspiration was pouring down and they seemed drunk with their efforts ! Only think of that excellent Dickens playing the conjuror for one whole hour—the best conjuror I ever saw—(and I have paid to see several)—and Forster acting as his servant. This part of the entertainment concluded with a plum pudding

made out of raw flour, raw eggs,—all the usual ingredients—boiled in a gentleman’s hat—and tumbled out reeking—all in one minute before the eyes of the astonished children and astonished grown people ! that trick—and his other of changing ladies’ pocket-handkerchiefs into comfits—and a box of bran into a box full of—a live guinea-pig ! would enable him to make a handsome subsistence let the book-seller trade go as it please—! Then the dancing old Major Burns (the son of the poet M.A.M. !) with his one eye—old Jerdan of the Literary Gazette (escaped out of the Rules of the Queen’s Bench for the great occasion !) the gigantic Thackeray, etc., etc., all capering like mænads !! Dickens did all but go down on his knees to make ME—waltz with him ! But I thought I did my part well enough in talking the maddest nonsense with HIM, Forster, Thackeray, Maclise—without attempting the Impossible—however AFTER SUPPER when we were all madder than ever with the pulling of crackers, the drinking of champagne, and the making of speeches, a universal country dance was proposed—and Forster, seizing me round the waist, whirled me into the thick of it, and made me dance !! like a person in a treadmill who must move forward or be crushed to death ! Once I cried out “o for the love of Heaven let me go ! you are going to dash my brains out against the folding doors !” to which he answered—you can fancy his tone—“your brains !! who cares about their brains here, let them go !”

In fact the thing was rising into something not unlike the "Rape of the Sabines!" when somebody looked (at) her watch and exclaimed "twelve o'clock!" Whereupon we all rushed to the cloakroom and there and in the lobby and up to the last moment the mirth raged on—Dickens took home Thackeray and Forster with him and his wife "to finish the night there" and a royal night they would have of it I fancy!

After all—the pleasantest company, as Burns thought, are the blackguards! and that is; all those who have just a sufficient dash of blackguardism in them to make them snap their fingers at ceremony and "all that sort of thing," I question if there was as much witty speech uttered in all the aristocratic, conventional drawing rooms throughout London that night as among us little knot of black-guardists literary people who felt ourselves above all rules, and independent of the universe.

SOME NEW BOOKS

When Mr. Arthur Moreland published his book of sketches "Dickens in London" two years ago, we ventured to suggest certain improvements in the letterpress and a few additions to his admirable drawings. And now in "Dickens Landmarks in London," published by Cassells at 7/6 he has given us the ideal picture book of Dickens's London as it is to-day; a thing of rare beauty in its execution. The old pictures have been re-drawn, and many new ones added. The literary matter has been re-written and fortified with some very clear maps. However, there are still a few inaccuracies. For Mr. Moreland's guidance, and as a note for the many readers this delightfully produced book will most certainly have, I would point out that Bouverie Street was not where Dickens started the "Daily News" (page 19); Molloy's office was not in New Square when Dickens was a clerk there (page 25); the elder Dickens was not confined in the Marshalsea in 1824-25 (page 63); there is no evidence to show that the orphan girl from Chatham Workhouse who waited on the family in the prison lodged in Lant Street in the same house as young Charles (page 67); that the George Inn Hotel is hardly the correct way to describe the Borough landmark (page 60); and that the Dickens House is not owned by the Dickens Fellowship (page 40).

Our Vice-President Mr. Francesco Berger who is 97 years of age and was a friend of Dickens, as we all know, has just published a book of memories entitled "97" which at the very low price of 3/6 must find a host of readers. There is a chapter devoted to "Charles Dickens and others" and a host of Victorian memories of men and manners which make the past live again.

An enlarged and revised edition of Mr. Stonehouse's "Green Leaves" is now obtainable in one volume embellished with ten most interesting illustrations, including a facsimile of the first page of *The Bill of Fare* by Charles Dickens, in John Dickens's handwriting, which we do not remember having seen before. This book is a very interesting contribution to our rather scanty knowledge of the early manhood of Dickens and Mr. Stonehouse has been to considerable pains to show the influence of the Beadnell circle on Dickens's later life and work.



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

THE DOLLY VARDEN SONG

SIR.—I have just been reading "Old Pink 'Un Days," by J. B. Booth, and therein I found a reference to a song which used to be sung by that famous music hall artist, the Great Vance, of which I had never heard, and, which if it is obtainable now, would interest readers of *The Dickensian*. The author says of the Great Vance: "His song, 'Dolly Varden,' in which the artist made up to represent a girl of the period, was a triumph." This was in the last century's early 'seventies, and although "Dolly Varden," according to Vance, had nothing Dickensian about her except her name, the singer faithfully represented the girl of the hour and portrayed the "Grecian bend" and wore the huge plaited chignon popular at the time underneath the pork-pie hat. This is the chorus of the song:—

Dolly Varden, Dolly Varden,
Dolly Varden of the age;
Dolly Varden, Dolly Varden,
Dolly Varden all the rage.

The song may have had precious little to do with Dickens, and, apparently, its words had no sort of merit; still, there is its title, and there is the fact that its singer dressed in the Dolly Varden costume, and the complete song would, therefore, be of interest for the pages of this magazine.

Newport.

J. W. T. LEY.

THE HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM

SIR.—In Forster, Vol. I., page 259, is Dickens's reference to "a sort of Hamiltonian system for learning parts." Does Dickens anywhere explain this more fully? If any reader can give me information about this, I should be much obliged.

Batley.

ARTHUR S. ELLIOT.

PEGGOTTY'S BOAT-HOUSE

SIR.—The sketch of Peggotty's boat-house, given in the autumn number of *The Dickensian*, evidently relates to the buildings formerly standing in Camden Road, Yarmouth, and copied from a water-colour drawing by H. F. Neave, painted at the time of the demolition of the structure in 1879. A picture of the same buildings, slightly differing in detail, appeared in *The Dickensian* of July, 1909.

According to Dr. Batley, of Yarmouth, it was originally built, partly of an old boat, on a piece of swampy land, as a shed in which to stow the fishing gear of a shrimp-man. That was in the thirties of last

century. Later, the owner built a brick front to it and covered it over with a tile roof.

Dr. Bately strongly contested the idea that it could have been the original of Peggotty's home, and asserted that Dickens never saw it. It is not clear on what ground he made such a confident statement, unless he knew that the original boat-shed was hidden by the brick-work and tile roof prior to Dickens's first visit to Yarmouth in 1848; but if Dickens did see it, I do not think it can be taken to be the actual original of David Peggotty's boat-house, as it was not adapted for habitation, and I am under the impression that its claim was discredited by Matz and others years ago.

There were, and still are, numerous old boats, upright and inverted, high and dry upon the shore at many places round the English coast and used as habitations. Dickens might have derived the notion of housing Peggotty in a boat from any of these, although he placed the boat-house of his story upon what was then a sandy waste at Yarmouth.

Gravesend.

W. LAURENCE GADD.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The sketch on page 308 was the work of F. G. Kitton, and the letterpress in "The Graphic" was undoubtedly his, too.]



DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER BOOKS.

The Letters of Charles Dickens to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, edited by Charles Osborne, 7s. 6d. Murray.*

Dickens Landmarks in London. Written and illustrated by Arthur Moreland. 7s. 6d. Cassells.

"97" by Francesco Berger, 3s. 6d. Elkin Mathews and Marrot.

Green Leaves by J. Harrison Stonehouse, enlarged and revised edition. Illustrated, 21s. Sotheran.

The Pickwick Papers. Parts I. and II. 2s. Sotheran.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"The Letters of Dickens to his Oldest Friend." Illustrated. *Strand Magazine*, November, December.

"Dickensian Inns and Taverns," by F. L. Cowles. *Bromley District Times, Kent*, 2nd October.

"Legal Characters as Dickens Saw Them," by Frank Green. *Wandsworth Borough News*, 25th September.

"Mr. Guppy's Mother," by W.C.B. *Birmingham Post*, 22nd September.

"A Hater of Humbug (Blotton)," by F. A. B. *Birmingham Post*, 7th October.

"A Wise Election Agent (Perker)," by W.C.B. *Birmingham Post*, 20th October.

* This important book will be noticed fully in the next number of *The Dickensian*.

FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

The Editor regrets that, in spite of repeated notices in this page, reports are still being sent in by some branches which consist of simply the date, name of lecturer and the subject. These facts alone hardly make interesting reading, and branch secretaries are kindly requested to send in interesting notes of the subject matter of only the more important of their lectures. Newspaper cuttings are not acceptable for these pages; neither is it possible to record lists of reciters, singers, entertainers and castes of dramatic sketches as these notes must be kept within reasonable limits.

Latest date for the Spring Number is February 8th.

OUR DEBT TO DICKENS

At the October meeting the Wellingborough Branch listened to an address by the President, Miss M. L. Cook, on "Dickens's Contribution to Social Welfare." Miss Cook dwelt on three evils that were attacked by Dickens. (1) The Poor Law system; (2) The treatment of debtors; and (3) The appalling character of nursing to which the poor were subjected.

Speaking of the Poor Law system, the President said: "The longer I work as a guardian, the more I realise how much Dickens did to teach us how to treat the unfortunate children who come under the care of the Poor Law Institution. When I compare the lives of the children in the happy comfortable cottage homes of to-day with the wretched existence of such children as Oliver Twist, I realise what an immense debt we owe to Charles Dickens, who opened the eyes of the nation to such appalling evils."

Quoting from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the speaker drew the picture of Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig, dealing with their poor unfortunate patient, taking his pillow to make themselves comfortable and having no more idea of care and attention beyond giving him "some dozen or two of hearty shakes backward and forward in his chair, that exercise being considered by the disciples of the Prig school of Nursing as exceedingly conducive to repose and highly beneficial to the performance of the nervous function."

Compare this picture with the sight of a district nurse of to-day, going busily from house to house, leaving behind her a trail of comfort and tender ministrations, which causes many a sick person to regard her as an angel. Dickens was in a great degree responsible for this change by his inimitable caricature.

A CANADIAN IN DICKENS-LAND.

"The London of Dickens is still a reality," declared Mr. H. Gerald Wade at the opening meeting of the Winnipeg Branch, held in the University.

The lecture, "My Trip to Dickens-Land," was completely illustrated with slides, many of which were made by the speaker. Pictures of famous places still extant were intermingled with some of the original illustrations. The Marshalsea prison, the "George and Vulture," London Bridge, 48 Doughty Street, and dozens of other places familiar to Dickensians were depicted. The Houses of Parliament caused a burst of applause, for the speaker recalled the days when the famous chamber was "covered" by Dickens as a Parliamentary reporter.

His visit to Rochester, Cobham and Gad's Hill proved very interesting, also a trip through some of London's bookshops. Special mention was made of Spender's, Sawyer's, and Maggs Bros.

A special section of the lecture was devoted to a description of 48 Doughty Street, and the very interesting dinner that he had the pleasure of attending at the "Old Dr. Butler's Head," where he met the London members, special reference being made to the Editor of *The Dickensian* and others. There was one of the largest audiences ever gathered before a Fellowship meeting.

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THE MAKING OF "DOMBEY AND SON."

At the October meeting of the New York Branch, Mr. Bramer read a most interesting paper on "The First Dinner of Dickens in New York City" in 1842, which afforded a most graphic and intimate picture of this historic event. Then followed an address by Mr. D. Ernest Grant, Manager of Dutton's Rare Book Department, on "The Making of *Dombey and Son*." He said there was nothing better in all Dickens's works than the death of little Dombey, and that Thackeray thought that in depicting it Dickens was unsurpassed in power and pathos. Mr. Grant brought out the full history of the evolution and making of *Dombey and Son*, with much information about its various American editions, its illustrations, etc.; altogether a most scholarly and illuminating address. The members were delighted to welcome Dr. Howard Duffield, who brought to us the spirit of old times in the Fellowship when he was its most esteemed President. The Doctor said he looked back with the greatest pleasure to his associations with the Fellowship, although now it was his fine privilege to be a silent partner; that it was a happy circumstance that brought Dickens to America just when this country was undergoing a period of depression similar to that of these days.

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DICKENS'S HUMANITY.

At the opening meeting of the Manchester Branch the President (Mr. S. Sutton) delivered an address on "Dickens's Love of Humanity." The tendency of his writings, said Mr. Sutton, is to make us practically benevolent, to excite our sympathy on behalf of the aggrieved and suffering in all classes, and especially in those who were most removed from observation. His humanity is plain, practical and manly, it is quite untainted with sentimentality. At the conclusion the President paid a tribute to our late member, Mr. W. A. Brabner, and the members observed a minute's silence standing.

Reference was also made of the postponement of the proposed Exhibition until a more normal time. The Annual Re-union took place in the gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Oakdene, Wilmslow. A most enjoyable time was spent on the tennis court, and the competitions in clock golf created keen rivalry. One of the most amusing competitions was a hat-trimming contest for gentlemen, and the merriment was highest when they paraded the tennis court adorned with their handiwork. A very enjoyable function which will be long remembered by those who attended.

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THE LOVES OF DAVID COPPERFIELD.

At the opening meeting in September the Chicago Branch had the pleasure of hearing a paper, "Three Women Who Loved David Copperfield," by Mrs. Georgie E. B. V. Wood, of the New York Branch, read by her sister, Mrs. Wm. Fletcher Holroyd. Mrs. Wood's paper was quite delightful, and her plea for Betsey Trotwood especially brilliant. At the November meeting Mrs. Katharine Reynolds, popular novelist, reviewed *David Copperfield*. Mrs. Reynolds stated that this book was most often called a man's story, but it was in reality a series of pictures of different types of women, and it was through these pictures that David's life was unfolded. Members were interested in comparing the Dora as described in Mrs. Wood's paper with the Dora drawn by Mrs. Reynolds. The two Doras had much in common, but were in other ways quite different. However, in speaking of the women portrayed in the book, Mrs. Reynolds did not neglect the men, and her picture of Steerforth will long be remembered.

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THE "MEANTERSAYS."

Nearly 250 members were present at the first meeting of the session of the Cheltenham Branch. The Hon. Secretary (Miss C. Dallimore) gave a report of the Summer Outing and the Conference at Eastbourne, at which the branch was so well represented. Mr. A. G. Dye, a past president, then introduced the president for the year, Mr. H. O. Barnett, and referred to the great debt that the branch owed to Mr. Barnett for his work, particularly on the dramatic side. The new president then gave an excellent introductory paper on *Dombey and Son*. In addition to a comprehensive survey of the story and its principal characters, Mr. Barnett coined an excellent name for Captain Cuttle and those characters in Dickens's works whose transparent honesty and simple kindness of heart are greater than their gift of speech. He christened them the "Meantersays," and included, of course, Joe Gargery in the family. After the interval Mr. G. S. Giller and party gave three scenes centred round Captain Cuttle. Mr. Giller played the part of the Captain with his usual great skill and enthusiasm, and the other parts were excellently sustained.

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THE LATE ALDERMAN JOHN EASTER.

It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Alderman John Easter, of Eastbourne. He had been a member ever since the formation of the Branch in 1919, and for nearly eleven years was its President. He always said that it would break his heart to give up the Presidency, and was seldom absent from any meeting until his health broke down. We shall all miss him very much indeed, and it will be difficult to fill his place.

At the Annual Meeting of the Eastbourne Branch, Mrs. Greaves was re-elected Hon. Secretary, with Mrs. Baker as Assistant Secretary. Mr. Hansor's lantern lecture on *A Christmas Carol* in November was greatly enjoyed. Three of the Vice-Presidents, viz., Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goode, and Mrs. Muggeridge have presented the branch with a cheque to pay the outstanding debt on the Dickens Hall, and another Vice-President (Mr. F. Fielding) has presented a water colour painting of Dickens (his own work) as a souvenir of the Conference.

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THE DICKENS PERIOD.

In September the Melbourne Branch listened with interest to a lecture by Mr. Chas. Daley, M.A., on "The Dickens Period." At the time that Dickens was walking about the London streets, a poor, shabby, neglected boy, London itself was shabby, the streets dirty and ill-lighted, and the buildings grimy and unkempt. The painted signboards on the old inns made spots of bright colour here and there. Dark courts and alleys harboured thieves, footpads and murderous ruffians who intercepted passers-by and got away with their loot, for there was no police force and the old watchmen were feeble and timorous. Women and children had to work long hours and sweating prevailed among the labouring classes. Among the masses education was unknown, even religion being imperfectly taught in the churches. Prisoners were very harshly treated, and executions were public entertainments. In such conditions the youth Charles Dickens grew to manhood. He saw that many evils needed to be banished and many errors reformed before the people of England could be regarded as a wholesome nation worthy of the name of Christian. Every forward movement for the betterment of social conditions had his warm support, and with his inimitable pen he showed the futility and absurdity of conditions that were being maintained simply because they had always been so and nobody had thought of altering them. Thus the "Dickens Period" was a time of more numerous reforms and ameliorations than any previous period of British history, and Dickens himself was one of the most influential forces.

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ARE THE DICKENS CHARACTERS DEAD ?

One of the fixtures in the syllabus for the current session of the Liverpool Branch is a visit from the Liverpool Burns Club, on which occasion the Chairman of that Society will give an address on "Robert Burns." Liverpool, with its cosmopolitan population, includes, of course, a large proportion of Scotsmen, and the Burns Club is a flourishing and enthusiastic organization. Another local society is the Literary Club and Writers' Circle, with which an exchange of visits has been arranged for the past year or two. The Literary Club is a much more modern association, and the modernist attitude of its members is a welcome tonic, although it is sometimes expressed with an excess of candour and an obvious attempt at provocation. One of their speakers at a recent discussion on some Dickens characters declared that his one consolation was that all the Dickens characters were dead. But are they ?

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REGIONAL GROUPING OF THE FELLOWSHIP.

In accordance with the resolution of the Eastbourne Conference, the home branches of the Fellowship have been divided into regional

groups for interchange of ideas and general promotion of good fellowship.

The inaugural meeting of the Regional Group No. 1 was held on October 10th at Manchester. There was a very good attendance of representatives from Blackpool, Blackburn, Liverpool and Manchester. The recommendations in the circular issued from Headquarters were discussed, and the Branches named in No. 1 Group were agreed to. It was proposed that Mr. S. Sutton, President of the Manchester Branch, be the Regional Chairman, and the Secretary, the Regional Secretary. It was decided that each Branch send four delegates to the Regional Council, the President or Chairman and Secretary to be two out of the four; the Council Meetings to be held at each Branch in turn, the first meeting to be held in Manchester on December 12th.

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At the opening of the winter session of the Leyton Branch in September, Mr. Frank S. Johnson gave a very charming recital of *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, divided into three parts, and his rendering was well received. This was followed by the first part of the story of Dr. Marigold, and portions of *A Christmas Carol*. Mr. Johnson proved himself to be a good reciter and a request was made for the pleasure of another visit.

At the October meeting, Mr. John H. Bate, press secretary to the branch, read a paper on "Some Queer Characters from *Oliver Twist*." The life of Oliver was recounted and the full story of Bumble's rise from Beadle to Master and then his fall, until he becomes an inmate of the workhouse in which he had played such an important part. All the characters in the book appeared in turn, played their part on the stage of this wonderful drama, and was finally disposed of in the way that novelists usually choose to end their books. Some queries resulted. Where was the workhouse mentioned in the story? Who was Barney: was he a thief? What avocation did Betsy and Tom Chitling follow up? Did Dickens introduce characters, into his novels to fill up and make weight? The paper was well received by the members present. In the interval between the meetings Mrs. J. C. Robinson arranged a Whist Drive, and about 50 members enjoyed themselves.

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The 1931 session of the Brisbane Branch has proved as interesting and enjoyable as all the previous ones. The fortnightly lectures and dramatic evenings have vied with one another in discussing and portraying scenes, characters and philosophy from Dickens. Our Book Evenings, on which ten-minutes papers are read by members are also a great success, and the Essay Competitions for school children, to encourage them in reading Dickens, have had a ready response from all over Queensland. The picnic in September on the beautiful Brisbane River added a lighter note, and the usual Christmas Party, at which members appear as Dickens characters will conclude a thoroughly successful year.

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The Blackburn Branch commenced the winter session with a social evening. Musical items were also contributed by members. The jumbled Dickens Character Competition caused a great amount of fun, and some of the more familiar characters were found to be the most difficult to solve.

On October 22nd a paper was given by Miss E. D. Biggs, of the Manchester Branch, on "The Women of Dickens." This was a really splendid paper and showed the wide knowledge of the lecturer.

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In September the members of the Whitstable Branch spent a delightful afternoon at Broadstairs. They visited Betsey Trotwood's house and were cordially received by Miss Tattam and in the parlour Mrs. Barraclough read the account of David's arrival. After tea at the "Albion" the party visited "Bleak House," where Mrs. Batchelor made them most welcome. The arrangements for this successful outing were in the hands of our Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Rutter. The following month an entertainment in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. was given in Whitstable Church House by Miss Conway-Gordon and her Rochester Dickens Players. Scenes from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Barnaby Rudge* and *Pickwick* were excellently played to a large and appreciative audience. A sum of over £10 was handed to the Society as a result.

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The first meeting of the Pittsburgh Branch was a dinner at the Fort Pitt Hotel on October 5th, the new President, Mrs. F. W. Fairman, in the Chair. Mrs. D. G. Fowler announced that the book for study, *Dombey and Son*, would be given one evening each month for the entire season. Mrs. James G. Hayes reported on the Thirteenth Annual Conference held in Montreal in June. Mr. Chester B. Story gave a reading from *The Pickwick Papers*.

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The Vancouver Branch opened its eleventh season in new enlarged quarters on September 24th. Mrs. Ernest Walter, of the editorial staff of "The Vancouver Daily Province," was elected President in place of Mrs. G. W. Edwards. Mrs. Edwards has made a splendid President, and her retirement was very much regretted. Special programmes featuring *Dombey and Son* have been arranged for the winter months. Mr. Victor Ackroyd was again elected Secretary.

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At the opening meeting of the Hackney Branch the Mayor presided, and Mr. McNulty gave a lecture entitled "An Excursion into Unknown Dickens Land." The lecture was an attempt to get away from the beaten track of Dickensian critics, and dealt with such things as "eating" in Dickens's novels as an indication of character, his failures viewed from different points of view, and it closed with a recital of a sequel to *A Christmas Carol*. The next meeting consisted of Dramatic Scenes and Sketches given by Miss Jolly and her Dickens Players. It was held at the Public Library, and Mr. Frank Staff acted as chairman and announcer. The evening was a great success, delighted everybody and resulted in an increase of membership.

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The winter session of the St. Pancras Branch started with an interesting ramble round Southwark, conducted by Mr. G. F. Young. The first lecture was given by the President, Mr. W. J. Roffey, on "Dickens and Music," which was greatly appreciated. Several of the songs mentioned by Dickens were rendered by members of the Dramatic Section. In November a large audience gave an enthusiastic reception to the debate between Mr. Rust and Mr. McNulty: "That Dickens's Bachelors are not equal to his Married Men." Mr. Rust pleaded for the married men, and was vigorously attacked by Mr. McNulty on

behalf of the bachelors. The audience entered fully into the contest, and on a show of hands the married men were declared victorious. Mr. Frank S. Johnson gave a splendid recital of *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, and the "Doctors" description of politics evoked much laughter. Mr. T. W. Hill proved himself again a most efficient chairman. His Worship the Mayor of St. Pancras made a short speech, pleading for the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, for the benefit of which the debate was held.

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The Balham Branch made a courageous start of their season by braving very unkind weather and beginning a ramble over Dickensian Highgate under the guidance of Mr. Winbolt. The elements conquered, however, and the party hastened to follow the footsteps of Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders, and took tea at the "Spaniards," where they were regaled with descriptions of the Dickens places they had not been able to see, and once again lived through the immortal scene enacted in the Spaniards tea-garden on that fateful afternoon described in *Pickwick*. In October we visited the scene of our Dickens's marriage at Chelsea. At the opening meeting a fascinating address was given by Mr. Fullwood (President) on "the London of Dickens's early life," and the second meeting was devoted to a general survey of *Dombey and Son*, with extracts read by the members.

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Mr. C. C. Pemberton, the President of the Victoria (B.C.) Branch, gave a most interesting talk at the opening meeting on the Children's editions of Dickens's works to prove the growing popularity of the novelist as an educational force.

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Old Town, Maine, in spite of being only a small place of 7000 inhabitants, has a very enthusiastic branch, linked up with the smaller city of Orono. The programme is devoted entirely to *Dombey and Son*; and as the discussion on the book during the season is in the hands of no less than a dozen speakers, we feel sure all the members are in for a very enjoyable time.

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At the opening meeting of the Blackpool Branch, when the President and Mrs. J. W. Leach received the members, the evening was pleasantly spent in a "military" whist drive. Mr. Alderman John Potter, J.P., a past president and former secretary of the branch, was congratulated on his election to Parliament as the member for Eccles.

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Following another very successful series of summer rambles, the Hull Branch opened its winter season with the ever popular Dingley Dell Party, under the new President, Miss Gertrude Watson, L.R.A.M., who has been an active member almost since the formation of the branch. The President took the opportunity of presenting to Mr. Harold Kellington (ex-President) a standard reading lamp, and to Miss M. Whiting (ex-General Secretary) an umbrella, for much valued past services to the branch. Excellent light refreshments were provided and served by members of the Ladies' Committee and helpers.

On October 16th, Mr. T. Sheppard, M.Sc., Director of Museums, gave members an intensely interesting talk, in the Hull Transport Museum, on "Hull in Dickens's Day," at the same time reviewing means of transport from the times of the early Egyptians to the present

day, illustrating his remarks by showing the museum exhibits—coaches, etc., of Dickens's time being of particular interest. A feature of the evening was the nomination of a number of new members—mainly the outcome of the Dingley Dell Party.

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At the opening of the winter session of the Plymouth Branch, the new President Mrs. W. H. Crews held a reception, welcoming all the old and new members. An interesting address was given by Mrs. C. C. Ball, on her experiences at the Conference, and at the Rochester Pageant. She particularly stressed her ideas of younger members joining, and the formation of new branches. Mr. W. G. Hitt gave a particularly interesting account of his holiday in the Kentish Dickens Land and Mr. Wm. C. Spear in his usual jovial manner gave a few short stories; the evening closed with whist. On October twenty-seventh Mr. Wm. C. Spear gave a synopsis of *David Copperfield*. Character studies followed, of Agnes Wichfield by Mrs. S. S. Hutchings, Dan'l Pegotty by Mr. W. G. Hitt and Clara Pegotty by Miss Vera Cocks.

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The Woodville Branch reports that they have started the winter programme with enthusiasm and an increased membership. The two meetings so far held have been splendidly attended.



DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

This list contains particulars of all branch meetings, of which notices have been received to the time of going to press.

BALHAM.

- Dec. 11—"Pictures from Italy." Lecture by Mr. C. Corrie Martin, M.A.. B.D.
- Jan. 8—New Year's Party.
- Feb. 12—"The Balham Dickensian," edited by Miss M. Henderson.
- 27—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Miss Jolly.

BATH.

- Dec. 29, 31—Teas and Entertainments to Poor Children.
- Jan. 5, 6—
- 4—New Year's Party and Dance.
- Feb. 1—"Dickens's Courtships," by Mr. C. Blackwood.
- 8—Birthday Dinner.

BIRMINGHAM.

- Dec. 9—Recital of *A Christmas Carol*.
- Jan. 3—"Dickensian Impressions," by Mr. C. Taylor.
- Feb. 10—Birthday Supper.
- 13—Birthday Party for Poor Children.

BLACKBURN.

- Dec. 3—Visit from the Blackpool Branch.
- 17—Annual Dinner.
- Jan. 7—Readings from *Dombey and Son*, by members.
- Feb. 4—Birthday Celebration.
- 25—Discussion on the Characters in *Dombey and Son*.

BLACKPOOL.

- Dec. 3—Visit to Blackburn Branch.
- 17—Debate, "Did Lizzie Hexam encourage Eugene Wrayburn?"
- Jan. 1—New Year's Party.
- 14—"The Bad Characters."
- 28—"The Homes in *Our Mutual Friend*."
- Feb. 5—Birthday Dinner.
- 18—Dickens's outlook on Life.

BRIDLINGTON.

- Dec. 10-12—"Dolly Varden," a comedy by Walter Dexter, at the Spa Theatre.
- Jan. 19—An Evening with *Barnaby Rudge*.
- Feb. 16—Birthday Celebration.

BRIGHTON.

- Dec. 12—A "Novelogue," by Mr. Cyril R. Wordley.
 Jan. 9—Dramatic Reading.
 Feb. 13—Social Evening.

CHELTENHAM.

- Dec. 4—"Mr. Pickwick goes to Bath." Lantern lecture by Mr. J. Cooper Sands.
 Jan. 1—Ladies' Evening.
 29—"Dickens and Youth," by Miss M. McIntosh.
 Feb. 6—Birthday Celebration.
 24-25—Performances of *The Cricket on the Hearth* and *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*.

EASTBOURNE.

- Dec. 1—Evening arranged by Miss F. South.
 Jan. 5—Entertainment by Mrs. G. Ferguson and Miss Lily Bussey.
 Feb. 2—Entertainment by Miss Seymour.
 6—Birthday Party.
 Dec. 8, 22, Jan. 12, 26, Feb. 9, 23—Study Circle.

EDINBURGH.

- Dec. 3—"Dickens's Limitations." Lecture by Mr. Jas. Fisher.
 18—Annual Dinner.
 Jan. 14—"Dickens's Association with Scotland." Lecture by Mr. Leslie McCallum.
 28—"Dickens and Filmland." Lecture by Mr. H. M. Forres.
 Feb. 5-6—Dramatic Performances of *Pickwick*.
 18—"Dickens's Social Conscience." Lecture by Rev. Dr. Rees Griffiths..

EDMONTON.

- Dec. 2—Debate.
 16—Christmas Concert.
 Jan. 13—Travel Talk.
 27—Debate.
 Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
 24—The Dickens Players.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.

- Dec. 2—"The Romance of the New River." Lecture by Mrs. Baillie-Saunders.
 Jan. 11—"Schools and Schoolmasters of Dickens." Lecture by Mr. W. Saunders, B.Sc.
 Feb. 10—Sketches and Scenes from Dickens, by the Leyton Branch.

HULL.

- Dec. 11—"Dickens's Descriptive Art," by Mr. T. H. Lehair.
 28—Old Folk's Party.
 Jan. 6—New Year's Revels.
 22—"Comic Relief in Dickens and Shakespeare," by Rev. Handley-Jones.
 Feb. 6—Birthday Celebration: "Hot-Pot" Supper.
 19—Debate: "Are Dickens's Women True to Life?" Mrs. H. Lawton and Miss C. Byers.

LEYTON.

- Dec. 30—"An Evening with *Dombey and Son*," arranged by the Ladies.
 Jan. 27—A Dickens Party.
 Feb. 24—"The Faults of Dickens." Lecture by Mr. S. J. Rust.

LIVERPOOL.

- Dec. 2—"Character in English Literature," by Rev. Wm. C. Hall, M.A.
 16—Christmas Party.
 Jan. 13—"My Visit to Some Overseas Branches," by Mr. A. W. Edwards.
 27—"Fresh America," by Rabbi Morris Goldstein.
 Feb. 6—Whist Drive and Dance.
 10—Visit of the Liverpool Burns Club. Speaker: Mr. Wright.
 24—"John Masefield," by Mr. A. S. Mason, F.S.1.

LONDON.

- Dec. 11—Christmas Party.
 16—"Dickens and Christmas." A symposium, by Mr. F. S. Johnson, Mr. J. H. McNulty and Rev. T. P. Stevens.
 16-18—Entertainment to children at Lant Street Schools.
 Jan. 8—"Dickens's London To-day." Lecture (with lantern) by Mr. Walter Dexter.
 Feb. 6—Birthday Celebration Dinner at Trocadero Restaurant.
 8—Birthday Recital by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, "Dr. Marigold."

MANCHESTER.

- Dec. 4—Miscellaneous Short Papers.
 Jan. 8—"To Bath with Mr. Pickwick." Lecture by Mr. J. Cooper Sands.
 22—Dingley Dell Party.
 Feb. 10-12—Birthday Celebration. Dramatic Performances.

MONTREAL.

- Dec. 15—"A Dickens Christmas Evening."
 Jan. 26—Members' Night.
 Feb. 6—Birthday Celebration.
 23—"Charles Dickens and J. B. Priestley—Good Companions," by Rev. David A. MacLennan.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

- Dec. 4—Christmas Party.
 Jan. 22—"Dickens and Education," by Mrs. Williams.
 Feb. 5—Birthday Party.
 19—Readings by Mr. Wright and Mr. J. P. Wallis.
 March 4—"Dickens as a Caterer," by Mr. Grieves.

NEW YORK.

- Dec. 18—"The Christmas Spirit of Dickens," by Dr. Edward F. Stevens.
 Jan. 15—(1) "The Inspiration of Dickens to Service," by Mr. J. Hunt Stanford.
 (2) "My Trip to Dickens's England," by Mrs. Georgie E. B. V. Wood.
 (3) "Some Well-known Animals in Dickens," by Mr. Albert A. Hopkins.

PITTSBURGH.

- Dec. 14—Christmas Dinner Party.
 Feb. 1—Birthday Dinner, followed by Short Sketches.

PLYMOUTH.

- Dec. 5—"Some Further Humour of Dickens," by Mr. W. G. Hitt.
 8—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Mr. W. G. Hitt.
 Jan. 6—Tiny Tim's Tea and Entertainment at the Guildhall.
 12—Dramatic and Musical Evening arranged by Miss Vera Cocks.
 26—Evening arranged by Junior Dickensians.
 Feb. 2—Whist Drive.
 9—Dramatic, Musical and Literary Evening, arranged by Miss L. Annear.
 23—Musical and Literary evening, arranged by Mrs. R. Chase.

REDDITCH.

- Dec. 2—"Characters from Shakespeare," by Mr. W. Basckley.
 Sketches of Dickens Characters, by Mr. G. Basckley.
 Jan. 6—Lecture by Miss M. F. Taylor.
 Feb. 3—"Elizabethan Drama," by Mr. C. Ireson.

ST. PANCRAS.

- Dec. 8—Members' Evening. Papers on Forster's "Life of Dickens."
 Jan. 12—"Eighteenth Century London Landmarks with Dickensian association," by Mr. W. J. Roffey.
 29—New Year's Party.
 Feb. 9—"Some Dickens Courtships," by Mr. W. H. Lowry.

SHEFFIELD.

- Dec. 18—Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Rev. J. Howen Rodda.
 Jan. 15—Gentlemen's Night.
 Feb. 5—Lecture by Mrs. Bagnall.
 6—Birthday Dinner.

SOUTHAMPTON.

- Dec. 10—Readings and Discussions on *Dombey and Son*.
 Jan. 14—Members' Evening.
 Feb. 11—Birthday Celebration Party.

TORONTO.

- Dec. 10—Scenes from *The Chimes*, arranged by Mrs. A. J. Rostance.
 Jan. 14—Scenes from *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, arranged by Mr. Purvis Wood.
 Feb. 10—Birthday Party.
 13-20—Annual Play *David Copperfield* by Walter Frederick Evelyn.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

- Dec. 4—"The Schools of Dickens," by Mr. J. H. Newman.
 19—Christmas Programme, arranged by Mr. C. E. Groome.
 31—New Year's Eve Party.
 Jan. 9—"Dining with Dickens," by Mrs. F. J. Thorpe.
 23—"Dickens the Rebel," by Miss Mary L. Pendered.
 Feb. 13—Debate: "Should Toots have Married Susan?" by Miss G. Parkin and Miss E. Abbott.
 27—*Dombey and Son*, discussed by Miss F. Netlington.

WHITSTABLE.

- Dec. 18—Reading by Mr. Hobbs.
 Jan. 15—Christmas Party.
 29—Annual Meeting.

WINNIPEG.

- Dec. 10—Recital of *The Haunted Man*, by Rev. Allworthy Eardley.
 Jan. 14—"Dickens in the News," by D. P. R. Coats.
 Feb. 6—Birthday Dinner.

WOODVILLE.

- Dec. 4—Lecture by Councillor H. Forman.
 Jan. 7—Tiny Tim's Treat.
 29—Lecture by Rev. C. Bishell.
 Feb. 6—Birthday Dinner.
 26—Members' Evening.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

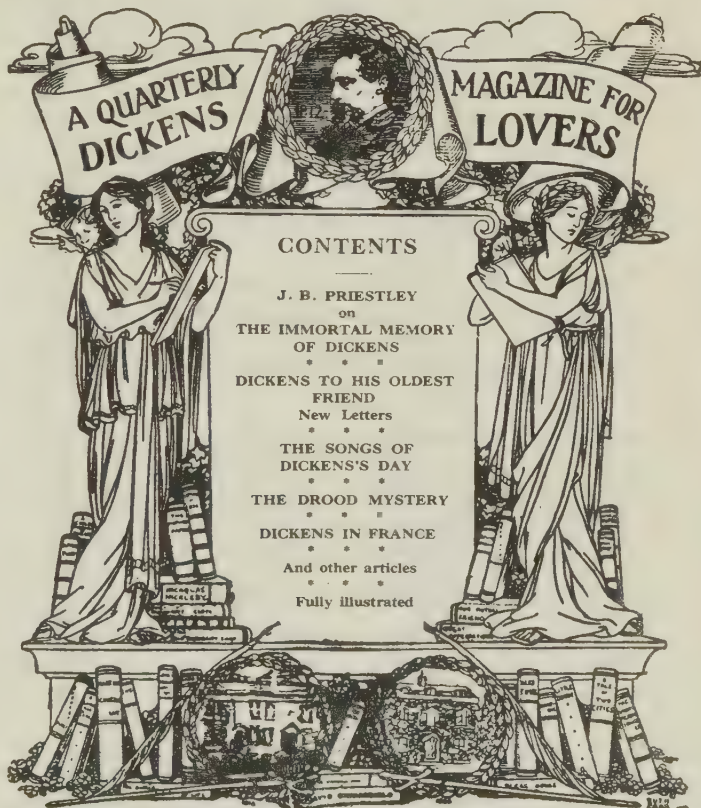
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1832-1932.

This year we celebrate the centenary of the commencement of Dickens's literary career. We referred briefly to this in our last number, when we reproduced in facsimile a letter of 1832 bearing on Dickens's connection with "The Mirror of Parliament." In the present number the earliest letter of Dickens to his friend, Thomas Beard, is reproduced in facsimile, together with a selection of some of the earliest of this most important series of letters. The complete letters, which I have been privileged to edit, are opportunely published this spring by Messrs. Putnams, and will be reviewed by Mr. J. W. T. Ley in our next number.

* * * * *

**Back from
the New
World.**

The New World has certainly rejuvenated our Hon. Secretary, for when Mr. A. W. Edwards called at my office a few days after his return from his three months' trip to the United States and Canada, his sixty-six years seemed as nothing; he didn't look a day older than fifty. The Council and the London members have been greatly interested in a full account of his visits to the American branches. In all the many talks, both private and public, Mr. Edwards has emphasised the warmth of the welcome extended to him by saying "They are all jolly good fellows." And this is just as it should be. The more the spirit of good fellowship can prevail among us, the better it is not only for the Fellowship as a whole, but for each of us individually.

* * * * *

**"Yes, there
is a return
to Dickens."**

The inevitable linking of the name of Dickens with the festival of Christmas has been more apparent this year than ever before. Toll was levied from Dickens by several newspapers; "The Daily Express" came out on Christmas Eve with the ever-green skating chapter from *Pickwick*,

capitally illustrated by Strube. "The Irish Times" and several other newspapers printed an excellent condensed version of *A Christmas Carol*. *Master Humphrey's Clock* was serialised in "John o' London's Weekly." In "Ideas" the whole of the story of Gabriel Grubb was reproduced. Sir Max Pemberton, in "Tit-Bits," contributed "Thanks to Dickens Christmas Still Lives," and at the same time in several papers attacked the vulgarity of Dingley Dell. "If Dickens Wrote His Carol Now" was the subject of a striking article on the growth of the social conscience by Sir Philip Gibbs in "The Sunday Times." In the weekly "Birmingham Post" appeared an interesting fantasy "Christmas at Holly Manor, a Jolly Dickens Society Gathering"; and "Answers" revived the important subject of the famous Christmas Numbers of Dickens. Mr. W. R. Titterton "interviewed" Dickens in "The Daily Sketch" in an endeavour to answer the question "What is Christmas?" and Mr. Aldous Huxley in "The Week-End Review" found the Pickwickian Christmas (which boasted no present-giving save the five shillings to Sam) certain of a welcome return in these days of financial stress. All this was capped on Christmas Eve by Mr. J. B. Priestley's article in "The Evening Standard," and many provincial papers entitled, "Yes, there is a return to Dickens."

* * * * *

On the Radio we heard Mr. Bransby Williams in his Scrooge monologue, and excellently presented scenes of the Cratchits' Christmas Dinner, and Mr. Winkle on the Ice. From one American paper sent me by Mr. Sproul, I notice that *A Christmas Carol* was a feature in no less than four different programmes, the reciter in one case being our old friend Mr. Frank Speaight. *A Christmas Carol* was read in lieu of a sermon on the Sunday immediately preceding Christmas at a church in Bristol. Dr. J. B. van Amerongen recited the same work in nine different places in Holland during the Christmas season alternatively in Dutch and in English; and Mr. Frank Johnson is credited with some half a dozen similar recitals, one of which marked his eighth appearance at Penton Street Chapel in aid of the Christmas funds of the Mayors of Islington and Finsbury.

* * * * *

There is indeed a return to Dickens, not the least important return being that of the incomparable Dickensian, Mr. Bransby Williams, who after giving Dickens such a long rest has returned with fresh vigour and is touring the country with a fascinating lecture on Dickens, in which his wonderful characterisations figure very largely. I offer heartiest congratulations to my old friend.

* * * * *

Further evidence of continued popularity.	Further evidence of the continued popularity of Dickens is shown in the increasing number of lectures given during the past few months by societies other than the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Osbert Sitwell has been addressing the Oxford University Sitwell Society, and other bodies, on "Dickens and Modern Fiction"; before the English Association at Chelmsford Mr. J. C. Pearson spoke on <i>Edwin Drood</i> .
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"Dickens's Life and Work" was the subject of a lecture by Mr. Leonard Barry, M.A., Principal of the Portsmouth College, to the Literary and Philosophical Society of the novelist's birthplace. The headmaster of Ashville College, Harrogate, Mr. J. T. Lancaster, made "Dickens, Social Reformer" the subject of his address to the Leeds Rotary Club; Mrs. Charles Masfield spoke of "Dickens's England" at Swindon, and at the Aberdeen Literary Club Mr. A. Pryor Rebecca's subject was "Characterisation in the Works of Dickens." This is but a selection from a fairly long list of similar meetings, in places where no branches of the Dickens Fellowship are yet established, clearly indicative of the high place still maintained by Dickens in the hearts of the people.

Dickens Bazaars are still very popular, and very successful functions have come to our notice at Hereford, Faversham, Dartford, Croydon and Leytonstone.

* * * * *

What's Wrong Here? "The People" for August 13th records the retirement of a ticket collector after fifty years' service with a Railway Company. He was entertained to a dinner by the first-class passengers from his station and regaled them with reminiscences of his various conversations with Dickens, who always travelled third-class.

A writer in the "Bristol Evening World" asks what is the value of a set of "Home Notes" edited by Charles Dickens from June to December, 1858.

Mr. Manchester, in "The Manchester Evening News," referring to the sale of the Hatton *Pickwick*, says that Buss committed suicide by reason of his pictures not giving satisfaction to Dickens.

"The Grocer" for 26th December reprints from *All The Year Round* for December, 1877, an article eulogistic of the periodical, and heads it "The Grocer in 1877; What Charles Dickens thought of it."

* * * * *

Not Penny Readings. By all means let Radio revive Readings from Dickens. Dickens is, in my opinion, best appreciated when read aloud, and Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley has done much to prove that Dickens read over the Radio is especially appreciated. But why does Mr. Clinton-Baddeley in his article in "The Radio Times" for November 6th last refer to "Dickens's Penny Readings"? I am not aware that Dickens ever gave any such.

* * * * *

Pity Harrison Ainsworth. When will the journalist learn that Cruikshank was not the illustrator of Dickens's books. If any one person can claim this distinction it surely was Hablôt K. Browne, who illustrated by far the greater part of Dickens's stories. This is how one of the illustrations of Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes" was titled by the London "Evening News" of the fifth of November last. "How George Cruikshank imagined the great event of November the Fifth; an engraving by the illustrator of Dickens's Books."

Mr. J. Cuming Walters. Our old friend and Past President of the Fellowship, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, has retired from active jour-

nalistic life, after twenty-five years' association with the Manchester "City News" as its editor. He has had a long, varied and honourable career (he edited the "Birmingham Weekly Mercury" at the age of twenty!). He tells me he will now have more time to indulge in just the pursuits he most fancies, and as we know how dear to him is everything connected with Dickens, we look forward to read in *The Dickensian* some spirited articles from his facile and fascinating pen in the not too distant future. He is now on a well-earned tour to the West Indies, which we sincerely hope will completely restore him to good health, for he has been a great sufferer for several years past. We send him our heartiest good wishes for a pleasant and beneficial holiday, a safe and happy return, and an enjoyable life for many, many years to come.

* * * * *

The "Royal George" at Dover. I have received a brochure from the "Royal Mail Hotel" at Dover, in which a claim is made that it is the Royal George of *A Tale of Two Cities* where Mr.

Lorry met Lucy Manette, it being at that time the only coaching inn in Dover. We have always considered "The Ship" as the prototype, especially as Dickens himself stayed there. The Royal Mail was not the only coaching inn in Dover; Cary's Itinerary gives the names of four inns.

* * * * *

Mr. William Miles, F.R.S.L., and a Vice-President of the Dickens Fellowship, is to be entertained to Dinner by the London Members on April 2nd, to celebrate his jubilee as a reciter.

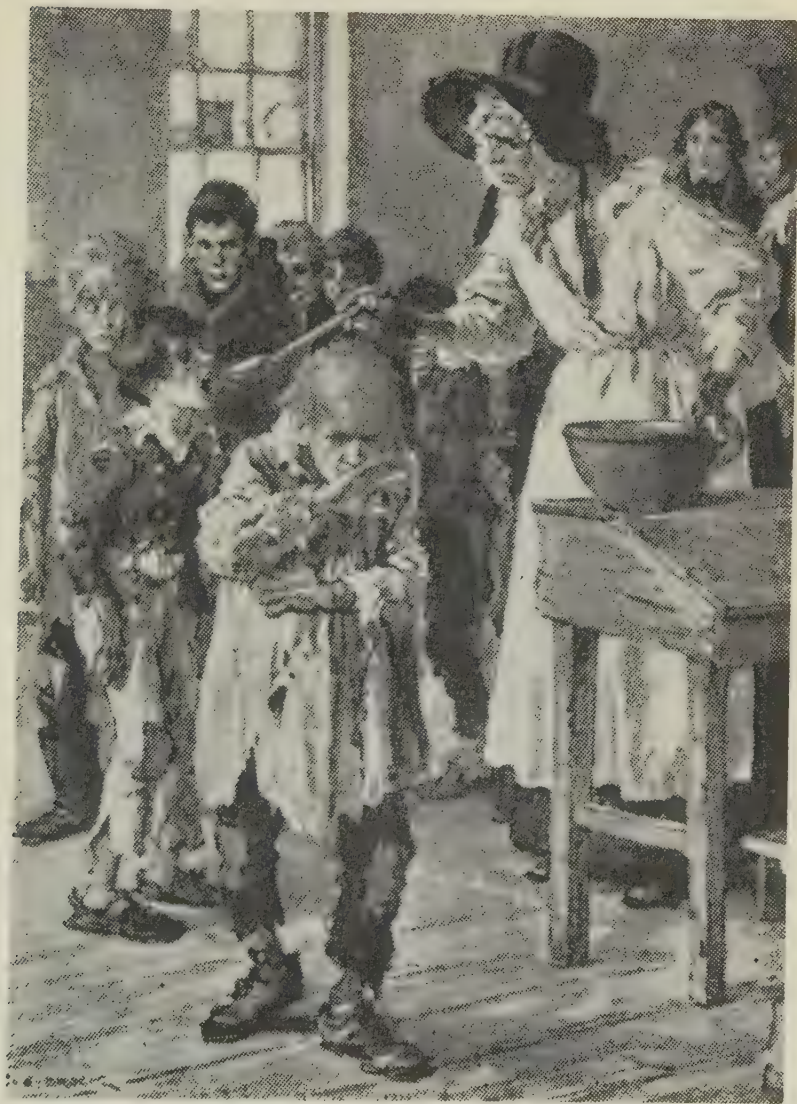
* * * * *

Eight First Pickwicks. Mr. Thomas Hatton, of Leicester, had to collect many copies of *Pickwick* before he could attain the very fine specimen which realised £3260 at the sale of the greater part of his library in New York in 1928. The remainder of his library was sold at Sotheby's in December last. It included no less than eight copies of *The Pickwick Papers* in various states. The most perfect of these fetched £1480. The prices paid for other novels in original parts were as follows: *Nicholas Nickleby*, £80; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, £34; *A Tale of Two Cities*, £124.

* * * * *

More Brock Illustrations. It is a pleasure to see that Mr. C. E. Brock is extending his task of illustrating Dickens. Following the *Pickwick* published by Harraps a year or so ago, the same publishers have lately issued a new *Nicholas Nickleby* with sixteen coloured illustrations by this well-known artist. As usual, Mr. Brock is no slavish follower of Phiz, and seeks to find new subjects for illustration. His Tim Linkinwater, Mulberry Hawk, Pike and Pluck, and Newman Noggs are masterpieces of his art, true delineations of real characters

without a single trace of exaggeration. Even the old familiar Dotheboys Hall scene, here reproduced, takes on a new aspect ; but its full beauty



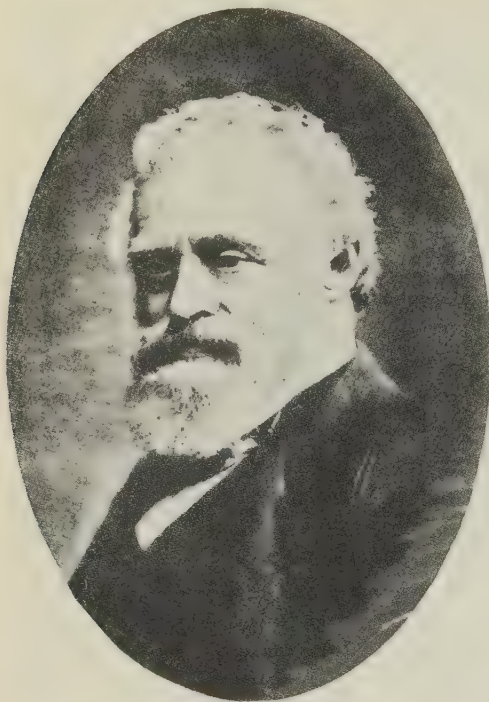
can only be appreciated by inspecting its original form in colours. The volume is excellently printed, strongly bound, and an adornment for any bookshelf.

* * * * *

Piracy.

A selection from the letters of Dickens to his oldest friend, Thomas Beard, has also been appearing in the New York "Bookman," which, I regret to notice, has, without any

authority or acknowledgment, calmly appropriated from this magazine two of my own photographs, one of the village of Pickwick, and the other of Fort House, Broadstairs, adding insult to injury by titling the latter as the house Dickens had discovered in 1838, "and which remained always his best-loved holiday house." In part two, the photograph of the tablet on Rasco's Hotel, Montreal, which appeared in the Autumn Number of *The Dickensian*, has been reproduced also without permission or acknowledgment. As my letter of gentle remonstrance to the editor of the magazine remains without acknowledgment, I make the offence public. Even Dickens could not amend the iniquities of



Thomas Beard

Dickens's Oldest Friend

[Photograph by the courtesy of "The Strand Magazine"]

the law of copyright existing between the two countries, which I understand is still almost as favourable to American piracy as it was ninety years ago when Dickens first voiced there the wrongs of his suffering fellow-writers. I can well understand the anger of Dickens !

* * * * *

Mr. Sessler's Jubilee.

Mr. Charles Sessler, a past-President of the Philadelphia Branch, has just completed fifty years of bookselling, in celebration of which he has struck a medal; and being an old friend of his I have been very pleased to be the recipient of a copy. On one side is a striking portrait of Dickens; the reverse illustrates Fezziwig's ball, after John Leech, "the gayest little picture in all the world" (A. Edward Newton). We congratulate Mr. Sessler on his achievement, and on his honour to Dickens in calling on him to celebrate it with him.

WALTER DEXTER.

“MY FATHER’S OLDEST FRIEND”

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF LETTERS TO THOMAS BEARD

IT is not much more than a year ago that a large number of letters written by my father to Mr. Thomas Beard were fortunately discovered in the possession of the Beard family. The existence of these letters was unknown at the time of publication of *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by my sister and aunt, and have only quite recently come to light. It therefore gave me great pleasure to give the members of the family who owned the letters permission to publish them in any way they thought best.

These letters, taken as a whole, are of singular interest, not only because they were intimate letters written to his “oldest friend,” but also because many of them relate to his early days in the Gallery of the House of Commons, and were written at the time immediately preceding his rapid rise to fame.

That Tom Beard was, in fact, his “oldest friend” cannot, I think, be questioned. This can be gathered from many passages in Forster’s “Life.” To take one extract: “‘There never was such a shorthand writer,’ has been often said to me by Mr. Beard, the friend he first made in that line when he entered the Gallery and with whom to the close of his life he maintained the friendliest intercourse.”

Again, in another extract we find, “Mr. James Grant, a writer who was himself in the gallery with Dickens, has stated that while there, Dickens was exceedingly reserved in his manners and that though showing the usual courtesies to all he was concerned with in his duties, the only personal intimacy he formed was with Mr. Thomas Beard, then, too, reporting for ‘The Morning Chronicle’ and I have already mentioned the friendly and familiar relations maintained with that gentleman to the close of his life.”

In a description of the wedding of my sister Kate with Charles Collins, Forster alludes to one of the guests as “Dickens’s old fast friend, Mr. Thomas Beard.”

In an extremely humorous letter written by my father to Mrs. Watson on 11th July 1851, included in the published letters, giving an account of a holiday picnic on the Thames given to his son Charley (then at Eton) and two Eton friends, he talks of Tom Beard who had helped him to entertain the boys as “my son’s godfather, an old friend of mine, and a noble fellow with boys”; while to add to the evidence on this point it must be remembered that his godson, in dedicating the Jubilee edition of *Pickwick*, alludes to Tom Beard as “My Father’s Oldest Friend.”

Passing from this point to the letters, they will, of course, speak for themselves; but I think I shall not be wrong in characterising them as being full of interest.

The beautiful letter touching the death of Mary Hogarth written so very soon after her sudden death is pathetic in the highest degree

and could only have been written to one who was so intimate with him as to share all his joys and sorrows.

The graphic letters of his "reporting adventures" are not only full of humour, but they recall most vividly the difficulties and hardships of the reporters of those days as compared with the happier conditions which exist at the present time.

The letters in their entirety show, in a very marked degree, the strong individuality and personality of the writer—so much so, indeed, as almost to suggest to one's mind, that they are "as one speaking from the grave."

HENRY FIELDING DICKENS,

19th September, 1931.

The earliest letter to Thomas Beard is given in facsimile on the opposite page. According to the post mark, it was written in 1832. The curious error in regard to the date of his birthday is due to careless composition, as subsequent letters show very plainly that Dickens was aware that he was born on the seventh of February.

The next letter which we select is one of two years later, just after he had come off one of the reporting expeditions to which Sir Henry refers. It shows how it came about that he left home and took chambers in Furnival's Inn. As his tenancy commenced there at Christmas, 1834, this letter was probably written in the December.

Bentinck Street

Saturday Evening

[December 1834]

Dear Tom,

I arrived from Birmingham at 7 this evening and remained at the office until 10, correcting the proofs of the "*Whack*" for a second edition. I am rather fagged as you may suppose, having perpetrated four columns in as many hours before I left the town of dirt, iron-works; radicals and hardware.

If I had not a little business to transact on my own account to-night, I should, tired as I am, run the chance of finding you at home, for the purpose of saying a few words to you on a very distressing subject. My mother appears most anxious that your sister and yourself should be made acquainted with the situation in which she is placed. Knowing the anxiety of her feelings on this head, and concurring most sincerely with her in valuing the friendship of yourself and family most highly, I think it better to spare her the pain of making any communication by writing to you myself at once. I do this with the less reluctance as I have already, more than once, hinted to you my fears that the state of my father's affairs, and his want of attention to them, would render a change in our situation, imperative.

The fact is simply this—for a time, at all events, we must disperse ourselves as best we can, consistently with a reasonable hope of consulting the interests of all.

My father, I apprehend will not rejoin the family for some

(continued on page 92)

70 Margaret Street Cavendish Square
Saturday February 4th

Dear Beard.

I intend keeping the Anniversary of my Birth Day, which occurs on Wednesday next the eighth instant, by asking a chosen few to join in a friendly quadrille.

If you will make one of our family circle by seven o'clock, or as early as the house will allow you, it will give us the greatest pleasure to see you.

Believe me

Yours Truly

Thomas Beard Esq.

Charles Dickens

time; my mother and her sisters will reside in the immediate neighbourhood of our present lodgings—I hope in comfortable quarters, where they are not strangers—and I, taking Frederick with me, to instruct and provide for as best I can, shall repair to Chambers in Furnivals Inn.

This is no great mystery after all, and perhaps will prove a source of but little surprise to you; but as I wish you to know the real state of the case without delay, and as I know my mother does the same, I have no hesitation in confiding it to you to disclose just as much, or as little of, as you think proper. There may be something of selfishness in this; for one never values friends so highly as in seasons of adversity, when their loss would be most felt. You may attribute this communication to what cause you please—as far as I am concerned I have no wish for concealment, and to my mother and sisters I know it will be relief to find that you, and yours, know the worst.

I will conclude this long and gloomy epistle by saying that after much trouble and anxiety, I think I have, in conjunction with a friend of ours, succeeded in making the best arrangement that could possibly be affected. We have much more cause for cheerfulness than despondency after all; and as I for one am determined to see everything in as bright a light as possible, having thank God, little at present to fear on my own score, and not much on theirs, I will not add another word on the subject.

I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you before long—I shall be at home all to-morrow.

All here desire loves and so forth. Will you add my remembrances, and accept my assurance that I am

Most sincerely yours

Charles Dickens.

The next three letters refer to reporting excursions to Essex and Devonshire. Although the letters are not dated by Dickens their dates have been fixed by the postmarks.

Black Boy Hotel
Chelmsford

Sunday evening [9th Jan. 1835]

Dear Tom,

I am more anxious than I can well express to know the result of your interview with Hodgkin, having set my heart on its being favourable. If you are not engaged to-morrow, will you write me a line by return of post, and resolve my doubts. I go into Suffolk on Tuesday morning early but my Head Quarters will be here, and I have no doubt I shall receive at once, any letter that arrives, directed as above.

I wish of all things that you were with me. Barring the grime of solitude I have been very comfortable since I left town and trust I shall remain so until I return, which I shall do about the latter end of the week, unless I receive orders from the office to the contrary.

Owing to the slippery state of the roads on the morning I started, I magnanimously declined the honour of driving myself, and hid my dignity in the inside of a Stage Coach. As the election

here had not commenced, I went to Colchester (which is a very nice town) and returned here on the following morning. Yesterday I had to start at 8 o'clock for Braintree—a place 12 miles off, and being unable to get a saddle horse, I actually ventured on a gig,—and what is more, I actually did the four and twenty miles without upsetting it. I wish to God you could have seen me tooling in and out of the banners, drums, conservative emblems, horsemen, and go-carts with which every little green was filled as the processions were waiting for Sir John Tyrell and Baring. Every time the horse heard a drum he bounded into the hedge, on the left side of the road, and every time I got him out of that, he bounded into the hedge on the right side. When he *did* go however, he went along admirably. The road was clear when I returned, and with the trifling exception of breaking my whip, I flatter myself I did the whole thing in something like style.

If anyone were to ask me what in my opinion was the dullest and most stupid spot on the face of the earth, I should decidedly say Chelmsford. Though only 29 miles from Town, there is not a single shop where they sell Sunday Papers. I can't get an Athenaeum, a Literary Gazette—no not even a penny magazine, and here I am on a wet Sunday looking out of a damned large window at the rain as it falls in puddles opposite, wondering when it will be dinner time, and cursing my folly in having put no books into my portmanteau. The only book I have seen here is one which lies upon the sofa. It is entitled "Field Exercises and Evolutions of the Army" by Sir Henry Torrens. I have read it through so often that I am sure I could drill a hundred recruits from memory. There is not even anything to look at in the place, except two immense prisons, large enough to hold all the inhabitants of the county—whom they can have been built for I can't imagine.

I fear among the gloomy reflections which will present themselves to my mind this day, that of having entailed upon you to the misery of decyphering such an unconnected mess as this, will not be the least.

As I thought it very likely however, that you would never get beyond the first three sentences I have comprised in them the whole object of my letter, knowing that, whether you come to the end of it or not, you would believe without a written assurance that I am,

Most sincerely yours

Charles Dickens.

My best remembrances to all

Thomas Beard Esquire
42, Portman Place
Edgeware Road
London.

Wincanton
Saturday Morning
[2 May 1835]

Dear Tom,

I arrived here (57 miles from Exeter) at 8 yesterday evening having finished my whack at the previous stage. I arranged with Neilson, whom I occasionally saw in the course of

my journey, that I would stop when he did; and finding him housed here, I ordered dinner, beds, and breakfast for two. I am happy to say that our friend Unwin, when on duty, is the most zealous, active, and indefatigable little fellow I ever saw. I have now, not the slightest doubt (God willing) of the success of our Express. On our first stage we had very poor horses. At the continuation of the second, The Times and I changed horses together; they had the start two or three minutes, I bribed the post boys tremendously and we came in literally neck and neck—the most beautiful sight I ever saw.

The next stage, your humble caught them before they had changed; and the next Denison preceded Unwin about two minutes, leaving Neilson here to return to Exeter tomorrow evening and I to get up by the Telegraph at 11. The roads were *extremely heavy*, and as *they* had 4, I ordered the same at every stage and empowered Unwin to do the same until he met his horses, indorsing on the parcel that the rain rendered it a matter of *absolute necessity*.

I have sketched, my dear fellow, in a dozen most hasty words, our progress yester-night which I hope, but can scarcely believe, you will be able to understand. I have only time to add that I trust you will not forget my packages and cream, that I received the bag, your kindness remembered, that I shall hope to hear from you the day of your return, that I shall impress on Powell the necessity of expressing the declaration, that I think Lyons and Mony will fail and that I am (it's an old story, but a true one)

Sincerely yours

Charles Dickens.

Thomas Beard Esq.

Exeter

Favoured by John Neilson Esq.

Furnivals Inn

Monday Morning [4th May 1835]

My dear Beard,

A part of my adventure you will have heard from Neilson. The remainder is comprised in three words. We were first out, the express arrived at 4 o'clock, we had a much longer account than any other paper and the whole affair is considered one of "complete and signal success" and has been noticed as a feat by the Spectator and another Sunday Paper.

I feel the effects of the rain severely. I came up by the slow coach, left Wincanton at 9 on Saturday evening and reached town at 11 yesterday morning. I have a slight touch of rheumatism and am *perfectly deaf*. I hope to God I shall soon get rid of the latter complaint. What have you done about my bag? It is lying at the Mail Office to be called for, for I have not a clean shirt to put on, and am really in a state of greatest distress.

I am in great haste having scarce time to get this letter to the post. Let me know directly you return.

Believe me

Most sincerely yours

Charles Dickens.

The next letter relates to the death of Mary Hogarth, and is the only one of its kind that has yet come to light.

Collins's Farm
North End
Hampstead
Wednesday evening [May 17th, 1837]

My dear Beard,

I received your kind letter in due course. I should have written to you myself to communicate the dreadful occurrence but I had so many distressing appeals to my attention and exertions, that I was compelled to postpone doing so for a time.

I presume you heard from my father, that on the Saturday Night we had been to the Theatre—that we returned home as usual—that poor Mary was in the same health and spirits in which you have so often seen her—that almost immediately after she went upstairs to bed she was taken ill—and that next day she died. Thank God she died in my arms, and the very last words she whispered were of me.

Of our sufferings at the time, and all through the dreary week that ensued, I will say nothing—no one can imagine what they were. You have seen a good deal of her, and can feel for us, and imagine what a blank she has left behind. The first burst of my grief has passed, and I can think and speak of her calmly and dispassionately. I solemnly believe that so perfect a creature never breathed. I knew her inmost heart, and her real worth and value. She had not a fault.

Mrs. Hogarth has suffered and still continues to suffer most deep and bitter anguish. Kate, I am glad to say, made such strong efforts to console her, that she unconsciously summoned up all her fortitude at the same time, and brought it to her own assistance. She knows that if ever a mortal went to Heaven, her sister is there; she has nothing to remember but a long course of affection and attachment, perhaps never exceeded. Not one cross word or angry look on either side, even as children, rests in judgment against her; and she is now so calm and cheerful that I wonder to see her.

I have been so shaken and unnerved by the loss of one whom I so dearly loved that I have been compelled to lay aside all thoughts of my usual monthly work, for once, and we have come here for quiet and change. We have a cottage of our own, with large gardens, and everything else on a small but comfortable scale. Kate is very anxious indeed to see you, and I can assure you that you will derive anything but pain from seeing her. I hope you will join us in the old way. Name your own time, and believe me that there is no one whom it would give us so much pleasure to welcome as yourself.

Believe me, my dear Beard

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens.

IN LITTLE NELL'S CHURCH



In Little Nell's Church

Camera Studies at Tong by Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

(Continued from page 68)

MORE SONGS OF DICKENS'S DAY

BY J. W. T. LEY

II.

THERE are a few songs that have a curiously interesting association with Dickens, though, so far as I have been able to discover, they have no mention in his works. I have already dealt with one or two that he parodied, but the songs I have in mind now have a more curious interest than that. On September 29th, 1836, "The Strange Gentleman" was produced at St. James's Theatre, and the advertisement, after giving the cast, promised: "Miss Smith and Miss Julia Smith will sing the duet of 'I know a bank.'" Miss Smith played the part of Fanny Wilson, and Miss Julia Smith that of the sister, Mary. Why on earth they were asked to drag this duet into a comic burletta goodness only knows. But there were more remarkable cases of the kind. In July, 1837, Moncrieff's "Sam Weller: or The Pickwickians" was produced at the Strand Theatre, and among the interpolations were "Jim Crow," "Now Rest ye Merry Gentlemen," "We won't go home till Morning," "Fine Old English Gentleman," "There's nae luck about the House," "Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue," "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" "We're a'noddin'," etc. There may have been some excuse for dragging in "We won't go home till morning," for that, of course, has mention in an early number of *Pickwick*, but the introduction of all the others was an outrage. But then so was the whole piece. The most interesting of all these songs is "There's nae luck about the house," but it is too long to quote in full. The first verse is as follows:

And are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to talk o' wark?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel!
 Is this a time to think o' wark
 When Colin's at the door?
 Rax down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a',
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When the gude man's awa'.

Another song interlarded in this play was "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching":

In the prison cell I sit,
 Thinking, mother dear, of you,
 And our bright and happy hours so far away.

And the tears fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come ;
Underneath the stars and stripes
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

"We're a' noddin'" has mention in *Bleak House*, when, on the occasion of the death of Krook, we read that "Even Miss M. Melvilleson, in the revived Caledonian melody of 'We're a nodding' points the sentiment that 'the dogs love broo' (whatever the nature of that refreshment may be) with such archness, and such a turn of the head towards next door, that she is immediately understood to mean, Mr. Smallweed loves to find money, and is nightly honoured with a double encore." Now this is a well-known Scotch song, yet the words cannot be printed with any certainty. I have seen several versions, but not one of them contained any reference to the dogs loving "broo." Mr. Lightwood gives a verse, as follows :

O we're a' noddin', nid nid noddin',
O we're a' noddin' at our house at home ;
How's o' wi' ye, Kimmer ? And how do ye thrive,
And how many bairns hae ye now ? Bairns I hae five.

I find this verse, or a slight variation of it, in only one version. I give just one version. Dickens's reference to "the revived Caledonian melody" is not explained.

And we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

Gude e'en to ye, Kimmer, and are ye alane ?
O come to see how blythe are we.

For Jamie he's cam hame ;
And O, but he's been lang awa',
And O, my heart was sair,
As I sobbed out a lang farewell,
Maybe to meet nae more.

Noo we're a' noddin', etc.

O sair hae I fought, ear' and late did I toil
My bairns for to feed and clead,

My comfort was their smile ;
When I thocht on Jamie far awa',
And o' his love sae fain,
A bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart ;
We'll maybe meet again.

Noo we're a' noddin', etc.

When he knocket at the door, I thoct I kent the rap,
And little Katie cried aloud,

“My daddie he’s cam back !”

A stoun gaed through my anxious heart,
As thocthtfully I sat,

I rase—I gazed—fell in his arms,
And bursted out and grat.

Noo we’re a’ noddin’, etc.

On the same occasion, at the Sol, Mr. Bogsby put up “the popular song, ‘King Death,’ with chorus by the whole strength of the company.” This song was by Dickens’s friend, Bryan Waller Procter, “Barry Cornwall,” the music being by Neukomm. It was a favourite with John Leech, who had a good bass voice. Only one verse—

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

“Half-past nine—just the time—off at once,” said the gentleman whom we need hardly introduce as Mr. Jingle.

“Time for what ?” said the spinster aunt, coquettishly.

“Licence, dearest of angels—give notice at the church—call you mine to-morrow” said Mr. Jingle, and he squeezed the spinster aunt’s hand.

“The licence ?” said Rachel, blushing.

“The licence,” repeated Mr. Jingle—

In hurry, post haste for a licence,
In hurry, ding-dong I come back.

He was quoting from Kane O’Hara’s adaptation of Fielding’s “Tom Thumb.” Scene 5 is placed in Princess Huncamunca’s dressing room, and Lord Grizzle enters—

Griz. (kneeling) : Oh, Huncamunca ! Huncamunca, oh !

Hunc. : This to my rank, bold man !

Griz. : Ah, beauteous princess !

Love levels rank, lords down to cellar bears,
And bids the brawny porter walk upstairs.
Naught is for love too high, nor aught too low—
Oh, Huncamunca ! Huncamunca, oh !

Hunc. : My lord, in vain a-suitoring you come,
For I’m engaged this instant to Tom Thumb.

Griz. : Play not the fool ; that less than baby shun,
Or you will ne’er be brought to bed of one.

Hunc. : Am I thus fobb’d ? Then I my words recall.

Griz. : Shall I to Doctors’ Commons ?

Hunc. : Do so pray.

I now am in the mood, and cannot stay.

Air : LORD GRIZZLE.

In hurry post haste for a licence,
 In hurry ding dong I come back ;
 For that you shan't need bid me twice hence,
 I'll be there, and here in a crack.

Hey ting,
 My heart's on the wing,
 I now could leap over the moon :
 Let the chaplain
 Set us grappling,
 And we'll stock a baby-house soon.

Hunc. : Oh !

Griz. : Ah !

Exit.

This play was always a favourite with Dickens. It was selected by him for the children's theatricals at Tavistock House in 1854 and 1855, and it was during one of these performances that Thackeray fell off his seat with laughter at the performance of Henry Fielding Dickens, then four years old, in the title rôle.

Mr. Samuel Wilkins and Miss J'mima Ivins (Evans) and Miss J'mima Ivins's friend and Miss J'mima Ivins's friend's young man all went to the Eagle, and

"How solemn!" exclaimed Miss J'mima Ivins, glancing, perhaps unconsciously, at the gentleman with the whiskers. Mr. Samuel Wilkins, who had been muttering apart for some time past, as if holding a confidential conversation with the gilt knob of the dress cane, breathed hard—breathing vengeance, perhaps—but said nothing. "The soldier tired" Miss Somebody in white satin. "Ancore!" shouted the gentleman in the plaid waistcoat immediately hammering the table with a stout bottle. Miss J'mima Ivins's friend's young man eyed the man behind the waistcoat from head to foot, and cast a look of interrogative contempt towards Samuel Wilkins . . .

. . . Enough. The sequel is recorded in *Sketches by Boz*. What we are interested in is the song that the lady in white satin sang. It was a well-known song in those days, and still is sometimes heard at parish hall concerts—

The soldier tir'd of war's alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
 And scorns the spear and shield ;
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
 And dares again the field.

And that is all !

What was the "Bacchanalian song, something about a sparkling bowl," that Caleb Plummer sang "with an assumption of a devil-may-care voice, that made his face a thousand times more meagre and more thoughtful than ever?" Mr. James T. Lightwood notes "There are several songs of this nature, such as 'The Flowing Bowl' ('Fill the bowl with sparkling nectar'). Another began 'Fill, fill the

bowl with sparkling wine." But Dickens is explicit about the "sparkling bowl," and when we know that there was a popular song bearing that very title, what need can there be to speculate further? "The Sparkling Bowl" was sung by Mr. Bedford, whom we have previously mentioned in this series as the singer at Vauxhall Gardens of the song about the Seven Ages. I copy it direct from a Vauxhall Gardens programme.

In battle some for glory seek,
Where death terrific sways,
While others hang on beauty's cheek,
And sigh away their days;
But we, more wise, shun sparkling eyes,
That would enslave the soul,
We know no joys like those, my boys,
That sparkle in the bowl.

Let love sick swains the willow wear,
And draughts of sorrow quaff,
'Tis time enough to hail despair,
When grown too old to laugh;
Let us, more wise, shun sparkling eyes,
That would enslave the soul,
We know no joys like those, my boys,
That sparkle in the bowl.

At one of the Harmonic Meetings at the Sol's Arms, "Little Swills, after keeping the lovers of harmony in a roar like a very Yorick," was heard "taking the gruff line in a concerted piece and sentimentally adjuring his friends and patrons to Listen, listen, listen, Tew the water--Fall." This adjuration comprises the last line of the glee by Lord Mornington for four voices, entitled "Here, in cool grot."

Here, in cool grot, and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.
Her beams, reflected by the waves,
The turf with daisies border'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor.
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the waterfall.

Snowed up in the Holly Tree Inn, the author in his solitude, reads the inn's stock of literature—a little song book terminating in a collection of toasts and sentiments, a little jest book, etc. He tries to hum all the songs, goes entirely through the jokes—in which he finds a fund of melancholy adapted to his state of mind—proposes all the toasts, and enunciates all the sentiments. All these resources being exhausted by tea-time, he is cast entirely on his own resources, and recalls his own experiences of inns. Dismal and creepy narratives

come to mind. First, that inn where visitors unaccountably disappeared for years, the revelation ultimately coming that they had been killed by the landlord and made into pies ! Then there was the house-breaker landlord, whose wife made the alarming discovery of his real identity by taking off his silk nightcap one night while he slept, and finding that he had no right ear ! She terminated his career with a red-hot poker, and received the commendations of King George ! There was the inn near a forest, where the traveller was saved by his dog just as the two dark men of the inn were ascending the stairs with a dagger five feet long, a chopper, a sack and a spade ! There was the renowned roadside inn and its story concerning Jonathan Bradford, which was in the author's time in a sixpenny book with a folding plate—the story of how the landlord was found at the murdered traveller's bedside, with his knife at his feet, and blood upon his head ; how he was hanged for the crime, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence. He had been there, he said, to kill the traveller for his two saddle bags, but had been stricken motionless on finding him already slain. Years afterwards the ostler confessed to the deed ! “ By this time,” says Dickens, “ I had made myself quite uncomfortable I stirred the fire, and stood with my back to it, as long as I could bear the heat, looking up at the darkness beyond the screen, and at the wormy window-curtains creeping in and creeping out like the worms in the ballad of Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.”

Here we have a reference to a ballad that was very popular in those days, but is now forgotten and is most difficult to get. Its author was M. G. Lewis. As there are seventeen verses it cannot be given in full here. The first verse tells that—

A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright
 Convers'd as they sat on the green ;
 They gaz'd on each other with tender delight ;—
 Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
 And the maid's was the fair Imogene.

“ And ah ! ” said the youth, “ since to-morrow I go
 To fight in a far distant land,
 Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
 Some other will court you, and you will bestow
 On a wealthier suitor your hand.”

Of course the lady protests that she would not think of doing anything of the kind, and expresses the hope that if she should be false to her Alonzo his ghost may sit by her side at her marriage. So off he goes to Palestine and she laments him sore. Nevertheless, despite all her protestations, “ scarce had a twelvemonths elapsed, when behold ! ”

A baron all cover'd with jewels and gold,
 Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

The old, old story is repeated. Imogene marries the baron. The table was set for the marriage feast when the bell of the castle tolled

ONE ! There by the false one's side was a stranger with closed visor.
The bride asks him to lay his helmet aside, and he complies.

O ! gods ! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes !
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed !

All present then utter'd a terrific shout,
And turn'd with disgust from the scene ;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And spotted his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene—

What he said may be left to the imagination, but he was very
outspoken, and he ended his address with a dramatic "curtain"—

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While fair Imogene shriek'd with dismay ;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

The baron died soon after, but Imogene continued to haunt the
castle. The poor girl seems to have been pretty severely punished
for her frailty !

In the course of his patter Dr. Marigold frequently uses the expression
"Over the hills and far away," and we have it quoted also in the
rousing description of Tom Pinch's ride to London—"Now, take your
breath, and try the bugle, Bill. There's music ! There's a tone !
'Over the hills and far away' indeed. Yoho ! The skittish mare
is all alive to-night. Yoho ! Yoho !" In all probability Dickens
knew the expression in "The Beggar's Opera," in scene 13 of which
we have the duet to Air XVI., "Over the Hills and far Away"—

Macheath : Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embraced my lass,
Warm amid eternal frost,
Too soon the Half Year's night would pass.

Polly : Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I would mock the sultry toil
When on my Charmer's breast reposed.

Macheath : And I would love you all the day

Polly : Every night would kiss and play

Macheath : If with me you'd fondly stray

Polly : Over the Hills and far away.

As a matter of fact, "Over the hills and far away" is a very old
nursery rhyme. Miss J. J. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, tells me that
it appears in a very old book of nursery rhymes that she has possessed
for many years, and she has kindly copied it out for me. It is a
version that will be familiar to most readers, but actually there are
many versions varying with localities. In an old Scotch book, for

instance, it is given as "Jockey met with Jenny fair," and in a collection of Scotch music that Miss Stevenson's mother owned as a girl there was a piece arranged for the pianoforte by T. Thomson Handley which is entitled "O'er the Hills and far awa'." In all cases the music is practically the same. Here is the version that Miss Stevenson has sent me—

Tom he was a piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young ;
But all the tunes that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Over the hills, and a great way off
The wind shall blow my top-knot off.

Tom with the pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Over the hills and a great way off
The wind shall blow my top-knot off.

I expect some readers will remember the parody which children used to sing to the effect that "all the tunes that he could play was 'Sally, get out of the donkey's way.'"

(To be continued)



THE ROMANCE OF SOHO*

Mr. Beresford Chancellor makes no secret of the fact that Dickens's characters of fiction are as real as any of the famous people who frequented this most romantic part of London. Therefore, apart from dealing with Dickens's association with Soho Square (in which we notice the absence of any reference to that bit of "Domestic Switzerland" on the north side, where Obenreizer lived in *No Thoroughfare*), he has devoted a whole chapter to "Ralph Nickleby's Square," that is to say, Golden Square and its purlieus. Alas ! almost the whole of the square has been rebuilt since the days of Newman Noggs, so it really does not matter in which house the rascally Ralph resided ; and we have to rely on Mr. Chancellor for the truth of the statement that "the only double house in the square" was No. 6, although in an earlier work, "The Squares of London," he says the same thing of No. 35 ; and the industrious, though not always exact, F. G. Kitton thirty years ago said precisely the same of No. 13. Well, having paid your money, you have a right to make your choice, and the money for this attractively-produced volume packed full with the gay life of the Georgians, is certainly well spent.

* "The Romance of Soho," by E. Beresford Chancellor. Illustrated. 12/6. Country Life, Ltd.

THE TECHNIQUE OF EDWIN DROOD

BY EDWARD F. RINES

THE mystery and detective story has a very special and definite technique all of its own, and as a person who has read this type of fiction rather avidly, and made something of a study of it, I am always more than a little amazed when I pick up *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* to observe how deftly Dickens mastered this new technique.

It is not every novelist who can do this; more than one writer of real merit has failed miserably when he essayed the mystery story form, probably because this form is peculiarly an acquired one, an excursion into the realms of "method" oftentimes at the expense of "content," and the writer in addition to creating interest, suspense and plenty of mystery overshadowing everything, must also very expertly disguise this outward display of falseness by building up a strong network of convincing detail.

And I believe *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was written in this way: it is too expertly plotted, its technique too surely flaunted, to have been conceived and planned by any other method. It is because of this very evident different construction that I think we may approach the work from a new angle and attempt to reason out many points necessary for a complete solution.

First of all there is the victim. Now in plotting a mystery story, the writer picks his victim very carefully and only after a great deal of thought and study. It was De Quincey who stated that the victim of a crime should be selected with great care, and we may be sure that Dickens, in writing of the murder of Edwin Drood, followed this same principle arrived at by De Quincey.

The one point that has to be watched by the writer is that the victim must not be too much in the sympathy of the reader before the murder takes place. As Carolyn Wells, the popular writer of detective stories, so aptly puts it, "The point to be remembered by the author is that the victim must be of the greatest possible importance generally, yet not specifically in the sympathy of the reader."

And here I pause to point out that it is very significant and right in line with my theory that Dickens fails to work up any sympathy for Edwin Drood. You are interested in him, it is true, but never in a warm personal way. The fact is that Edwin is but a lay character—he can vanish from the story without causing any great amount of flurry—it is only the manner of his passing and the whys and wherefores that interest us.

Carolyn Wells further warns the prospective writer of mystery stories: "Guard against introducing the victim too long before the murder, or allowing him or her to engage too deeply the reader's sympathy or admiration."

Now Dickens introduces his victim very early in the story, but although he parades this victim before the eyes of the reader from the very first, he is quite successful in not allowing the reader to

experience any feeling of sympathy for Edwin. Dickens achieves quite a trick in his presentation of this character.

The very first time we meet Edwin he repulses a friendly display of interest on the part of Jasper.

Jasper says: "Get off your overcoat, bright boy, and sit down here in your own corner. Your feet are not wet? Pull your boots off. Do pull your boots off."

Then Edwin answers: "My dear Jack, I am as dry as a bone. Don't moddley-coddley, there's a good fellow. I like anything better than being moddley-coddleyed," and we immediately feel checked in any friendly feeling of congeniality we might feel toward this "bright boy" in the same manner that Mr. Jasper felt checked.

Nor is Dickens content to leave it with this, for he adds (the italics are mine): "With the check upon him of being *unsympathetically* restrained in a genial outburst of enthusiasm, Mr. Jasper stands still, and looks intently at the young fellow, divesting himself of his outward coat, hat, gloves, and so forth."

There is only one moment where Edwin gives promise of commanding any sympathy, and this is the scene wherein he meets the opium woman, the Princess Puffer, before passing on to his uncle's house the last night of his life. The scene is checked and the sympathy never allowed to develop fully, but for a moment it is almost felt.

At the same time that Edwin makes no definite impression on the reader, John Jasper creates an impression of actual loathsome dislike. He is drawn as a perfect murderer.

Moreover, I think that Dickens intended the main mystery in this book not to be, "Was Edwin Drood murdered, and why?" but "Who was Datchery?"

Rather I think he is endeavouring to imply all along that Edwin has been murdered and that he was murdered by his uncle through jealousy over the quite innocent cause of it all, Miss Rosa Bud.

Remember Dickens once before did this, in *Our Mutual Friend*, the last completed novel he ever wrote, and as an answer to certain of his critics he penned at the end:

"When I devised this story, I foresaw the likelihood that a class of readers and commentators would suppose that I was at great pains to conceal exactly what I was at great pains to suggest: namely, that Mr. John Harmon was not slain, and that Mr. John Rokesmith was he."

Coming right before *Edwin Drood*, this method has an especial significance, for we see Dickens toying with the very ideas that were to come into full blooming in his last, unfinished novel.

Whether he planned another such statement for *Edwin Drood* we do not know, but very probably not, for in this case such a statement would hardly be necessary, as the manner in which he went about suggesting the fact that John Jasper was the murderer of his nephew is much more subtle than the manner in which he sought to show that John Rokesmith was in reality John Harmon, the structure of the story demanding this.

But how would readers have felt if, at the end, John Rokesmith was no one but John Rokesmith, and John Harmon had really been slain? Cheated—a keen feeling of disappointment in the whole book. Do you think an author employing such a trick would gain many readers? I don't and, further, I do not think that Dickens would stoop to such an unfair device in *Edwin Drood*, the most carefully plotted book he ever wrote.

And when one sits down to re-read this book with the assumption that Jasper is the guilty party and that he really murdered Edwin, this fact seems very apparent and staring you in the face all along, just as it should in any air-tight mystery story, for in the perfect mystery plot the ground-work must be laid right at the beginning for the unmasking of the villain at the end. He, the villain, must be in plain sight from the start, and when the story is gone over the second time the reader must wonder why he failed to see through it right at first. I believe Dickens intended to depart from this in letting the reader sense more than is usually the case the fact that Jasper is guilty and then making the method of the murder, the disposition of the body and the identity of Datchery the main mysteries to be revealed at the end.

Datchery has been declared to have been all sorts of persons: Helena Landless, Mr. Tartar, the clerk Bazzard, an unknown uncle of Edwin Drood's, the real John Jasper, the Jasper mentioned in the book being but an imposter, Neville Landless, and so on.

Several of these suppositions are clearly impossible at the start when judged from the standpoint of technique.

For instance, the theory that the John Jasper mentioned in the book is not the real John Jasper is at once "out" because Dickens as the "teller-of-the-tale" tells us not once, but any number of times, that this man *is* Jasper and that Edwin *is* his nephew.

The identity of the villain (and the same rule would apply in this case to the identity of the unknown detective-like Datchery) ought to come as a surprise, but the reader should in a sense be prepared for it. Rank outsiders, lay characters, and so on, should not be dragged in to cover a multitude of sins. I feel that this would be the case if such a character as Bazzard were picked as Datchery, as has sometimes been done. By the same token an unknown uncle of Edwin's cannot be entertained.

As to Helena Landless, Dickens has laid too many red herrings pointing to her, such as the story of her childhood escapade in dressing as a boy and running away, for the final *denouement* to reveal Helena as Datchery. Her brother would never have had the stamina to carry through such an impersonation.

There is really only one real positive character who fits in with all that the character of Datchery demands, and finally, by a process of elimination, we arrive at Mr. Tartar. Datchery even has many characteristics that men of the sea have been wont to exhibit, such as chalking up figures on the wall to mark off the days.

The only serious objection to the Tartar theory is the element of time which would create the one defect in the book. However, it is

an error which Dickens would no doubt have caught and corrected when the manuscript appeared in book form. That it is a serious error, I do not deny, but having his books published serially in parts could easily account for his having allowed Chapter VIII to appear before its proper time in the scheme of things, and there is evidence to support the conclusion that Dickens had realized this mistake.

We may be sure also that Dickens would have given Helena some part in the conclusion of this novel to fit in with the manner in which he described her. Perhaps she was to impersonate her brother whom she so closely resembled, but most probably she was to impersonate Edwin Drood and confront Jasper when he wandered back to the Sapsea tomb (no red herring, this !) in search of the well-known ring (another real clue !), thereby giving the "red herrings" drawn across Helena's path a most adequate explanation.

VANISHED DICKENSLAND

Montreal as Dickens saw it*

I.



RASCO'S HOTEL

HERE Dickens lived during his short stay in Montreal in May, 1842. It is a misnomer, perhaps, to style Rasco's as "vanished," for though it is no longer an hotel, the building, considerably altered on the ground floor, still stands. A letter dated Rasco's Hotel is included in Forster's "Life." In 1931 a tablet commemorating Dickens's visit to Montreal was placed on the building by the Montreal Branch (see *The Dickensian*, Autumn Number, 1931).

* Blocks kindly provided by the Montreal Branch.

MONEY

ACCORDING TO DOMBEY AND SON

BY C. TYNDALL WULCKO

“THERE is everything in Dickens except money,” said a member of the Fellowship to me the other day, but though there may be no money in work for Dickens to-day, we shall find a good deal about money in one of the chapters of *Dombey and Son*, arising out of the question of little Paul :

“What is money ?”

When Mr. Dombey explains that money is “Gold and silver and copper, guineas, shillings, halfpence,” Paul retorts again :

“What can money do ?”

“Money, Paul, can do anything.”

“Why didn’t money save me my mama ?” returned the child.

Mr. Dombey having recovered from his surprise, expounded to him that money, though a very potent spirit, never to be disparaged on any account whatever, could not keep people alive whose time was come to die ; and how that we must all die, unfortunately, even in the City, though we were never so rich. But that money caused us to be honoured, feared, respected, courted and admired, and made us powerful in the eyes of all men,” and so on.

The whole story, in fact, is based on the power of money, the root of Mr. Dombey’s pride and arrogance in *Dombey and Son*, so that he seemed to imagine that the earth belonged to *them*, the sun and moon were made to give *them* light, rivers formed to float *their* ships, and even common abbreviations took on new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to them. A.D. had no concern with Anno Domini, but stood for Anno Dombei—and Son.

The same spirit pervades all his actions. When he nominates Rob for the school of the Charitable Grinders, he remarks loftily : “It is necessary that the inferior classes should continue to be taught to know their position, and to conduct themselves properly. So far I approve of schools.”

The story shows us the folly and wickedness of unrighteous pride, setting forth the truth that if a man has only money, “then he is indeed the poorest of all God’s creatures.” And for this reason Mr. Edwin Pugh tells us the book will endure.

We get another glimpse of the value of money in *David Copperfield*, when Mr. Micawber declares : “Annual income, twenty pounds ; expenditure, nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence—result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds ; expenditure twenty pounds and sixpence—result, misery !”

The mention of Micawber reminds me of an incident which shows how popular Dickens is even to-day. Recently, Mr. Rowbotham, M.P., spoke of the prophetic forecast of Mr. Snowden and his budget, by Dickens, when he tells us that Mrs. Micawber says of her husband : “He has a heart to feel for the distresses of his fellow creatures, and

a head to plan, and—in short, a general ability to dispose of such portable property as could be made away with.”

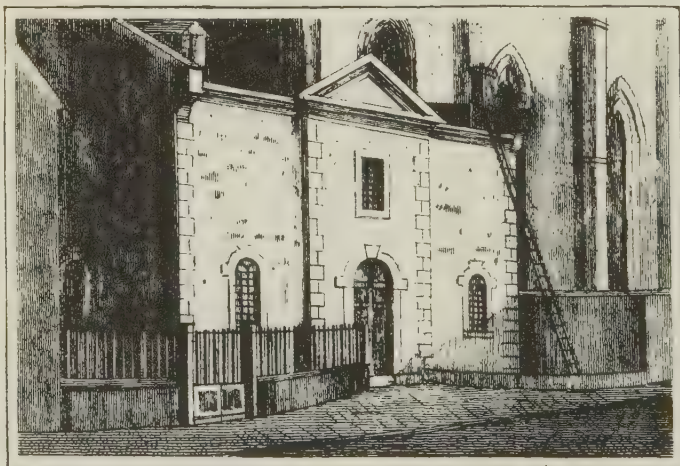
We may not all agree with Mr. Rowbotham's comparison, but it shows the universal popularity of Dickens.

Turning again to *Dombey and Son*, the mention by Mr. Dombey of “Gold and silver and copper” reminds me that though the introduction of Treasury Notes in 1914 was looked upon as a startling innovation, up to the year 1826 Banks were allowed to issue notes for one pound and other small amounts, and it was not till that year that the issue of notes of less value than £5 was forbidden. Prior to 1870 money was coined by contract, till the Mint passed under Government control.

VANISHED DICKENSLAND

Montreal as Dickens saw it

II.



NEWS ROOM.

THOUGH not specifically mentioned by Dickens, this was the social centre for the men of Montreal at the time he visited the city, corresponding as it did to the old London Coffee Houses. Here he was certain to meet the leading civilians, apart from the officers who were his hosts.

Stated to have been originally a Methodist Chapel, the News Room stood beside Montreal's most famous church, that of Notre Dame. Its site is now occupied by the offices of the clergy of that church.

NOTES FROM AMERICA

BY WILLIAM CROSBY BENNETT

A FRIEND who is dear to me for many reasons, one of which is that he is a great admirer and student of Dickens, recently sent me a poem, written on a slip of paper, which he picked up in the old cathedral at Rochester, England—the Cloisterham of *Edwin Drood*. Whether the lines were penned by the author himself or whether they had been copied and purposely or inadvertently dropped by someone else on the very spot around which so many of the characters in the story revolve, is a mystery itself. Perhaps the writer of the poem will read these words and reveal his identity and solve it. The poem, entitled "Cloisterham," is as follows :

The man who knows his Dickens as he should,
Enjoys a double pleasure in this place ;
He loves to walk its ancient streets, and trace
The scenes where Dickens' characters have stood.
He reads *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*
In Jasper's Gatehouse, and, with Tope as guide,
Explores the old cathedral, Durdles' pride ;
Descends into the Crypt, and even would
Ascend the Tower by moonlight, thence to see
Fair Cloisterham reposing at his feet ;
And passing out, he almost hopes to meet
Crisparkle and the white-haired Datchery.
The gifted writer sleeps among the best
And noblest in our Minster of the West ;
Yet still he lives in this, his favourite scene,
Which for all time shall keep his memory green.

It has been a little over three-score years since the world has been trying to solve *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Time and again we have pictured the quiet old English cathedral town, through which John Jasper, the respected leader of the cathedral choir, wends his way on his secret visits to the old hag who keeps the opium den in London ; we see once more his good-looking, rather conceited nephew and the prettiest, gayest girl in all the world, to whom he is betrothed—only she is far from gay and without voice when his uncle gives her music lessons. A lark cannot sing with the eyes of a snake fixed upon it !

The same love we gave Mr. Peggotty, Captain Cuttle and Mr. Micawber we bestow upon Rosa's guardian, the angular Mr. Grewgious ; we get quite a strong whiff of Durdles' breath—rather pleasant, by the way, in dry America ; and we feel quite certain that the manly Tartar will eventually win the hand of Rosa (with the shade of the departed Edwin blessing the union) and the sturdy Crisparkle the heart of Helena.

* * * * *

It is very pleasant to note the popularity in this country of Mr. Walter Dexter's "Story of the Life of Dickens," illustrated so charm-

ingly with the pictures and text vignettes we knew in the days of yore. The other day Mr. George Fawcett, the noted actor, read my copy and enjoyed it tremendously. In the past Mr. Fawcett has portrayed many Dickens characters, among the outstanding being Mr. Peggotty, Inspector Bucket and Captain Cuttle. "Old timers" will remember him in the role of Big Bill in the "White Man," which ran a whole year in London at the Lyric Theatre. The younger generation love him, too, for his screen portrayals.

* * * * *

Down the California coast, nearly a hundred miles south of my home, lives a delightful old gentleman who daily writes for the newspapers a "rippling rhyme." This is one of them :

It is often darkly hinted that the Dickens vogue is done ;
 But the Dickens books are printed surely as the seasons run.
 Now and then a new edition comes kerwhooping from the press,
 With Phiz drawings in position and a new and costly dress.
 " Modern readers can't endure him," people say, while heaving sneers ;
 " Criticism could not cure him of his love for maudlin tears.
 " Tiresome is his cockney chaffing, and his humour is outworn,
 " And the jests that set men laughing in old days now make them
 mourn.

" All his plots are artificial, normal action is not there,
 " And their drift is prejudicial to an understanding fair.
 " One gets wrong and crazy notions from his views so lame and lax,
 " From his tales of queer emotions felt by freaks and jumping-jacks."
 I have heard a hundred talkers prove that Dickens will not do,
 That his books are merely shockers, tawdry piffle, through and
 through.

Yet the Dickens people teeter evermore upon the stage,
 And Dick Swiveller grows sweeter, more attractive in old age.
 And no modern story-teller has produced a genial skate
 Who can stand beside Sam Weller where immortals congregate.
 Still we talk of old Micawber and refer to Pecksniff's spiel,
 Scowl at Fagin, graceless robber, teaching little boys to steal.
 Fiction folk are mostly shadows as they journey for a day
 To their divers Eldorados or Golcondas far away.
 Their brief stories we unravel and forget them in a night,
 But with Dickens folk we travel till life's finish is in sight.

And here is another little bit of rhyme which appeared in another newspaper a few weeks back :

THE MASTER THRILL.

I've read a many thrilling tales
 Of heroes, wise and bold,
 Who dared the fevered tropic dales
 Or braved the Northern cold.

I've pored o'er chronicles of crime,
 And fights with knives and fists,
 And knights who, in the olden times,
 Went jousting in the lists.

I've read of treasure-hunting trips,
Of glinting, golden stores,
Of mutinies and pirate ships
On fearsome foreign shores.

I've read of villains vile laid low ;
Of loves and hates intense—
In short, I've read of heaps of so-
Called gripping incidents.

But none of all these yarns can yield
One-half the thrills that come
To me when David Copperfield
Bites Mr. Murdstone's thumb.

A.P.W.



VICTORIAN PANORAMAS

Panoramas were very popular in the Victorian era, which coming into its own, reflects its popular entertainment in another form. Mr. Michael Sadleir started last year unrolling the first chapters in the life of Bulwer, and in an interval, along comes Mr. S. M. Ellis with his show* presenting a great galaxy of Victorian talent ; some half-forgotten, like R. D. Blackmore, and others almost unremembered, yet, like Mrs. J. H. Riddell, deserving of record and of reading by Dickens lovers, for her absorbing stories of London city life. Wilkie Collins and his brother (who became Dickens's son-in-law) naturally hold first place in our thoughts, and in the absence of any other biographical studies of these two far different brothers, Mr. Ellis's essays will be gladly welcomed by the real Dickensian whose interest does not lie solely in knowledge of the greatest of all Victorian writers, but which extends to his brothers in art, by appraising whom, the true value of the position held by Dickens in his lifetime, can alone be ascertained.

Similarly, to appreciate Dickens fully, we must learn more about his times than he has to tell us in his books, and for this reason we welcome another volume from the pen of Mrs. C. S. Peel, who a few years ago gave us "A Hundred Wonderful Years."† With the help of a fictitious family, Mrs. Peel draws a realistic picture of the social and domestic history of England from 1805 to 1861. There are naturally many references to Dickens and the reforms he advocated, and one of great interest is that of Lord John Russell reading *A Christmas Carol* to his family while his girls sat working at painting. A delightful peep into the past. Thank you, Mrs. Peel !

* "Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu and Others," by S. M. Ellis. Illustrated. 18/-. Constable.

† "The Stream of Time," by Mrs. C. S. Peel, O.B.E. Illustrated. 18/-. The Bodley Head.

WHERE DICKENS SPENT HIS HONEY- MOON

BY W. LAURENCE GADD

DICKENS was married on April 2nd, 1836, at Saint Luke's Church, Chelsea, and immediately took his bride to the quiet little village of Chalk, on the Dover Road between Gravesend and Rochester. "Here," says Forster, "the honeymoon was passed in the neighbourhood to which at all times of interest in his life he turned with a strange recurring fondness."

For many years the house in which the young couple lodged was believed to be the old Parsonage, now known as the Manor House, at the corner of Thong Lane. This, on the authority of Leman Blanchard, who said that Dickens, when out walking near Chalk, always slackened his pace to glance meditatively at the windows of a corner house on the south side of the road. But Blanchard was wrong; it has since been discovered that this house was occupied at that time by a retired surgeon, who did not let any rooms to lodgers.

About the year 1905, Mr. Mullinder, the blacksmith of Chalk, who had personally been acquainted with the novelist, stated that the cottage in which Dickens spent his honeymoon was the one then occupied by Mrs. Craddock, and, apparently, he was supported in this by several old inhabitants of the village.

Langton, in "The Childhood and Youth of Dickens," in referring to the honeymoon at Chalk, says that "his old landlord, Thomas White, was still living in 1882."

Now, Thomas White lived in a semi-detached house next door to the "White Hart" inn, but I believe he formerly occupied the "Lord Nelson" inn, nearly opposite the Craddock cottage, and in which of these two houses he resided in 1836 I have not been able to discover.

The claim was investigated by the Gravesend branch of the Dickens Fellowship, with the result that a memorial tablet, executed and presented by Percy Fitzgerald, was placed upon the Craddock cottage. The decision was strengthened by letters from Mrs. Perugini, Miss Hogarth and others, which are quoted in Mr. Philip's "Dickens's Honeymoon and Where He Spent It" (1912). Mrs. Perugini said that from what she remembered having been told, she thought the smaller house (Craddock cottage) deserved the tablet. She also thought it had a small garden running all round the house; but she had spoken to Miss Hogarth, who replied, "It is certainly the smaller of the two houses." The two houses, photographs of which were shown to Dickens's daughter and sister-in-law, were the Manor House and the Craddock cottage; and with respect to the latter, a Mr. Neuman asserted that Mrs. Craddock had been a customer of his many years ago, and he had heard her talk about Dickens having lodged in her house.

There seems to have been considerable justification in 1911 for placing the tablet upon the small wooden cottage, in preference to the

Manor House, and, in the little book referred to, Mr. Philip concluded his account of the investigation by saying that if, at any future date, the discovery of documentary evidence should take place, it would be possible to allocate it to its proper sphere and to admit it only after careful scrutiny. The date has arrived, and documentary evidence is now available.

Forster told us that a son had been born to Dickens on January 6th, 1837, and before the close of the following month he and his wife



Mrs. Nash's at Chalk where Dickens spent his honeymoon

were back in the lodgings at Chalk they had occupied after their marriage. This explicit statement, however, did not help us to fix the house itself, but a letter written by Dickens to Thomas Beard in February, 1837, is addressed from Mrs. Nash's at Chalk. It will be found in "Dickens to his oldest friend," edited by Walter Dexter, shortly to be published by Putnams.

Unfortunately, the rate-books and other records have been destroyed, but, after much enquiry, I have ascertained that Mrs. Nash resided in a wooden house, two doors from the "White Hart," on the east side. This house, like all the older houses in Chalk, is a weather-boarded one and is semi-detached, being back-to-back with Tom White's old residence. It has a small garden, but only in front, and not all round.

The house is considerably larger than the Craddock cottage, having five bedrooms, whilst the smaller house has only two. Therefore, Mrs. Nash would have rooms available for temporary lodgers.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BELOW is a list of Donations to The Dickens House to the end of December, 1931 :—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sir Frederick Macmillan ..	50	0	0	<i>Mr. S. J. Rust's List—</i>			
Mrs. Alfred Bosson ..	30	0	0	Ramble—Erith ..	0	10	6
Boston Branch ..	5	2	6	Lecture, Nottingham Branch ..	1	1	0
Mr. Harlan Moore ..	2	0	2	Lecture—Bethnal Green ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Flockhart ..	1	0	0	<i>Mr. A. W. Wicken's List—</i>			
Mrs. Brumfitt ..	0	3	0	Ramble—Ilford ..	0	18	0
Miss E. Mann ..	0	11	6	<i>Mr. Percy T. Carden's List—</i>			
<i>Christmas Parties, 1930 and 1931—</i>				Lecture, Leyton Branch ..	0	15	6
Turkey Surprise Item ..	1	16	6	<i>Mr. Frank S. Johnson's List—</i>			
Davy Jones Locker ..	2	4	0	Recital, per Miss Major ..	1	0	0
Sale of Cartoons ..	1	5	0	Recital—Leyton Branch ..	1	1	0
Miss Burr (Fortune Telling)	3	14	6	Recital—Bethnal Green ..	1	1	0
Poor Jo ..	0	2	6	<i>Mr. A. W. Edwards's List—</i>			
Mr. Frank Staff ..	1	1	0	Ramble—"Seeing London			
Mr. J. W. Starkey ..	0	7	6	Club" ..	1	1	0
Nottingham Branch ..	1	0	0	Ramble—"Methodist Times" ..	1	1	0
Miss Lambert ..	0	10	0	Ramble—"League of Empire" ..	1	1	0
Mrs. B. Robertson ..	1	1	0	Rambles—Temple Tours ..	2	2	0
Comte de Suzannet ..	2	5	0	Sundry ..	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Miller (Garrett R.F.H.)	1	1	0	<i>Lt.-Col. W. L. Gadd's List—</i>			
<i>Mag.-Gen. H. S. Neville White's</i>				Lecture—Leyton Branch ..	0	18	0
<i>List—</i>				<i>Mr. Walter Dexter's List—</i>			
Lecture, Leyton Branch ..	1	7	6	Lecture—Institute of Book-			
				keepers ..	3	3	0

On the opposite page is the audited Balance Sheet for the year ended 30th April, 1931.

Since the last report in 1929 the following have been received up to the end of January, 1932 :—

Presented by—

GIFTS.

Mr. Chas. J. Sawyer . . .	One of the original steel plates made by Phiz illustrating "Nicholas Nickleby."
Rev. F. Fleetwood Buss . . .	Dickens's Dream; an unfinished Picture by R. W. Buss, 1875.
Mrs. (Judge) Patterson, Philadelphia . . .	Ivory Field Glasses, C.D. 1842. Presented to C.D. by G.H. on his first visit to America.
Mr. Harold Trill . . .	Framed visiting card: "Mr. Charles Dickens, Tavistock House."
The Pierpont Morgan Library, New York . . .	Photostat of Dickens's letter to Macrone <i>re Sketches by Boz</i> —Four pages.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ETC., presented by:—

Mr. A. E. Arnold, Mr. L. G. Beazley, Mr. E. Bernstein, Mr. Henry. L. Bunn, Mr. Haydin Carruth, Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. W. J. Fisher, Miss Gates, Mr. A. J. Van Huffel, Mr. Arthur C. Hunter, Mr. C. C. Osborne, Judge E. A. Parry, Mrs. C. J. Le Poole, Mrs. Reach, Mr. Frank Staff, Mr. J. H. Stonehouse, Mr. John Y. Watt, Miss K. Woodfield, Mr. A. T. Wintersgill.

Messrs. H. R. Allenson, Ltd.; Chatto and Windus; Cassell and Co., Ltd.; Elkins Mathews and Marrot; G. Harrap and Co.; The Gregg Publishing Co.; Mackays, Ltd.; Geo. Newnes, Ltd.; Cecil Palmer; Piccadilly Fountain Press; Henry Sotheran, Ltd.; Typhoo Tea Co., Ltd.; Toronto Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

THE DICKENS HOUSE BALANCE SHEET

117

Dr. THE DICKENS HOUSE. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, YEAR ENDING 30TH APRIL, 1931. Cr.

		EXPENDITURE.		INCOME.	
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To General Expenses—					
Printing, Stationery, 4/16/0; Postages, 26/5/4		31	1	4	..
Bank Charges, 1/5/10; Carttaker Cleaning, 59/4/0		60	9	10	..
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses		28	16	2	..
Maintenance and Repairs of Furniture and Fittings		1	10	0	..
		121	17	4	..
" Water Rate, 7/2/10; Lighting, 22/17/4		30	0	2	..
" Heating, 60/6/10; Insurances, 17/3/4		77	10	2	..
		229	7	8	..
Less Received from Dickens Fellowship		15	0	0	..
		214	7	8	..
" Interest on Mortgage		..	..	60	0
" Repairs No. 48 Doughty Street		..	..	23	11
Less Claim for Damages		..	..	4	18
		..	..	18	13
" Surveyor's Fees re No. 49 Doughty Street		..	..	3	3
" Salaries		..	..	95	14
" Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings		..	..	11	18
		..	..	403	17
" Balance carried to Equipment and Endowment Fund, being excess of Income over Expenditure for the year		..	..	82	13
		..	..	486	10
		£486	10	7	£486 10 7

		BALANCE SHEET, YEAR ENDING 30TH APRIL, 1931.		Cr.	
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Dr.					
Loans—					
On Mortgage of 49 Doughty Street		..	..	1000	0
Creditors—					
Rent paid in advance		20	0	0	..
The Dickens Fellowship		5	0	10	..
Sundry		12	18	3	..
		..	..	229	2
The Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift		..	..	9	12
Equipment and Endowment Fund—		..	..	238	15
As per last Balance Sheet		..	..	11	18
Donations		3905	4	11	..
Special Donation—Sir Frederick Macmillan		57	3	4	..
Sales of Souvenir Booklets		50	0	0	..
		..	..	7	2
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year to 30th April, 1931		4013	12	3	..
		82	13	4	..
		4096	5	7	..
		£5,237	4	5	£5,237 4 5

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the Fund and certify it to be in accordance therewith.
4th Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2. 7th August, 1931. (Signed) WHINNEY, SMITH AND WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants, Hon. Auditors.

THE INFLUENCE OF DICKENS

COLLECTED FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

BERNARD SHAW.

"Shakespear's plays and Dickens's novels, though redeemed by their authors' genius, were as ridiculous in their plots as Goldsmith's hopelessly spoilt Good-natured Man."

"And does anyone now doubt that Dickens told the Americans what they needed to be told, and that his honesty did not prevent his becoming more popular with them than any of their romantic writers?" . . .

"If Hamlet is Shakespear, then Mr. [Frank] Harris's hero is not Shakespear, but, in the words of Dickens, whom Mr. Harris despises, 'so far from it, on the contrary, quite the reverse' . . ."

"Compare poor Foldal [in 'John Gabriel Borkman,' a play by Ibsen] with any attempt in fiction to get sympathy for an old clerk by the ordinary idealistic method of painting out all the selfish spots in him: Chuffey, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for example. You may wince at every step in Ibsen's process, and snivel with tearful satisfaction at every step in Dickens's; but the upshot is that you are left with a serious belief in . . . Foldal, whereas Chuffey is nothing but a silly and rather tiresome toy. When Dickens himself, later on, became a serious master of his art, his progress was on the road that leads away from Chuffey, and towards Foldal: that is, from sentimental, cowardly, sweet-toothed lying to sympathetic courageous, nutritious truth." . . .

"Men like Bunyan, Blake, Dickens, differ from university men in the respective ignorances of the university training and the Sam Weller training; but they point the way to the light whilst the educated are stumbling through a dense fog of inculcated falsehood towards the pit." . . .

"The appalling thing about Dickens, the greatest of the Victorians, is that in his novels there is nothing personal to live for except eating, drinking, and pretending to be happily married. For him the great synthetic ideals do not exist, any more than the great preludes and toccatas of Bach . . . the paintings of . . . Rembrandt . . . Thackeray is even worse: the notions of painting he picked up at Heatherley's School were further from the mark than Dickens's ignorance; for he is equally in the dark as to music . . . though he did not, when he wished to be enormously pleasant and jolly, begin, like Dickens, to describe the gorgings and guzzlings which make Christmas our annual national disgrace." . . .

"When the censorship killed serious drama in England and the dramatists had to express themselves in novels, the mixture became more lawless than ever: it was practised by Fielding and culminated in Dickens, whose extravagancies would have been severely curbed if he had had to submit his *Micawbers* and *Mrs. Wilfers* to the test of representation on the stage, when it would have been discovered at once that their parts are mere repetitions of the same joke, and have none of that faculty of developing and advancing matters which constitute stage action. Dickens would have been forced to make something better than Aunt Sallies of them." . . .

"On his comic side Anatole France is Dickens's French double, disguised by culture. In one of his earliest stories, *Jocaste* . . . is a more perfect Dickens comic personage than Dickens ever succeeded in putting on paper." . . .

"Dickens makes us laugh by describing how the handle of the Orfling's corkscrew comes off and hits her on the chin. We applaud the wanton humorist; but the Orfling is none the worse five minutes later. Tolstoy could slay a soul with a corkscrew without letting you know either that he was a humorist or that you are laughing."—"Pen Portraits and Reviews," by B. Shaw. (Constable).

* * * * *

CIRCUSES AND FAIRS.

"Richardson's Theatre was a large booth . . . outside was a particularly elevated platform . . . a band of ten performers . . . paraded the platform. The scene on the platform was described by Dickens [who] says that at Greenwich Fair Richardson presented a melodrama (with three murders and a ghost), a pantomime, a comic song, an overture, and some incidental music, all done in five-and-twenty minutes . . ."

"Wise words were spoken by Dickens's Sleary, who had been in the circus business all his life: 'People must be amuthed, Thquire, somehow; they can't be alwayth a working, nor yet they can't be alwayth a learning.'"

"To understand an entertainment [at Astley's] one must occasionally look at the audience, and Dickens penned a description which gives us the atmosphere."—"Entertainments through the Ages," by S. McKechnie. (Sampson Low).

* * * * *

PATTENS.

"The evolution of the . . . patten It was this type of clog which Charles Dickens immortalised in *The Cricket on the Hearth* when he made Mrs. Peerybingle click 'over the wet stones in a pair of pattens that worked innumerable impressions of the first proposition of Euclid all over the yard.'"

"Readers of *Bleak House* will also remember the pattering and counter-pattering of Mrs. Bagnet in the backyard in discharge of her household cares."—"London's Livery Companies," by Col. R. J. Blackham. (Sampson Low).

* * * * *

DICKENS CREATOR OF LINCOLN.

"It is often amusing to speculate concerning the great, if they had not happened to be historical, by what novelist they would have been created. Of Lincoln there can be no doubt. If God had not made him, Charles Dickens must certainly have done so. Lincoln, with his preposterous hat, his uncouth form, his long, lanky, ill-fitting suit, his irrepressible conversation, looking . . . 'like a country farmer riding to town wearing his Sunday clothes'—he is of the flesh of Samuel Weller and Mr. Micawber, and at the last he will be found not at Gettysburg nor the White House nor even Springfield, but at the enormous inn at the world's end where all the company of Pickwick for ever meets and tells unending stories till the death of time."—"The American Heresy," by C. Hollis. (Sheed and Ward).

THEY MET DICKENS.

"Once . . . (my mother) was asked to a neighbour's house to meet Charles Dickens, but—it really distresses me to record it—did not like him. That is to say, she did not like his waistcoat which was of spun glass and shone like all the rainbows of the heavens reflected in all the diamonds of Golconda. It dazzled her; she could not 'beyond it find the Man'; there seemed to be nothing but flaming, scintillating waistcoat. A veil of spun glass was between her and the great and beloved creator of half our best friends, and she could not break through it.

"To atone for this insult to his blessed memory I must set down an unrecorded remark of Dickens, overheard by a friend. A lady was showing him some new and many-coloured chair-covers and begging his opinion thereon. Said Dickens, after grave consideration, 'They look as if they had been sat upon by a damp Harlequin.'"—"Time Was," by W. G. Robertson. (Hamilton).

* * * * *

"I remember going to hear Charles Dickens read He read about Dr. Marigold [and] the trial scene from *Pickwick*, which was a joy for many weeks afterwards. His intonation of the speech of Serjeant Buzfuz, with the refrain 'must prevail,' served as a kind of private joke for long afterwards."—"Past Years," by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Hodder and Stoughton).

* * * * *

"It was in 1845," he (Frederick Chapman) told me, "that I first met the novelist, and from then onward until his death, I constantly saw him. When he went to stay at Gad's Hill I used to go down there and visit him, and so we were really personal friends, not merely publisher and author . . . Dickens had charm . . . but behind everything was the magic of personality. His talk, which ran naturally, easily, was fascinating and full of anecdotes and incidents about folk he had met and places he had seen. And, please, at Gad's Hill, there was no sitting by the men at the dinner-table after the ladies had left. Within a few minutes Dickens would be on his feet, leading the way to the drawing-room."—"A Window in Fleet Street," by J. Milne. (Murray).

* * * * *

HEADMASTERS.

"English literature possesses two portraits of us which are, each in its way, perfect. *Dombey and Son* is as a whole one of the lesser achievements of Charles Dickens, but in Doctor Blimber he achieved a masterpiece. If you know Doctor Blimber really well, you know *more or less* every headmaster you may meet in your lifetime."

"Somewhere in the 'Life of Charles Dickens' there is quoted a criticism which, I think, is as wholesome for a teacher as for a novelist. Speaking of the work of a contemporary writer he said: 'It seems to me as if it were written by somebody who lived next door to the people, rather inside of 'em.'—"And Gladly wolde he lerne and Gladly teche," by F. R. Gray. (Sampson Low).

* * * * *

FINANCE.

"Those who share with . . . Baldwin . . . Chesterton and myself, an antique fondness for the works of Charles Dickens, will recall with

affection the grotesque figure of Mr. Chadband, of whom I am now compelled to give a slight impersonation. Mr. Chadband, it will be recalled . . . laid his hand upon the head of Poor Joe and proceeded to address to him a series of rhetorical questions. I now, metaphorically, lay my hand upon the head of the nearest reader and break forth in the same rhetorical strain . . . 'My young friend'—you imagine me to be saying—'What is money? Is it a beast of the field? Is it a bird of the air? A fish of the sea or river? Is it a stick, or a staff, or a stone, or a post, or a pillar? . . . Let us, in a spirit of love, inquire.'"
 —"The Theory and Practice of Finance," by W. C. Brooks. (Pitman).

* * * * *

PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION.

"The vice which hinders us in the bringing up of children is that so heavily censured in the Gospel. We are not simple; we act our parts and play in an unlawful way upon motives. Perhaps, after all, the least reprehensible pedagogic motive is that which is most condemned, and the terrorism of Mr. Creakle may produce a grey record in comparison with the blackness of more subtle methods of undermining personality . . . For the action of fear as a governing motive we cannot do better than read again our *David Copperfield* (a great educational treatise) and study Mr. Creakle in detail for terrorism in the school-room, and Mr. Murdstone for the same vice in the home. But—is it through the influence of Dickens?—fear is no longer the acknowledged basis of school discipline; we have methods more subtle than the mere terrors of the law. Love is one of these."

"Dickens makes David Copperfield tell us that 'I was a very observant child,' and that 'all children are very observant,' not as a dry abstraction, but as an inference from a number of charming natural incidents."—"An Essay towards a Philosophy of Education," by C. M. Mason. (Dent).

* * * * *

s.s. "BRITANNIA."

"The *Britannia* . . . was sold to the Germans, who converted her to a man-of-war. For a great many years she remained at anchor in Germany as a hulk. Charles Dickens was a passenger in 1842 upon the *Britannia*, and he leaves us what is probably the best account of what a pioneer liner was really like."—"The Story of the Liner," by G. G. Jackson. (Sheldon Press).

* * * * *

FROM FIELDING TO SCOTT AND DICKENS.

"To say that the fun in 'Joseph Andrews' is crude would be to consume prematurely the words we shall be needing later to describe the innocent amusement in the *Pickwick Papers*. If Dickens is crude Fielding is barbaric."

" . . . Fielding had his crowded background of flat characters . . . But that may have been merely that the eighteenth century was one of three moments—Scott brought in another, and Dickens the last—when minor characters enjoyed all the rights of full citizenship in fiction."

"To pass from Walter Scott to Charles Dickens is to pass from the real founder of the trade of fiction to the first journeyman of genius of modern times." [Here follows 11 pages entitled "Charles Dickens"].
 —"The Facts of Fiction," by N. Collins. (Gollancz).

DICKENS IN FRANCE

BY HON. EDOUARD FABRE SURVEYEUR, F.R.S.C.
(JUSTICE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL)

Continued from page 56

On November 19th, Régnier had given Dickens a box for the first performance of a play of his. It was acknowledged as follows two days later :

" In thanking you for the box you so kindly sent me the day before yesterday, let me thank you a thousand times for the delight we derived from the representation of your beautiful and admirable piece. I have hardly ever been so affected and interested in any theatre. Its construction is in the highest degree excellent, the interest absorbing, and the whole conducted by a masterly hand to a touching and natural conclusion.

" Through the whole story from beginning to end I recognize the true spirit and feeling of an artist, and I most heartily offer you and your fellow-labourer my felicitations on the success you have achieved. That it will prove a very great and lasting one I cannot for a moment doubt.

" Oh, my friend ! If I could see an English actress with but one hundredth part of the nature and art of Madame Plessy, I should believe our English theatre to be in a fair way towards its regeneration. But I have no hope of ever beholding such a phenomenon. I may as well expect ever to see upon an English stage an accomplished artist, able to write and to embody what he writes, like you."

At the risk of being wearisome, I have cited the whole of this letter, in order to show, by comparison, how much of it was sincere, and how much had to be taken with a grain of salt. His eulogy of Madame Plessy was repeated, almost word for word, in a letter to his friend Macready, the actor, but so far as the play is concerned, Dickens merely said : " It is a charming skit, full of wit and vivacity : it is only fair to say that the plot does not stand before a serious criticism, but that does not matter with the Parisian spectator ; all he asks for is to be amused after dinner, and he is right : theatre must be only an amusement."

To his friend Forster he wrote on the same subject : " Of course the interest in it turns upon a flawed piece of living china (that seems to be positively essential), but, as in most of these cases, if you accept the position in which you find the people, you have nothing more to bother your morality about."

As to the immortality predicted for Régnier, not a word is said, and properly so, as the events have shown.

About the " Comédie Française " he wrote : " I must admit that in spite of my affection for Régnier, I have a horror of the theatre of Rue de Richelieu. It is a vast tomb such as you see in Eastern legends, where one goes to think of unsuccessful loves or dead relations. There is a dreary classicality at that establishment calculated to freeze the marrow. Between ourselves, even one's best friends there are at

times very aggravating. . . . There seems to be a good piece at the Vaudeville on the idea of the 'Town and country mouse.' It is too respectable and inoffensive for me to-night, but I hope to see it before I leave. . . . I have a horrible idea of making friends with Franconi, and sauntering when I am at work, into their saw-dust green room."



49 Avenue des Champs Élysées

Franconi's Circus was very close to Dickens's apartment on the Avenue des Champs Élysées.

In spite of his former praises of the French theatre, Dickens did not enjoy every performance. "On Wednesday," he wrote to Forster, "we went to the Odéon to see a new piece, in four acts and in verse, called 'Michel Cervantés.' I suppose such an infernal dose of ditch water never was concocted. But there were certain passages, describing the suppression of public opinion in Madrid, which were received with a shout of savage application to France that made one stare again !

And once more, here again, at every pause, steady, compact, regular as military drums the 'Ca ira'!"

On January 19th, 1856, writing to Collins about Alexandre Dumas's translation of "Orestes" at the "Porte St. Martin," he said: "Really one of the absurdest things I ever saw. If I had not already learnt to tremble at the sight of classic drapery on the human form, I should have plumbed the utmost depths of terrified boredom in this achievement. . . . It is really so bad as to be almost good. Some of the Frenchified classical anguish struck me as so unspeakably ridiculous that it puts me on the broad grin as I write."

Later on he wrote: "Next week we are to have at the Ambigu 'Paradise Lost,' with the murder of Abel, and the Deluge. The wildest rumours are afloat as to the undressing of our first parents." Some were disappointed, since Dickens, having heard the play, says: "The people are very well dressed, and Eve very modestly. All Paris and the provinces had been ransacked for a woman who had brown hair that would fall to the calves of her legs—and she was found at last at the Odéon."

The last piece he went to see before leaving Paris was a French version of "As you like it." "We went off to the Français to see 'Comme il vous plaira'—which is the kind of Theatrical Representation that I think might be got up with great completeness, by the Patients in the asylum for Idiots. Dreadfulness is no word for it, vacancy is no word for it, gammon is no word for it, there *is* no word for it. Nobody had anything to do but to sit down as often as possible upon as many grey stones as he can. When Jacques had sat on seventy-seven stones and forty-two roots of trees (which was at the end of the second act), we came away." Macready had heard the rehearsal of 'Comme il vous plaira,' and, according to Dickens, "his account of it was absolutely stunning. The speech of the Seven Ages delivered as a light-comedy joke; Jacques at the Court of the Reigning Duke instead of the Banished one and winding up the thing by marrying Celia. Everything as wide of Shakespeare as possible."

Leaving before the end of a play was not unusual with Dickens, who, when attending with Collins a play which evolved too slowly, used to take his hat and say to his friend: "This is really unbearable, I shall go and walk a few miles; you will tell me the end to-night."

He entertained more favourable opinions of two plays he heard shortly before "As you like it," namely "Le médecin des Enfants" and "Les Mémoires du Diable." Of the former, he writes: "That piece you spoke of is one of the very best melodramas I have ever seen. Situations admirable. . . . When you come over to see it, you will say you never saw anything so admirably done. There is one actor, Bignon, who has a good deal of Macready in him; sometimes looks very like him, and who seems to me the perfection of manly good sense."

"Les Mémoires du Diable" inspired him to write a still longer letter which concludes thus: "I never saw a prettier thing in my life. It

made me laugh in that most delightful of ways, with the tears in my eyes : so that I can never forget it and must go and see it again."

Dickens certainly remembered "*Les Mémoires du Diable*" for a good while, since in the following July, from Boulogne, he narrated the play to the Duke of Devonshire.

Dickens was perhaps a moody, but certainly a fair, theatre critic.

The art of begging-letter writing had not been forgotten in Paris since Dickens's first stay, and on December 12th, 1855, he wrote to his friend Collins in the following terms : " Every Frenchman who can write a begging-letter-writes one, and leaves it for this apartment. He first of all buys any literary composition printed in quarto on tea paper with a long cover, scrawls upon it : '*Hommage à Charles Dickens, l'illustré Romancier*'—encloses the whole in a dirty envelope, reeking with tobacco-smoke and prowls, assassin-like, for days, in a big cloak and enormous *cache-nez* like a counterpane, about the scraper of the outer door."

IV.

At the end of 1855, while he was working at *Little Dorrit*, Dickens was approached by the already well-known firm of Hachette and Cie with regard to a translation into French of his works. The firm has preserved to this day the letters received from the novelist in that connection and has kindly supplied us with photographs of the same.

His first answer, dated December 7th, 1855, is rather guarded. On January 2nd, 1856, returning from a short absence, he writes the firm that he will be glad to meet its representative on the next Monday or Tuesday, at two o'clock. The meeting took place on Monday, January 7th. It was followed by a long letter dated January 14th, in which Dickens states his views as follows :

" It seems to me that there are only three essential points to be stated in the agreement.

" First, that I am the author of certain works, some of which appeared before the International Treaty ; some of which have appeared since the International Treaty.

" Second, that the following are the dates of the publication of the said books, separately. Consequently that so many were published before the Treaty, and that so many have been published since.

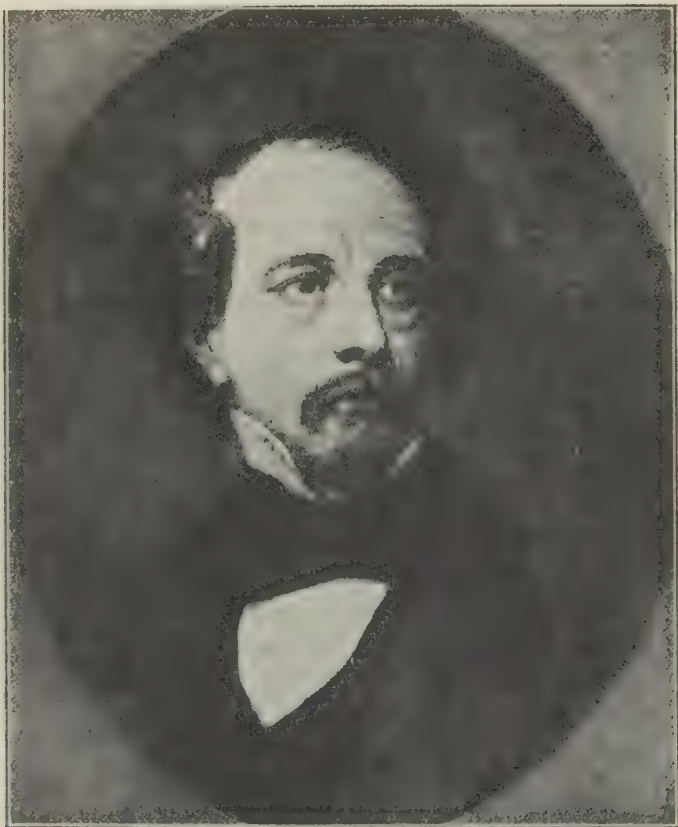
" Third, that I cede to you the sole and exclusive right of making a translation authorized by me, of these books, into the French language, in consideration of so much money—so much for the books published before the Treaty, and so much for the books published since the Treaty—to be paid in monthly payments of a thousand francs each, commencing on the 1st of April next."

The contract was evidently closed within a fortnight, for on January 30th, 1856, he wrote to Forster : " I have arranged with the French bookselling house to receive, by monthly payments of £40, the sum of £440 for the right to translate all my books. . . . Considering that I get so much for what is otherwise worth nothing, and get my books before so clever and important a people, I think this is not a bad move."

On February 24th, he added : " It is rather appropriate that the

French translation edition will pay my rent for the whole year, and travelling charges to boot."

Eight weeks later, he told Forster: "On Monday I am going to dine with my translators at Hachette's. . . . I don't mean to go out any more. Please to imagine me in the midst of my French dressers."



Dickens's Portrait by Ary Scheffer, Paris, 1856

The result of the dinner he described to Wilkie Collins on April 13th, 1856: "Yesterday I dined at the Bookseller's with the body of Translators engaged on my new Edition—one of them a lady, young and pretty. (I hope, by-the-bye, judging from the questions which they asked me and which I asked them, that it will be really well done). Among them was an extremely amiable old *savant*, who occasionally expressed himself in a foreign tongue which I supposed to be Russian . . . but which my host told me, when I came away, was English! We wallowed in an odd sort of dinner, which would have been splashy if it hadn't been too sticky. Salmon appeared late in the evening,

and unforeseen creatures of the lobster species strayed in after the pudding. It was very hospitable and good-natured though, and we all got on in the friendliest way. Please so imagine me for three mortal hours incessantly holding forth to the translators, and, among other things, addressing them in a neat and appropriate (French) speech. I came home quite light-headed."

That Dickens was indulgent towards his translators appears clearly from the preface he wrote for the first volume of the translations, *Nicholas Nickleby*, which appeared early in 1857:—

"Hitherto, I have only been known to French readers not thoroughly acquainted with the English language, through occasional fragmentary and unauthorized translations, over which I have had no control, and from which I have derived no advantage. The present translation of my writings was proposed to me by Messrs. L. Hachette and Co., and Ch. Lahure in a manner equally spirited, liberal and generous. . . . It has been superintended, above all, by an accomplished gentleman, perfectly acquainted with both languages, and able, with a rare felicity, to be perfectly faithful to the English text, while rendering it in elegant and expressive French. I am proud to be so presented to the French people, whom I sincerely love and honour, and to be known and approved by whom must be an aspiration to every labourer in the Arts, for which France has done so much, and in which she has made herself renowned throughout the world."

This was penned at Tavistock House on January 17th, 1857. It was sent with a letter in which Dickens stated: "Enclosed is the address to be prefixed to the translated series, and which you will of course cause to be translated into French. I hope you will agree with me that it says, briefly, all that is necessary."

"Your account of the excellent revision the translations have undergone, gives me great pleasure. I have no doubt that they will be admirably done, after so much care, and under the excellent superintendence of M. Lorain."

On April 3rd, 1857, he wrote to his publishers, from Tavistock House: ". . . The copies of *Nickleby* which you had the kindness to forward to me, I have . . . received safely, and have carefully read. Touching them, and the high opinion I have formed of the translation, I enclose a letter to M. Lorain, which perhaps you will have the kindness to place in his hands . . ."

On June 9th, in answer to a request from Messrs. Hachette & Cie, he checks a list of English authors sent by them, adding their addresses. His courtesy was acknowledged on June 13th. Dickens was then staying at the "Villa des Moulineaux," Boulogne.

V.

In December, 1855, Dickens wrote: "Scribe has become my particular friend, and I often dine at his house. He has a charming hotel in Paris, a château in the country, a sumptuous carriage and a magnificent span of horses. All that, he often says, has been earned with my pen, for as you see me, dear Dickens, I began as a little law

clerk." Scribe's plays brought him more fortune than lasting glory, as he is almost forgotten to-day. He had caused to be written, on the entrance to his country house :

"Le théâtre a payé cet asile champêtre.
Merci, passant, je vous le dois peut-être."

One of Dickens's great friends in Paris was Madame Viardot, sister of La Malibran and herself a great singer. When promising to send her *Little Dorrit* serially, Dickens added : " I have had such a delight in your great genius, and have so high an interest in it and admiration of it, that I am proud of the honour of giving you a moment's intellectual pleasure." Through her kindness, Dickens met Georges Sand, the novelist, about whom he thus wrote to Collins : " I met Madame Georges Sand the other day at a dinner got up by Madame Viardot for that great purpose. The human mind cannot conceive any one more astonishingly opposed to all my preconceptions. If I had been shown her in a state of repose, and asked what I thought her to be, I should have said : ' The Queen's monthly nurse.' Chubby, matronly, swarthy, black-eyed. Nothing of the blue-stocking about her, except a little final way of settling all your opinion with hers, which I take to have been acquired in the country where she lives, and in the domination of a small circle."

At the end of 1855, Dickens renewed acquaintance with Lamartine, at the dinner table of Amedée Pichot, who was later on both a critic and a translator of Dickens, and is only remembered now by his translations. Of Lamartine, Dickens says : " He continues to be precisely as we formerly knew him, both in appearance and manner, highly prepossessing, and with a sort of calm passion about him, very taking indeed. We talked of De Foe and Richardson, and of that wonderful genius for the minutest detail in a narrative, which has given them so much fame in France. I found him frank and unaffected, and full of curious knowledge of the French common people. He informed the company at dinner that he had rarely met a foreigner who spoke French so easily as your inimitable correspondent, whereat your correspondent blushed modestly, and almost immediately afterwards so nearly choked himself with the bone of a fowl . . . that he sat in torture for ten minutes with a strong apprehension that he was going to make the good Pichot famous by dying like the little Hunchback at his table."

Lamartine had longed to meet the English writer, for he used to say : " Dickens is one of the great friends of my imagination."

Shortly after Dickens was installed in his Paris house, he made the acquaintance of Ary Scheffer who expressed a wish to paint him, which Dickens accepted. It was not an unmitigated joy, and Dickens wrote to Forster : " You may fairly imagine what I have suffered from sitting to Scheffer every day since I came back. He is a most noble fellow, and I have the greatest pleasure in his society, and have made all sorts of acquaintances at his house ; but I can scarcely express how uneasy and unsettled it makes me to have to sit, sit, sit, with

"Little Dorrit" on my mind. . . . And the crowning feature is, that I do not discern the slightest resemblance, either in his portrait or his brother's ! They both peg away at me at the same time."

The portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1856, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

(To be continued)

The Cricket on the Hearth in Russian was produced in December at the Kingsway Theatre, London, by the Moscow Arts Theatre Company.

* * * * *

A tablet is to be placed on the King's Arms Hotel at Berwick to commemorate Dickens's visit there in 1861 for a Reading in the adjoining Assembly Rooms.

VANISHED DICKENS LAND

Montreal as Dickens saw it

III.



THEATRE ROYAL.

HERE, in May, 1842. Dickens organised and took part in amateur theatricals promoted by the Officers of the Montreal Garrison. This theatre was demolished a few years later to make room for the extension of the famous French-Canadian Bonsecours Market.

"The play came off last night," wrote Dickens. "The audience, between five and six hundred strong, were invited as to a party, a regular table with refreshments being spread in the lobby and saloon. We had the band of the 23rd (one of the finest in the service) in the orchestra ; the theatre was lighted with gas ; the scenery was excellent and the properties were all brought from private houses."

“THESE FAILURES”

THE article by Miss Kate Woodfield, and the answering letter from Mr. W. B. Warren, have crystallized in my mind some ideas which had been vaguely produced by the remarks appearing in the Autumn *Dickensian* of 1929. Since, in such a discussion, personal opinion must play a large part, it is out of the question for any of us to lay down the law. I therefore offer these views for what they are worth, and emphasize the fact that, while I am a Dickens lover and an omnivorous reader of his works, I cannot pose as an authority upon them or, indeed, upon any literature.

In order to have failed, a man must have set out to accomplish an end, and, after completing his attempt, have left that end unattained. Now, in discussing this question of the failures of Dickens in characterization, does not Mr. Warren somewhat lose sight of the fact that Dickens, as a novelist, did not write entirely for the purpose of character-drawing? Many of the people who appear in his books are undoubtedly put there to aid what may be called the “mechanism” of the story. Consider Mr. Monks, for instance, of whom Mr. Warren makes specific mention. I admit “he slides into the book without even being properly introduced,” yet he is none the less necessary to the *plot* of the narrative, inasmuch as he makes the “vile plans” for the corruption of Oliver Twist, and supplies the motives for the villainies of Fagin and his accomplices. Monks is not a failure of characterization because he was never meant by the author to be more than a cog in the machinery of the tale. Dickens did not *fail* to draw a picture in this case, since he never attempted to produce one.

Nor do I consider Chevy Slyme, another of Mr. Warren's examples, a failure of characterization, although his promotion to a useful sphere of activity later in the book is impossibly rapid. Slyme—how appropriately named!—is surely a superb picture of sodden humanity; a parasite on Society, and a confirmed “grouser” *against* Society for its neglect to take him—a man full of “scholarship, genius, information, and novel views on every subject”—to its bosom, and its indifference in not supplying him, as Mrs. Micawber would have said, with “profitable pecuniary emoluments.”

Dickens, to my mind however, did produce some notable failures. Four particular examples at once suggest themselves: Tom Pinch, Agnes Wickfield, Martin Chuzzlewit the younger, and Nicholas Nickleby. I realize I am asking for wrathful contradiction in mentioning these, but it must be risked.

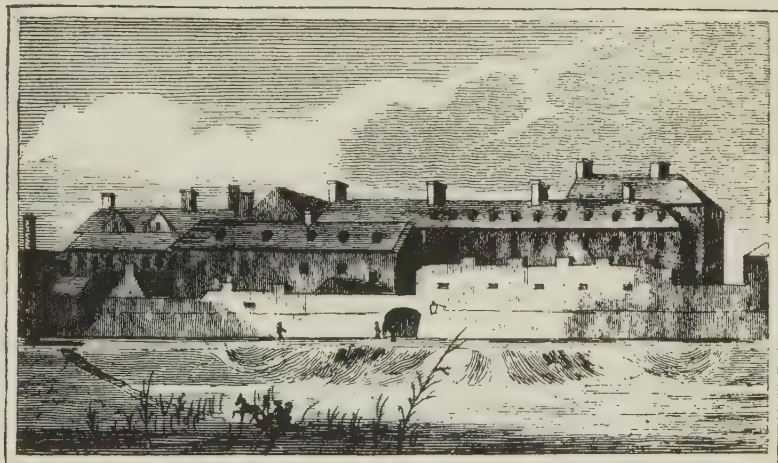
Tom Pinch seems a failure because he is so very good and gullible. This is not to imply that goodness is reprehensible; I mean, that besides the author's sometimes almost bathetic sentimentality in this regard, Pinch appears unhuman in that he has none of the weaknesses found in mankind, except the gullibility. His one lapse—his mild violence to Jonas—is a source of apparently everlasting remorse to him. One would have thought that such an incident might have given him more satisfaction than otherwise, even allowing for his impossible devotion to Pecksniff.

The same applies to Agnes. She is far, far too good. One is tempted to exclaim, "Oh! if only she had made one little mistake!" But she never did; and is in consequence as unconvincing and as unimpressive as Mary Graham. Dickens was, I believe, visualizing an ideal woman in creating Agnes. He failed to draw a genuine character because he allowed his dream to predominate over his sense of reality, usually so potent.

VANISHED DICKENSLAND

Montreal as Dickens saw it

IV.



BARRACKS.

DICKENS was a frequent visitor to the Barracks during his stay in Montreal, for it was at the invitation of the officers stationed there that he went to the Canadian city. Both officers and ladies of the garrison took part in the plays he presented. Dickens also tells of riding into the country with the officers, and no doubt there were many other social activities associated with the Barracks.

With Martin Chuzzlewit and Nicholas Nickleby, it is more difficult to assign any specific reasons for the contention that they are not "real" characters. Neither of them rings true; both are priggish, yet both lack that which would have made them "alive."

I point to these four as failures (and I could quote others) because Dickens undoubtedly took a good deal of trouble with them and thought them worthily presenting to the reader what he had in his own mind. In this the author did not succeed. The impression we receive is not that which was intended; we are conscious of a restless feeling of irritation at the fact that, from the point of view of

characterization, these people compare so unfavourably with others in their books; and, moreover, although highly important to the story, they are not there *merely* through the exigencies of the plot. They are meant to be characters, and are in fact ciphers.

It is impossible to "rend Mr. Warren to pieces." Indeed, every discriminating Dickens reader must agree with him in principle while differing from him in detail. But as we think of the failures, we are dazzled by an overwhelming number of brilliant successes, the literary and human merits of which cannot but throw the few unsuccessful pictures into sharper relief.

Every reader of Dickens surely has a "favourite," and it would be interesting to study a census of such. For myself, I have a deep affection—deeper by far than my feeling for any other character—for Mr. Barkis. I know him as intimately as David did; I love him as an old friend; and I honour him almost as I honour the man who gave him to us.

E. J. LAYTON.

MR. W. B. WARREN REPLIES

ONCE again I rejoice to find that another protagonist has entered the list to discuss "THOSE FAILURES."

The Editor hopes, and I share that hope, that readers will welcome the various views that are being put before them, even though they may not always agree with them.

The interesting article by Mr. E. J. Layton is sure to raise further points for discussion, and will, I trust, provoke other readers to enter the lists.

As Mr. Layton rightly says, personal opinion must count for much, and none of us can lay down the law. But we may each criticise one another's opinions with perfect freedom, and, as long as it is done in the true Dickensian spirit, no one will be a penny the worse, and some may find interest, and even instruction, as a result.

To deal firstly with Mr. Layton's criticism of those characters that I set down as "failures." I willingly admit that my selection of Chevy Slyme as one of them was not a happy one. Further study of that character compels me to agree that it is a wonderfully drawn picture of sodden humanity.

But the argument as regards Monks I cannot quite accept. I do not think for one moment that as each individual character was born in Dickens's brain, he decided, "This one shall be a 'character,' that one merely a 'cog.'" Once launched into the world, those characters very largely developed themselves. The genius of the author was there to clothe them with the suitable words to show that development, but the entity was there from birth, and was a success or a failure according to its inherent qualities.

Draw a comparison between Mr. Monks and Mr. Carker the junior on the one hand, and Sim Tappertit and Silas Wegg on the other. Each of them is a necessary cog in the story to which he belongs, no one being much more important to its plot than another. Yet the latter two seem to "live"—their names call up an immediate picture

in our minds—while the two former are mere shadows. In other words, “failures,” for want of a better term.

Now to come to Mr. Layton’s own selection of “notable failures.”

Tom Pinch “meant to be a character, but in fact only a cipher”!!

More in sorrow than in “wrathful contradiction” do I beg Mr. Layton to go back to the book and read up Tom Pinch again. Not with that feeling of impatience with him because he was so good, but with a desire to see in him what the master certainly intended to portray, a picture of one of “God’s good men.” They are rare in these sophisticated days, I admit, but were less so in the Victorian age when Dickens wrote.

Agnes Wickfield I admire immensely, but I know her goodness as well as her lack of individuality have made her the subject of adverse criticism by many writers, even that kindly critic, George Gissing; so my admiration must just go down as a personal opinion.

Nicholas Nickleby, I agree, is not an outstanding success as a character, but the whole book is so obviously written with a purpose that the characters in it are actually only incidental. This, by the way, also applies with great force to the other books “written with a purpose,” *Bleak House*, *Oliver Twist*, *Little Dorrit* and *Hard Times*. Yet in each of them some more or less unimportant characters have emerged from the ruck as living entities. John Jarndyce, Mr. Bumble, John Chivery, and Mr. Sleary, for example.

But to come to Mr. Layton’s last example of a “notable failure,” that is, Martin Chuzzlewit the younger. Surely one of the main purposes of this book is to show that the demon of thoughtless selfishness can be exorcised by a steady course of cheery optimism as supplied by the world’s champion optimist, Mark Tapley. And the gradual change for the better in the mental attitude of young Martin to his fellow-creatures is surely a fine piece of character development.

The selection of Mr. Barkis as Mr. Layton’s favourite character leaves me gasping! Still, though a miser, and not “willin’” to part, he must have had some good points or dear old Peggotty would never have married him. The only possible comment seems to be that, “if you like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing you would like.”

With Mr. Layton’s conclusion, I am in absolute agreement. The successful characters in Dickens’s books are so many and so brilliant that a few failures (whichever they may be) only serve to enhance their merits.

WHERE IS THIS?

(Answers to Questions on page 14.)

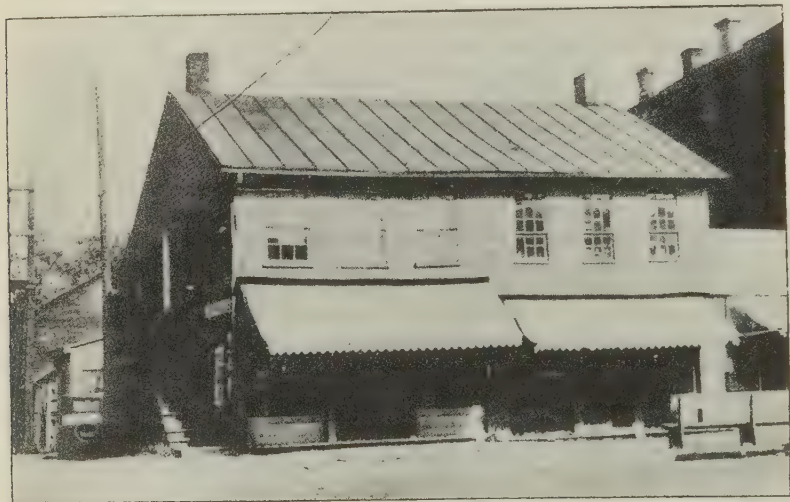
1, Gad’s Hill Place; 2, Captain Cuttle’s lodgings at Brig Place; 3, Cooling churchyard; 4, The Islington lodgings of Tom and Ruth Pinch; 5, White Horse Cellars; 6, The Church in Smith Square; 7, The uninhabited chambers in the Temple (*Martin Chuzzlewit*); 8, The Tilted Wagon; 9, The Temple Fountain; 10, Field Lane; 11, Abel Cottage, Finchley; 12, The Old Bailey; 13, Barnard’s Inn; 14, Lant St.; 15, The Ship, Greenwich; 16, Tom-all-alones; 17, Wemmick’s Castle, Walworth.

WHEN DICKENS WAS HIT BY PROHIBITION

DICKENS found his tavern at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, annoyingly dry on his visit to America in 1842, according to what he wrote in *American Notes* of his one-night sojourn here.

It was between ten and eleven at night when, from the lumbering stage coach in which Dickens, his wife and his Boston companion were riding, a "few feeble lights appeared in the distance." These were from the Indian village of Upper Sandusky.

It was not a particularly warm night, and the log cabin which was the inn at which they were to sleep was not very enticing. The



The Inn at Upper Sandusky

bedroom occupied by Dickens and his wife had two outside doors, without fastenings, "both opening on the black night and wild country, and so contrived that one of them always blew the other open—a novelty in domestic architecture which I do not remember to have seen before and which I was somewhat disconcerted to have forced on my attention after getting into bed."

But, bewildering as these mutually antagonistic portals must have been, the novelist and his wife fared better that evening than their travelling companion. He was assigned to a room "somewhere in the roof, where another guest was already snoring hugely." Being unable to endure this, he took refuge in the coach standing in the yard.

Then things grew even worse. "The pigs, scenting him, and looking upon the coach as a kind of pie with some manner of meat inside, grunted round it so hideously that he was afraid to come out again and lay there shivering until morning."

Here is where Upper Sandusky's prohibition didn't help. Although.

approving the experiment in theory, Dickens hit out at the "evils of bootlegging." "Nor was it possible to warm him when he did come out by means of a glass of brandy," he says, "for in Indian villages, the Legislature, with a very good and wise intention, forbids the sale of spirits by tavern keepers. The precaution, however, is quite inefficacious, for the Indian never fails to procure liquor of a worse kind at a dearer price from travelling peddlers."



"Dickens's Spring"

Part of the hostelry still stands on Main Street, a block north of the Wyandot County Court House, where it is now a hardware store.

Later, according to the "Cleveland Plain Dealer," to which we are indebted for the accompanying photographs, kindly forwarded by Mr. A. E. Schaaf, Dickens found his thirst quite adequately slaked by the cooling waters of Barracks Spring, which now is as often called "Dickens's Spring." This gushed from below the lull which rose behind the tavern. We regret, however, we can find no confirmation of this interesting piece of information in *American Notes*.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWO

THE MEMORIAL IN DAVID COPPERFIELD'S GARDEN

THE President of the Dickens Fellowship, on the afternoon of February 6th, unveiled the "foolish image blowing a dry shell," which the Fellowship has presented to the newly-opened "David Copperfield's Garden," in the New Kent Road.

Mr. Vachell, who was received by the Mayor, Aldermen, Councillors, and other officials of the Borough of Southwark, said, in unveiling the memorial, that it was indeed fitting that this monument should be placed here not far from the very spot where little David Copperfield sat down to lament the loss of his trunk and his half-guinea. It was, indeed, authentic Dickens Land. Not far away is Lant Street where Dickens lodged as a boy when his father was in the Marshalsea Prison for Debtors. In Lant Street also lived Bob Sawyer, and here his riotous supper took place. Near here stood Horsemonger Lane Gaol, where Dickens saw the public execution of the Mannings and later on wrote a letter which helped to put an end to public executions in this country. At the White Hart Inn, Mr. Pickwick first met Sam Weller.

It has been said that a man's best book is the book into which he puts most of himself. When writing *David Copperfield*, Dickens dipped his quill into his life's blood, and most Dickensians hold it to be his high-water mark on that account. Imagination will carry a writer far on any road; the gift of telling an enthralling story, a gift innate in Dickens, is one of the greatest of an author's accomplishments, but I think you will agree with me that feeling, feeling quickened by personal experience, personal suffering and personal resentment against inhumanity, indifference and injustice, is the supreme touch-stone of a novel destined to endure.

And now (continued Mr. Vachell) before I unveil the tablet I wish to say a few words about our Fellowship. It was organised less than thirty years ago; it has increased and multiplied exceedingly. I want to dwell for a moment upon the work done by different branches of the Fellowship among the poor children, our Waifs and Strays, especially at Christmas time. That work is engrossing more and more the sympathies and activities of Dickensians, each year the charity side of the Fellowship is being amplified. No greater tribute could be paid to the memory of Charles Dickens than this, none which would have given him greater pleasure and satisfaction. What has been accomplished during three brief decades is a rainbow promise of what may be accomplished in the future. And I make bold to declare that fifty years hence the Dickens Fellowship will be one of the most beneficent and widely spread charitable organizations in the English-speaking world.

A vote of thanks to the Mayor was proposed by Mr. Frank Staff (Chairman of the Executive Committee), and seconded by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. W. Edwards, who was born in Southwark and had done much social service for the borough.

THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY ON THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF DICKENS

THE Dickens Fellowship held its dinner to celebrate the 120th anniversary of the birth of Dickens at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly, on Saturday, 6th February, when Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell presided, and Mr. J. B. Priestley was the guest of the evening. The record number of three hundred and twenty sat down, and in addition to the members of the Council and their ladies, there were the following representatives from branches, Mr. G. H. Boothman (Liverpool), Miss E. Dall (Buenos Aires), Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Edwards (Gloucester), Mrs. G. Haughton (Vancouver), Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Levy (Liverpool), Miss Newton (Philadelphia), Mr. T. N. Philip (Liverpool), Mr. and Mrs. Terry (Redditch). Others present included Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Comyns Carr, Mrs. Harry Colls (a niece of Dickens), Lady Cynthia Colville, Mr. E. Guy Dawber, A.R.A., and Mrs. Dawber, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Foyle, Major and Mrs. James Knowles, Sir Walter Lawrence, Bt., Sir Frederick Macmillan, Mr. William Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Will Owen, Mr. Ralph Straus, Sir George Sutton, Bt., Mrs. Arthur Vachell, Major-General H. S. Neville White, Mr. H. Saxe Wyndham.

Messages of good wishes were read from Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., and Branches in Denmark, New York, Winnipeg, Cheltenham, Southend and Woodville.

In introducing Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mr. Vachell said: "I have been told that one of 'Mr. Punch's' staff of learned clerks declared that certain contemporaries of Mr. Priestley's were going to bring an action at law against him for writing a clean book. And, ladies and gentlemen, I can quite understand and sympathise with their feelings. It must have confounded these over-sexed mudlarks to discover that a contemporary preferred the salt of wit to the tobasco of pruriency, that he ranked diversion higher than perversion, and that the hog-pen was not his spiritual home.

"I do not know how much Mr. Priestley owes to Charles Dickens, but I think that the mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha." (Prolonged cheers).

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY: There are, of course, so many ways of talking about a great novelist that it is almost impossible to begin. I think this is specially true when the person who is talking happens to be some sort of novelist himself, because although we live in an age when everybody reads novels there still are tricks of the trade; and when you are writing yourself you do appreciate them.

One could begin and talk about Dickens almost for ever. One could, for instance, talk I think in quite a new way about his method of character drawing, which has never really been examined at length. One could also talk about his position as a great novelist, defending him against those critics of fiction who determine among themselves

what shall constitute great fiction, and rule Dickens out because he does not happen to write that kind of fiction. That trick has been worked a good deal, and is probably forgivable among very young men newly down from universities, but is impertinence among people of any age. I mean the attitude of mind which says: "After all, what is a novel? A novel must describe intimately the relationships between men and women, the affairs of passion. Does Dickens do this? Well, then, we rule him out." That is the method of criticism, and of course it is humbug.

The world that Dickens saw and walked about in has almost vanished. We live in an entirely new world, and a world that would seem extraordinarily fantastical to him. But the world he created has not vanished. We still visit it, more and more people walk into it for their pleasure and their profit; and the fact that that world still goes on is proved by our attendance here to-night.

The modern world is very different from anything that Dickens imagined, and yet curiously enough I feel that in Dickens we have an antidote to many of its poisons. Dickens is often spoken of as a reformer. Undoubtedly he did a lot of good by focussing the lime-light on certain public matters that urgently needed reform. But that, of course, is not important to us now. Bumble has gone; Squeers has gone; and that world that Dickens attempted with such success to reform has gone too. The modern world is rapidly becoming more and more a world of abstractions, a world of elaborate organisations, a world in which the individual is tending to disappear. If we compare it with an older world it is like the difference between living in a village and living in a city. You know how when you are living in a village all the people there are individuals; they are never merely functions. The postman is not merely the postman. His name is George, he has a wife and three children. He used to play in the cricket team. He keeps ducks and he likes a glass of beer down at the "Old Brown Cow." He is a complete individual! The local policeman you know very well. He has tried for four years to win the prize for Ailsa Craig Onions at the local flower show, and has failed. He is not merely a policeman; he is an individual! And so on.

Life in a great city is largely unanimous. We are surrounded, not by mere people, but by people who are functions. You may know your friends, but almost all the people you see during the day are merely automatons. And it is possible that your work brings you into connection with abstract people too; not with whole individuals, but with passengers, patrons, clients, customers, people representing so much pound weight to carry, people regarded as so many appetites; people regarded as so much spending money. You may hardly ever come into contact with whole individuals. You can spend a whole morning in London and be surrounded by automatons. You go to a place called a tube. You look through a little grill, and push some pennies towards a sort of face there, and the hand does something, and things come back to you; and then you go to a large cage and there is a sort of creature there in a uniform, and you get in and go

down. They are people; they may be individuals, they may not. It is quite possible that in a few years they may be just robots who are doing that sort of thing.

That is what is happening in our large cities. And the contrast between life in a village and life in London is pretty nearly equal to the contrast between the world that Dickens knew and the modern world. And of course not only is our social life becoming so elaborately organised that we tend to lose the individual in it, but our work, our industry, is becoming so organised that the individual is becoming lost in it. In fact, we are developing a machine-like civilisation. Some of our books appear to be written by machines *for* machines. Moreover, nearly all the new political and social philosophies tend to act against the individual. We are rapidly drifting into a world that may be dominated by the elaborate organism and by philosophies that will tend to cramp, almost to eliminate, the individual soul. But now let us get back to Dickens.

Dickens was not a political party man. I do not think he liked parties—except this sort of party. Many attempts have been made to capture him for parties. Mr. Shaw has done it several times. Yet Shaw always claimed Dickens as a thorough Socialist. Now actually, of course, Dickens and Shaw have shown the same indignations at times for what have been obvious injustices. But there is a world of difference between the outlook of Shaw and the outlook of Dickens. You can easily test it. You remember that Bernard Shaw said that he “wanted to abolish the poor, to abolish the working class, and to replace them by sensible people.” Now that is absolutely antagonistic to the spirit of Dickens. Dickens did not want to abolish the poor, to substitute what Shaw called “sensible people” for them. He wanted to make the poor happy. He did not want to change them into another type of person altogether. He did not want to turn them all into members of the Circumlocution Office, which I am afraid is probably what Mr. Shaw would prefer.

If Dickens belongs to any party he belongs to the party of the humanists, the party of the lovers of life. He belonged to those who believed in eager spontaneous living. He believed in individuality too. His books abound with individuality. His amazingly sharp eye for character was due in part to that belief. When people think in terms of masses they have to write in terms of masses, and they never create that sharp outline that makes a character stand out in relief.

I always think that the secret of Dickens really lies in that unhappy time he spent as a waif in the blacking factory, because there is the clue to what is so characteristic about Dickens; that terrific sympathy with all people who are waifs and strays. Such people dislike those who have lost the eager spontaneous way of living. What Dickens hated most and what Dickens derides so cleverly is a form of life which is really a form of death, a form of life in which the eager spontaneous child-like way of living has completely vanished. A legal life devoted to law at the expense of living; a life devoted to officialdom at the

expense of living; anything in which that fine freedom of living is wholly absent and which is replaced by some gross, some mechanical movement and with entire absence of heart.

In book after book you will find that what is chiefly marked is that unindividual, unspontaneous, dead, official-ridden, form-ridden way of life. Everything in Dickens is terrifically alive and terrifically individual. I am not sure that is not the most wonderful thing about Dickens; that not only are the characters alive, but the whole story is alive. The streets are alive, the houses are alive; the very furniture and the ornaments are alive. There are chairs and sofas in Dickens having more vitality than half the characters that could be created in this year's novels. The whole scene is intense with a vivid elfish life. If you ask me how he did it—I do not know, except that you must trace it back to that childhood of his again. All children see life like that. And here was a man who kept the childlike imagination.

The Dickens world is still going on. It is going on in your hearts. Your children are seeing the world now more or less as Dickens saw it. To the young ones in the nursery comic characters of the Dickens kind are calling at your house. You probably have a milkman that appears to the children a huge comic character of the Dickens kind. Probably you yourself may be, in the capacity of an uncle or a family friend, really a sort of comic character. But that imagination taken into his daily life so that it was fed by the great energy of one of the most energetic men who ever lived enabled him to see everything freshly and vividly, and kept everything alive. I want to dwell on that terrific aliveness of the thing, and the terrific individuality, because it is that to which we have got to turn back. We are drifting into a world of machines and abstractions in which we are going to lose the individual, and we have got to cling to Dickens because of his eager spontaneous life and individuality.

The best thing ever written about Dickens was not written by an Englishman at all. It was written by a cosmopolitan philosopher, Mr. George Santayana in "Soliloquies in England," and in that book occurs a passage on Charles Dickens which seems to me the finest tribute ever paid by any critic to Dickens. It is all the more important because it comes from outside England. I wish I had it here to read it, and I wish we had the time to hear it. I will just quote one sentence from it: "Dickens is one of the best friends mankind has ever had."

I believe we are on the eve of very great and very grave changes, and I believe, too, that when we are reading Dickens now we are more than amusing ourselves. I believe we are keeping a great spirit alive, and I believe we are doing something that is terribly important for humanity while we go on reading him, and while we keep his great memory as fresh and as green as the holly that he loved. I ask you to join with me in drinking the toast to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens.

Prolonged applause followed the silent drinking of the toast.

(Continued on page 163)

HUMAN WELFARE, UNLIMITED

BY J. W. T. LEY

THIS is a valuable book.* It does not in any fundamental sense tell us anything new, but it confirms the popular estimate of Dickens's character in unmistakable fashion, and from that point of view it is the most important book that has been published for a long time. I think it is true to say that since Forster finished his *magnum opus* only two books have told the world anything really new about Dickens. They are Robert Langton's "Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens," and the volume of letters to Maria Beadnell. The latter, of course, was a revelation of first-class importance, and I dare to express the opinion that the fact that it is still not available in this country is absurd. Langton's patient research resulted in the unearthing of many facts of real interest which would have been irretrievably lost within a few years, but it can hardly be said that in the sum his book was a work of vital importance. The Beadnell volume threw a vivid light on the greatest emotional influence of Dickens's life. As I write, another important work is in the press—the letters to Thomas Beard. This I should place next in importance to the Beadnell volume. I think there is much in it that to some extent illumines the affair with Maria Beadnell, and goes some way to explain the tragedy, the first act of which was played at St. Luke's, Chelsea, in April, 1836.

The more I reflect, however, the more convinced I am of the greatness of Forster's work. Bear in mind that he was a dying man when he wrote it—it may almost be said that he staved off death in order to complete it—think of its comprehensiveness; consider how little has been added to our knowledge of Dickens since it was published. He had no knowledge of the existence of the Beadnell letters; yet, important as they are, important as the Beard letters are, in both cases they actually do little more than confirm Forster. The *essentials* are in his pages. Had not the world always known that *Copperfield* was fundamentally autobiographical? Did not the world already possess Forster's information that Dora was the dream of Dickens's early love; that Agnes was the might-have-been, the incarnation, so to speak, of the influence of that early love upon his whole life; that Flora was the disillusionment? Did it not already know that Micawber was John Dickens? Except Dickens himself, I know of no writer who has told us anything really vital about Dickens other than Forster. Since he finished his task practically seventy years ago, Dickens has been a subject of research as few other men have been, but this biography stands alone, and almost all sufficient.

But Mr. Osborne will be exclaiming, "Oh, bother the flowers of spring!" I have said that his is a valuable book. It certainly is to all who have an affection for Dickens, because it so emphatically confirms us in that affection. I know of only one book in which

* "Letters of Charles Dickens to Baroness Burdett-Coutts." Edited by Charles C. Osborne with a biographical introduction. London: John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

Dickens's character has been overtly attacked. Several writers have taken the trouble to tell us that there are spots on the sun, but only one has asserted that because the sun has spots therefore it is not the sun. A god with feet of clay? It is the heart that matters, and he who dares to say, after a reading of this book, that Dickens's heart was not true gold will dare to say anything.

Actually the man who knows the novels of Charles Dickens (I write in Christmas week) does not need other evidence that their author was a good man. He knows that the "hero" of the book to which I have alluded could no more have written the *Carol* than he could have created the universe. He knows that if the creator of Jo and Miss Flite, of Tiny Tim and Scrooge's nephew, of Caleb Plummer and Dot Peerybingle, of Peggotty and Mr. Dick, of Betty Higden and the Boofer Lady, of Tom and Ruth Pinch—of scores and scores of characters that so readily come to mind; he knows that if the creator of that wonderful world was a humbug he must have been so stupendous a humbug as (in his own words) to have been quite an unsafe monstrosity amongst men.

But this volume proves that he did well and truly practice what he preached. Week after week, almost daily, indeed, we find him writing to Miss Coutts about some scheme for helping somebody who is in need. Sometimes it is a scheme that she has evolved; sometimes it is one she has adopted at his suggestion; sometimes he is telling her of a family that he has discovered in pitiable plight; at another time he is asking her help for the family of a friend or a servant. We see him here spending hours of his time every week in the pursuance of some good object that she has in view. Here in truth is the man who for a lifetime pleaded with pen and voice for the sorrowing and suffering, actively engaged throughout that lifetime in the personal service of those people.

The book is a wonderful record of a wonderful partnership in the service of mankind. What a good woman Miss Coutts was! "She is a good creature, I protest to God," wrote Dickens once. Indeed she was. And this book shows too that Charles Dickens was a good man. Mr. Osborne says that Miss Coutts received as many as four hundred letters a day. Most of them were appeals for help. Not all were genuine, of course; so simply good a woman was bound to be liable to attacks, so to speak, by the unscrupulous. Through many years it was to Dickens she turned to investigate these appeals to, advise her, and to administer her bounty. The vitality of the man was truly amazing. Writing long novels of the highest standard, not only editing a weekly magazine in the most conscientious manner, but turning out stories and articles for it regularly, travelling up and down the country giving public readings, organising and playing in amateur theatricals, writing long letters to scores of friends, and spending hours—sometimes days—practically every week investigating cases that called for Miss Coutts's help, writing long letters in her service, taking charge of the administration of her bounty. The work he put into the establishment of the Home for Fallen Women—apart

from the thought he gave to the drafting of the scheme and its inauguration—must have been enormous, and that was only one scheme that he carried out for this splendid woman. No wonder he burnt himself out before he was sixty.

The bulk of these letters are concerned with the Coutts-Dickens partnership in the firm of Human Welfare, Unlimited, but there are many examples of his delightful play of humour. Again and again we find it sparkling like (to use Mrs. Lynn Linton's expression) lightning on a summer's day. His references to Miss Coutts's calligraphy are delightful examples of the charm with which he could infuse his correspondence.

Mr. Osborne has edited the letters admirably, and his biographical sketch of the Baroness makes one hope that he may undertake a full biography. But I am puzzled by his suggestion that the friendship with the Baroness probably dated from 1835. I have always understood that it was the attack in *Oliver Twist* on the Poor Law that attracted the attention of her father, and I cannot understand what can have brought about an acquaintance between the wealthy baronet's daughter and the struggling and utterly unknown twenty-three-years-old newspaper reporter. But that is a very minor matter. Whether Mr. Osborne be right or wrong, it in no way affects the importance and value of his book.



THE SPELL OF YORKSHIRE

To Dickensians, Yorkshire spells Dotheboys Hall, and however primitive the spelling was there, there is nothing primitive about Mr. Cuming Walters's new travel book,* for a master has taken England's largest county in hand, and the delightful format of the book is but a prelude to the joys within. With the wayfarers along the open road Mr. Walters is not long in making us encounter the "blithe, bright-eyed young man with an infectious laugh, abounding in energy who comes along the Great North Road on a winter day, and while the horses are changed watches the guard and coachman stamp up and down and print off their shoes in the snow." How vividly true he is in his picture of Dickens's stern purpose in his youthful trip to Yorkshire; and a similar spirit permeates the rest of the book, notably in the chapter dealing with the spell of genius which hovers around the haunted house at Haworth. The day of the dry-as-dust topographer has gone! We sincerely hope the spell of Dickensland will be upon Mr. Walters very shortly.

* "The Spell of Yorkshire," by J. Cuming Walters. Illustrated. 8/6. Methuen.

ALICE IN DICKENSLAND

BY J. H. McNULTY

IT was all the guinea-pig's fault, he would try to get into the ink-pot, and, of course, he upset it.

The ink poured all over the table, and in the middle of the inky stream was a swan.

"I don't like this ink at all," said the swan, "it stains my feathers horribly."

"But you are black," said Alice.

"No, blue-black," corrected the swan, "but come along or we shall be late."

He spread out his wing, on which Alice stepped, and in a moment they were sailing rapidly down the ink-stream.

The tables and chairs shot up into gigantic buildings, many of which seemed to be in a terrible state of repair. The speed at which they travelled was so great that conversation was impossible, so she could ask no questions.

In a few moments, however, the journey came to an end, the swan drew to the side of the river and Alice landed.

She was immediately joined by her friends, the Queen, Humpty-Dumpty and the Mad Hatter.

"Where are we?" asked Alice.

"In the City, of course," said the Queen.

"But what City?" Is it Rome or Athens?"

"You're quite wrong," said the Queen, "this is *the* City."

"But it's full of ruins," said Alice.

"You're wrong again," said the Queen, "These are not ruins. They're re-building."

"Were all the old buildings worn out and useless?" she asked.

"I don't know anything about that," said the Queen, "but they were old, and that's enough."

"Is everything old useless?" asked the child.

"Certainly," said the Queen, "What's old is bad, what's new is good. That's logic, isn't it?"

"I think I rather like old buildings," said Alice.

"That's because you're Victorian; it's even a worse crime than being Mediæval. Here's a song which tells you all about it."

The builder and the modern man
Were walking arm in arm,
They wept like anything to see
The ancient buildings' charm.
If this were only modernised,
It wouldn't do much harm.

If seven firms with crowds of men,
With hammer, pick and spade,
Would knock down all old London,
The town might be re-made.
How splendid for the Empire,
How very good for trade,

"If we could only smash St. Paul's
And have that site quite clear,
And build a lot of offices,
Our genius would appear ;
'I doubt it,' said the Modern man,
And shed a bitter tear."

They visited many places in the City, and in the evening they went to a lecture. It was held in a Hall of moderate size, not much larger than a good-sized room, and as they entered, Alice noticed several vacant seats.

"This is a very large meeting," said the Mad Hatter.

"I don't think it's very large," replied Alice, "the room's half-empty."

"Not at all," said the Mad Hatter, "the room is half-full."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"Oh, all the difference in the world; it might be entirely empty."

"But that wouldn't be a meeting at all," she said.

"Oh, yes it would," he cried, "It would be an invisible meeting, a meeting of the people that weren't there. I've often addressed meetings like that; it's great fun."

"What is the subject of to-night's lecture?" Alice asked.

"Dickens," said the Queen.

- "What are Dickens?" asked Humpty Dumpty.

"Dickens is a great Victorian novelist," replied Alice.

"Not at all," he cried, "Dickens is a word you say when you're annoyed—What the Dickens do you mean?" "Who the Dickens are you?"

"I never use that word when I'm annoyed," cried the Queen, "I use quite a different one. Have you read many of Dickens novels?" she asked Alice.

"Oh yes, I've read several of them," she answered, "Pickwick Papers, Martin Chuzzlewit and some others."

"I've read many more than that," said the Queen, "I've read 'The Crimes,' 'The Daunted Man,' 'The Christmas Barrel,' 'The Wail of Two Ditties,' 'Great Expectations,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Pendennis,' 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' 'The Light that Failed.'"

"But they are not by Dickens," cried the child.

"Hush," they all said, "you mustn't say that here."

"Why ever not?"

"The people here wouldn't like it."

"Wouldn't they like to hear of these other authors?"

"No, of course not; they only know of one author; they think he wrote everything."

"But do they *only* read Dickens?" she asked.

"I never said they read Dickens at all," said the Queen.

"Well, what do they do?" asked the child.

"Oh, they don't read him, they read Papers about him, give Lectures on him, and eat Dinners in his honour. They haven't time to read his books."

"They must know a great deal about him," said Alice.

"They do, quite a lot," said the Queen, "they know how many houses he lived in, and how many years, days and hours he spent in each: and the names of the books he wrote, and how many chapters pages and words there are in each of them. They know—at least some of them do—his second Christian name."

"If they are always talking about him, what happens when they've said everything?"

"Oh, that's easily answered," said the Queen, "When they've said everything once, they repeat it, then they say it backwards, then someone invents a few mistakes, and somebody else corrects them. Don't you know the song:

"How doth the little critic-man
Improve his wand'ring tales,
By pointing out where Dickens can
Succeed, and where he fails."

She would have said more, but a voice was heard outside singing in a very superior tone:

"You are old, Mr. Dickens," the young author said,
"And your novels are obsolete quite,
And yet so they say, you're incessantly read,
Do you think in this age it is right?"

The Chairman then rose and introduced the lecturer, who was well known to everyone present.

The lecture began, and members of the audience nodded their heads to show their approval of what was being said; at least she thought so at first, but after a while she began to suspect they must be asleep, and soon the whole room was like the enchanted garden of the Sleeping Beauty.

She thinks she must have slept too, for on opening her eyes all the figures disappeared, and what she had taken to be the noise and bustle of a public meeting was only the crackling of the wood and coal in the fire before which she had fallen asleep.

DICKENS AND EDGAR ALLAN POE

In the course of his investigations into the conduct of "the private enemies who practically murdered" Edgar Allan Poe, "and did their best to murder what survived of his genius," Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd in "The Murder of Edgar Allan Poe" (Stanley Paul, 18s.) levies a charge against Dickens as one of the "voices to which America would have listened" had he spoken on behalf of the poet. It is thought that Dickens did make enquiries about Poe, and that through the latter's arch-enemy, Dr. Griswold, received an entirely erroneous report. According to this book there was correspondence between Dickens and Poe, and the two men probably met. So little is known about Dickens's association with Poe that this charge prompts us to make enquiries in this interesting matter, and we hope to have more to say on the subject in a later number of *The Dickensian*.



Drawn by

[Ruth Whitaker]

MR. A. W. EDWARDS ON HIS AMERICAN TOUR

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—May I preface my further account of my visit to our Overseas Branches by quoting from the speeches made by Mr. J. P. Bramer, President of the New York Branch, at the meeting I attended. These will serve as excellent examples of the sentiments expressed at each branch I visited and fairly represent the cordiality with which I was welcomed and the "Farewells" that sped me on my way.

"This evening the Dickens Fellowship of New York is honoured by having as guest a man who comes from the country of Charles Dickens, a man of whom we all have read in our magazine. He comes as a friend who seeks not the curing of the material ills of life, but rather has journeyed far so as to meet and talk over with us the noble things that have been written and have been re-read by us many times; things that make for better citizenship and for a better and deeper understanding of life.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Ambassador from Dickens Land is here. Mr. Edwards, may I present you to the members of the New York Branch of the Dickens Fellowship."

After my speech, Mr. Bramer said:—

"Mr. Edwards, may I thank you for the kind and thoughtful words you have spoken to us? We are all glad you came to see us and that you have talked to us. You should have talked much longer. May I ask you to carry back to the Fellowship in London thoughts which were so beautifully worded by Charles Dickens when he spoke his Farewell in Steinway Hall but a short distance from this very place. The relations that have been set up between us in this place are relations of an earnest devotion to a task; they are relations of readiest sympathy and kindest obligations to the spreading wide of a love for the great literature written by a master author, Charles Dickens.

"You are going away from our city and from our land. In passing from our sight, you are not passing from our memory. We shall often think of you as we see you now, and we ask that you think of us, whether you are sitting and dreaming by your winter fire or walking in the green English summer weather. Never think of us as mere people of another land, but rather as a host of personal friends, who have the same consideration and tenderness for that one friend, now gone, but whose memory we all hold Immortal. Mr. Edwards, please come back to our city and to our country. As you go back to your country may I assure you that we all pray God to bless you and your country and the land in which we met you."

In the last *Dickensian* appeared an account of my visit to Boston

and Montreal, not that the brief references by any means exhausted my experiences and further details may be given later. But here I must record my thanks to Messrs. Mainer, Stevens, Dr. Armitage, Godbee Brown, Martin and Paterson, of Montreal, for their kindness in shewing me the sights of the city, particularly Rasco's Hotel and the tablet placed there to commemorate Dickens's visit, and to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Jordan for a delightful couple of hours conviviality after the meeting. The exigencies of space at my disposal will preclude me giving but the briefest account of my itinerary in this number. From Montreal I went to Toronto. It was a disappointment to me that I could not meet the Toronto Branch, with its large membership, in session, but my meeting with the Executive Committee and the Boz Club—the inner circle of the Branch—at the cosy club room where I found the Charter in evidence, a bust of Dickens and many Dickensian pictures adorning the walls, was a sheer delight. The speeches, recitals, refreshments and presentation of pipe and books and a photograph of the company (received subsequently) combined to create a lasting memory of a very happy event and set a seal on some Dickensian friendships which I shall long cherish. My heartiest thanks to Messrs. Hunt Stanford, Hunt, Hopper, McFadden, and Whitefield Aston, of Toronto, for much sight-seeing and entertainment, and to the Branch for hospitality at the Royal York Hotel.

Hamilton, where we have a flourishing Branch of nearly 400 members, was my next point of contact. Certain matters at issue between the Branch and Headquarters called for discussion and were dealt with, after lunch with the Executive Committee, to the ultimate satisfaction, I have reason to believe, of all concerned. My brief stay here included a most pleasant two hours at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Smythe for tea, and before leaving next morning Mr. A. W. Crawford, Past-President of the Winnipeg Branch, who has now settled here, took me a couple of hours motor ride up the mountain drive and round the Bay, giving me a pretty comprehensive idea of Canada's great industrial centre.

From there I went on to Buffalo where I was guest of Professor C. E. Rhodes, whose acquaintance I had made at the Dickens House during the previous summer. My stay here and visit to the Niagara Falls forms no part of this story, but I have reason to hope that in the near future a branch of the Fellowship will be established in Buffalo.

The next city in my itinerary was Chicago, and here again I regret I was unable to be at a Branch Meeting, but a very delightful dinner was arranged in my honour at which about ninety guests were present, and a presentation autograph album signed by all the guests forms a very agreeable reminder of a most happy evening. It was a pleasure to meet again with Dr. Mary McKibben Harper—founder of this Branch, and Mrs. Okey, whose acquaintance I made while travelling to Oberammagau last year. She had come 120 miles to attend the Dinner—a fine gesture of friendship—and a joy to meet once more my old friend Mrs. Ada C. Dickinson. Her removal to Madison, Wisconsin, will be a great loss to the Branch, but her profound knowledge of Dickens and her lively wit should be valuable acquisitions to the Madison Branch. I am convinced there is a prosperous future for the Chicago Branch under the virile chairmanship of Miss Florence Walters (sister of Mr. J. Cuming Walters) with the energetic band of young officials she has gathered round her. Ten new members were

enrolled at the dinner, and there have been further additions since. Prior to the dinner I had the pleasure of being taken by Mrs. Barr to the Women and Children's Hospital to see the Tiny Tim Cot which is maintained by the Branch. I am also indebted to Miss Gorham, Miss Walters, Mrs. Lamble and Messrs. Bradford, Lamble and Rines for hospitality and kindness in taking me to all the interesting spots of the city, and to Mrs. Dickinson for a delightful midnight drive along the Chicago front to see the charming lighting effects, and to the Branch for hospitality at the Great Northern Hotel.

It was a ten-hour journey to my next "stopping-off" place, Pittsburgh. I was met by Messrs. Whited, Howard and Clifford and driven to the Pittsburgh Athletic Association Club. There I found I was to be guest of Mr. Clancy, the Treasurer. I had but one day here, but what a day it was! Met at 10 a.m. by Mr. Clifford and Mr. Wilson I was taken a drive round the environs of the city, and then to the University Club for lunch as the guest of Mr. Eastwood to meet some of the Executive Committee and later to Mrs. Fairman's (President) home where 65 out of the 100 members assembled to meet me. Afternoon tea was served. I was given a most hearty welcome and, of course, had to make a speech which the friends received very kindly. Later still I was taken to the house of Mrs. Hays (Secretary) to meet all the Executive Committee, and a delightful time of happy intercourse was enjoyed till midnight. The members at Pittsburgh are very united and enthusiastic and exhibit a fine spirit of fellowship.

The journey to Philadelphia was, perhaps, the most interesting one I had from the scenic point of view, but I must get on to Philadelphia where arrangements have been made for my entertainment by the Branch at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, which I reached at 6 p.m. to be welcomed by the genial secretary, Mr. J. K. Thompson and hurried off to his home for dinner and the evening. We talk "Dickens" till midnight and next day Mr. Thompson piloted me to the sites associated with Dickens's visit to the city and then out to Clark Park to see the statue of "Dickens and Little Nell." The same evening I was guest of the Executive Committee at a dinner held at the Franklin Inn (an Authors' Club), presided over by Mr. Thos. K. Ober, Jr. (President of the Branch). It was a very homely affair. Speeches of welcome were made by the President, Dr. Burr, Mr. Chas. Sessler, Mr. Wright and the Hon. Secretary, to which I replied. Following the Dinner, with one or two others I was invited to the home of Mrs. Patterson (widow of the late Judge Patterson) to see her collection of Dickensiana, which includes a number of Dickens and Fechter letters, a purse presented to Dickens on his first visit to Philadelphia, also a pair of ivory field-glasses presented to Dickens by Georgina Hogarth in 1842, together with her authentication card. Mrs. Patterson very kindly presented the glasses to me for the Dickens House as a memento of my visit. I also had the pleasure of attending the Branch Meeting at which there were about 200 present. Twenty members of the Chester Branch came over specially to meet me, and their Branch Meeting which fell on the same night was postponed for this purpose. There was an excellent programme and at the close the whole company tiled past the platform to be introduced and shake hands. A most interesting meeting. I was desirous of going to Bethlehem, their meeting however fell on the same night as that at Philadelphia so decided to run out there later and call on the Secretary, Mrs. Lennox.

Mr. Lennox and Mr. Rau met me with car and drove me round the district for an hour or so, past the great steel works, through the park on the mountain side and then to the Moravian College where Dr. Schwartz, Principal, kindly showed me the wonderful collection of MSS. from many Moravian Churches, and on to Mrs. Lennox's home where a delightful surprise awaited me. At short notice she had got into touch with the members of the Branch and upwards of twenty had responded to her call to meet me. After tea there were speeches and Rev. Paul de Schwenitz expressed the pleasure of the Branch in having a visitor from Headquarters. Dinner with Dr. Heath (President of the Moravian College for Women) brought my short visit to an end, and I had to hurry back to Philadelphia for a final couple of hours with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson to conclude my visit there. Next day I reached New York where Miss Mary Wray and Mr. Arthur Glasner were waiting my arrival. Here let me say how much I appreciated the devotion of time given by these two friends for my entertainment in this wonderful city, details of which I cannot now go into, but they are remembered and cherished. Mr. A. A. Hopkins also proved himself a genuine friend. His interest secured me entry to the Pierpont Morgan Library with its marvellous collection of MSS. of many of the world's most important books. I was shewn many by the courteous Miss Burnie. My chief interest however was in the inspection of MSS. of the Christmas Books, correspondence with Wilkie Collins and Macrone, and other most important items. On leaving and expressing my thanks and gratitude to Miss Burnie, she avowed it had been a pleasure to have a visit from me and expressed her delight if she had been of any service. Then followed a visit to the grave of Alfred Tennyson Dickens and to Mr. Hopkins's home where I spent some hours examining his choice collection of Dickensiana, the chief item of which is his extra-illustrated *Pickwick Papers* in twelve volumes, destined ultimately for the Dickens House. Hospitality at the Barbizon Plaza Hotel was provided for me by the Branch and some pleasant hours of happy intercourse and entertainment were afforded me by Miss Easton, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sproul and the brothers Arthur and Harry Glasner, Secretary and Treasurer respectively of the New York Branch, who presented me with a copy of A. Edward Newton's "This Book Collecting Game," as a souvenir of my visit.

And so back to Boston where another three weeks were spent, during which I went out to Worcester to meet Mr. E. G. Norman and a number of others who are interested in the formation of a Branch of the Fellowship in that city. I was entertained at dinner and afterwards invited to speak on the aims and objects of The Fellowship. All present seemed very keen on starting a Branch, and I came away very gratified with the result of the meeting.

My further thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Otis Smith of the All Around Dickens Club of Boston for a charming day visiting literary shrines in Boston and the gift of Kitton's "Pen and Pencil." . . . to Miss Anthony for a delightful visit to "The Wayside Inn" at Sudbury, immortalised by Longfellow; to my friend Mr. Harry E. Hurd for a wonderful day of visitation to Whittier, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau and Louisa Alcott Shrines in the New England towns of Amesbury, Haverhill, Salem and Marblehead, and for his guidance to the Boston Public Library where I had the pleasure of seeing Alexander's portrait of Dickens painted in 1842, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

where I saw the Kate Field collection of autographs and much Dickensiana.

And finally to Mr. Hersey for a great day at Harvard University and the Harry E. Widener Library with its wonderful collection of Dickens's letters and first editions which I was allowed to inspect, and of which I hope to write more fully in another number. A closing surprise awaited me as I took possession of my cabin for the homeward voyage. I found a huge basket of choice fruit from "a crowd of friends" together with about twenty letters and telegrams wishing me "Bon Voyage" and a copy of Edward Payne's "Dickens Days in Boston," inscribed by the President and author and the members of the Council of the Boston Branch.

And so the great adventure ends leaving me with a host of happy memories of delightful days spent in the company of genial and generous friends with a highly enhanced opinion of our Overseas Branches and the strong conviction that my visit will strengthen the bonds of Fellowship between them and Headquarters, and with a deep sense of gratitude to the Branches for their cordial reception and generous hospitality, and to the whole Fellowship for the munificent recognition of my services made at the Eastbourne Conference, without which this glorious trip would have been an impossibility.

Yours faithfully,

A. W. EDWARDS,

Hon. Secretary.

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER

SIR.—In my article "More Songs of Dickens's Day" in the Winter Number of *The Dickensian* I wrote of "the late Mr. Louis N. Parker." That was an unfortunate slip. I am grateful to Sir Arthur Pinero for pointing out that Mr. Parker is living at Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, and enjoying excellent health. I need hardly say that I much regret my mistake.

J. W. T. LEY.

A CORRECTION AND AN EXPLANATION

SIR.—On page 39 you give a picture of Tavistock House and state that certain books were wholly or partly written there. Now, I do not think that any part of *Great Expectations* was written at Tavistock House, which Dickens finally vacated in September, 1860, *vide* the "Letters of Charles Dickens." On August 8th, 1860, Dickens wrote to Lord Carlisle from Gads Hill Place, and said he was prowling about, meditating a new book; and on October 4th he wrote to Forster: "Last week I got to work on a new story—the name is *Great Expectations*." Therefore, it seems to be quite certain that Dickens was residing at Gads Hill during the whole time he was writing the book and that none of it was written at Tavistock House.*

On page 24 of the same number under review, Mr. Ley remarks upon Mr. Louis N. Parker's article in the "Daily Telegraph" of January 14th, 1915, and professes his inability to understand the reference to the sex of "Little Taffline." In *David Copperfield*, Mr. Micawber spoke of "Little Tafflin" (without the final e), which I, in common with Mr. Parker, take to be the masculine form of the name.

W. LAURENCE GADD.

* (Colonel Gadd is quite correct. We were misled on this point by Kitton's "The Dickens Country."—EDITOR.)

FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES



Drawn by/

[Ruth Whittaker

Branch Secretaries are invited to send short interesting accounts of their principal activities. List of meetings are recorded in advance only in the Diary. Latest date for receipt of notes for the next issue is 7th May.

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

For so young a branch the one at Auckland (New Zealand) reports an actively and constantly increasing membership, for which they are to be heartily congratulated. A Dickens Fair had been held, and enough money (£114) was collected to purchase and endow a Charles Dickens Cot for the Children's division of the Auckland Public Hospital.

The study of *Our Mutual Friend* had been much appreciated, and the dramatic evenings have been an enormous success. Lectures on Dickens have been given to various outside organisations by the President (Mrs. Kenneth Gordon) on "The Genius of Dickens" and "Dickens as an Imperialist," and by Mr. W. E. Arey (Secretary) on "Dickens as a Social Reformer." In order to assist in creating an interest in Dickens amongst the rising generation, an entertainment, organised by the Rev. A. B. Chappell (Past-President) was given to 600 boys and girls of the Auckland Technical School, concluding with an interesting address to the pupils on the aims and objects of the Fellowship.

Membership of the Branch is steadily increasing, and the next session is being eagerly looked forward to.

* * * *

"WELL DONE, GLOUCESTER!"

wrote Sir Henry Dickens, in a letter congratulating the Branch "upon the completion of its twenty-fifth year of most valuable work." "Although more than sixty years have gone by since my father's death," continued Sir Henry, "his name stands as high as ever in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen." This was read at the meeting, when the President of the Branch and Mrs. Edwards entertained at the Guildhall a company of 360, including the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. A. Daniels, the City High Sheriff and Mrs. Wallace Harris, and Mr. H. A. Vachell, the President of the Fellowship.

A feature of the evening's programme was the roll-call of original members, to which there was a good response by those who have remained loyal to the Fellowship throughout.

Remarking, in that looking back on their record of a quarter of a century's work in promoting the cause of the Fellowship, the Gloucester Branch could be forgiven their feeling of pride, Mr. Edwards described the success of the branch as unique in the literary history of the city.

DICKENS AND THE POOR.

In the course of a delightful speech, in which he showed how the antagonism which Dickens aroused in his early days had been gloriously overcome, Mr. Vachell joined in the congratulations to the Gloucester Branch, and said he was sure if Dickens were present that evening he would lay stress on the work being done by the Fellowship to alleviate distress among the poor, particularly at the Christmas season. After all, it was not so much what the Fellowship was, but what it did. Let the members of the Fellowship take up the torch which Dickens held up, and let its illuminating rays dispel the darkness in the meanest streets and slums. They could, added Mr. Vachell, best pay the immeasurable debt they owed to Dickens by alleviating wherever and whenever they could the unhappy lot of the very poor.

The next speaker was Mr. E. Kendall Pearson, Hon. Secretary, who told the story of the Gloucester Branch. Mr. Pearson pointed out that the Branch had maintained a good average membership throughout the whole period, in which there had been no cessation of its activities, and claimed that as the senior branch in Gloucestershire it had a record of "something attempted, something done!" of which it had no reason to be ashamed.

Congratulatory speeches were also made by the representatives of the Cheltenham, Tewkesbury, Cinderford and Cirencester Branches. The thanks of the company to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards for their hospitality were expressed by Lady Bruton. A toast to "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" was drunk in hot punch, described as of the "Micawber vintage," and dispensed under the direction of Mr. F. C. Grimes.

* * * * *

THE IMMORTAL SPIRIT.

Dr. Edward F. Stevens, Librarian of the Pratt Institute Free Library, spoke on "The Christmas Spirit which Dickens has made Immortal" at the New York meeting in December. He stated that Dickens had a sympathetic understanding of the every-day people by whom he was surrounded. He dwelt upon the old-time Christmas Day with all its joys and excitements. His talk was a delightful summing up of the pleasures of Christmas and of the jovial and kindly spirit that pervades this holiday that is celebrated all over the world, and the enjoyment of which Dickens has done so much to promote. It was enlivened by many little pleasantries, scintillant with wit and humour, all enhanced by a most pleasing delivery and a most ingratiating personality, and brought to us the very spirit of Christmas. A collection of \$58.20 was taken up for the crippled children. The meeting closed with the singing of Christmas carols, in which the audience joined, after which they repaired to the rear of the gallery and quenched their thirst from the brimming punch-bowl and partook of delicious cookies.

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THE CHILD OF DICKENS'S DAY.

This was the subject of the November meeting of the New York Branch, when Mr. Ernest K. Coulter, General Manager of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, gave a brief history of the inception of the Children's Societies in New York and London, and told of the horrible conditions surrounding children in the past. The children of England and America are under a greater obligation to Dickens for his humanitarian work than to any other writer, he said.

He was followed by Mr. Thomas F. Mulholland, of the Bureau of Immigration, with a fine paper entitled "Paul Dombey: the Hope of the Firm." It was divided into three sections, "The Dawn of Hope," "The Blossoming of Hope," and "The Failure of Hope," a most informing paper and a sympathetic portrayal of Paul Dombey. (The reception to Mr. A. W. Edwards is referred to on page 147.)

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A LIVELY DISCUSSION ON SCHOOLS.

The Wellingborough Branch had an interesting evening on December 5th, when Mr. J. H. Newman gave a paper on "The Schools of Dickens." Mr. Newman contended that Dickens knew nothing about schools, schoolmasters and teaching. He had his limitations, and ignorance of methods of education was one of them. Except for Squeers, that dreadful distortion, none of his schoolmasters were real characters apart from their profession. The children of Dickens's books, except for David Copperfield and perhaps Sissy Jupe, were most unnatural creatures. The excellent education of the National schools and the old British schools was left entirely alone by Dickens in his works, and it was only an isolated instance of which Dickens may have heard that he exemplified. This attitude aroused much controversy, and lively discussion followed. Mr. Broome pointed out that Dickens was remembering his own school-days and recording the schoolboy's impression, and also the results of his keen observation. He was essentially a Reformer, and while his schools and schoolmasters were undoubtedly exaggerated, there was truth behind it all; and it was the truth of those evils which he wished to expose.

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MEN AND BABIES

"Some Men of Dickens" was the title of Miss E. D. Biggs' recent paper at Manchester. Her headings were Hypocrisy, Self-immolation, Courage, Faith, Pride, Patience, Nobility, Greed, Simplicity, Self-indulgence, Pity, Ostentation and Depression; an imposing array. Two or more characters came under review in each section, some not very well known. A discussion followed. Mrs. Walker, on her return from New York, brought greetings from American Dickensians.

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The December meeting was devoted to miscellaneous papers. Miss F. M. Mills read a short paper entitled "What would Dickens do if he were here now," in which she said that he would certainly not turn away from the great questions of the hour. A thorough-going Independent, following no leader but his own honest desire to see a better state of things. Kindness of heart and the desire to help our fellows would be his primary object. The "Babes in the Books" was the subject chosen by Miss M. Corney. Dickens used the babies not so much as real characters themselves, but to help him in his portrayal of other creatures of his imagination, and by means of the babies he leads up to some of his best situations. Reforms have been effected in infant welfare. Gone are the baby farms and the Mrs. Gamps, replaced by hospitals and clinics. Mr. C. L. Browne gave a whimsical paper entitled "A long way after Dickens," in which a ladies' club prophesied the end of the world. Miss H. M. Corney took a journey and introduced the "Animals and Birds" of Dickens, concluding with a ride in John Peerybingle's cart to his home where the cricket sang. The concluding paper, "A Sidelight on Dickens,

Cruikshank and Henry Burnett," by Mr. A. Humphreys, revealed an amount of research as to the authorship of "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman."

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DICKENS AND THE FELLOWSHIP

Mr. P. M. Oliver, at the annual dinner of the Manchester Branch, proposing the toast of "The Dickens Fellowship," said everyone admitted that Dickens was pre-eminent in the characters he created, but a difference of opinion arose when it came to the question of whether those characters were men and women of flesh and blood. Edmund Gosse had described them as "entrancing marionettes," but the truer view was as G. K. Chesterton had said, that Dickens took the common things of life, the men and women of his day, and with the candlelight of his genius threw them forward as long fantastic shadows that would for ever remain.

Mr. F. R. Dean, in reply, said that the Manchester Branch was the second oldest in existence. Had the Fellowship been content to remain a literary society pure and simple, it would long ago have died a natural death. Their own magazine was in its twenty-seventh year of publication, and as a branch they had raised something like £1,500, which had been spent in endowing hospital cots, providing wheel chairs for cripples, Braille books for the blind, and many other forms of charity.

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TO BATH WITH MR. PICKWICK, 1836-1930

The first Manchester meeting in the New Year was a lecture-recital with lantern views by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, who brought greetings from the Nottingham Branch, and we were taken along the route travelled by the Pickwickians. Selected portions of the book were read by Mr. Sands, and gave much pleasure. The lantern views were excellent examples of photographic art, especially those depicting the gardens at Bath, with the flowers in full bloom. As the slides were all coloured, these latter pictures were very delightful. A trip through Cheddar Gorge to Glastonbury and Wells Cathedral, concluding with a ball night in 1930, when the Pickwickians attended in their full regalia, brought the lecture to an end. Mr. F. R. Dean, in proposing a vote of thanks, spoke of the pleasure he had derived by renewing acquaintance with some of the scenes. Mr. J. L. Axon, in seconding, referred to his hotel adventures at Bath, which savoured of Mr. Pickwick.

The Annual Dingley Dell Party attracted a large number of members and friends. For the Birthday Celebrations, *The Battle of Life*, adapted by J. Cooper Sands, was most successfully performed on four evenings. The proceeds were devoted to the Moral Welfare Association (Good Samaritan Fund).

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THE BIRTHPLACE BRANCH

Under the new Secretary, Mr. Chas. Milford, the Portsmouth Branch has entered upon a promising session. The membership is now 1,108. The annual re-union was held at Portsmouth Guildhall in November last, when the Right Worshipful the Lord Mayor (Alderman F. G. Foster, J.P.) received the members and a pleasant evening was spent. They were also a very successful series of whist drives and a lantern lecture by Rev. F. Argall has been given in aid of the benevolent work.

In celebration of the Birthday, a Cripples' Tea was held on February 5th; 500 children were entertained and this was followed by a social

gathering of the members and friends. The annual dinner was held on the 3rd February.

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GOOD CHEER AT CHICAGO

The Chicago Branch were delighted to receive a visit from Mr. A. W. Edwards in November, and arranged a banquet in his honour (see page 148).

The December meeting took the form of a Christmas dinner and a bright red card decorated with holly and red ribbon and carrying a Dickens quotation was found at each guest's place and read aloud during the evening. Carols, old and new, were sung by St. Stephen's Choir, and at the close there was a Dickens Christmas Poem by Ethelyn Bryant Chapman in which many of the well-loved characters passed in review. The Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker gave a dramatic reading of *A Christmas Carol* and won the enthusiastic acclaim of all with his beautiful rendition; tears were in the eyes of most of his audience several times during the evening, the men not excepted.

At the January meeting Mrs. Marion Judson Dye read "An Echo of *A Christmas Carol*," a paper which reflected thoughts after reading this "Greatest Little Book in the World," a paper which compressed into a small space a wealth of material and was greatly enjoyed.

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OUR NEW NEW ZEALAND BRANCH

The Christchurch (N.Z.) Branch made a good start in April with an address on Dickens by the President, Mrs. Wm. Machin. Readings and character sketches from *Great Expectations*, a lecture by Rev. D. Gardner Miller, and a Tiny Tim outing at Christmas have cemented many friendships, and the first year has ended in a most successful and encouraging manner.

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DICKENS'S DESCRIPTIVE ART

Mr. T. H. Lehair discoursed with obvious sincerity, and compelling surety upon this most fascinating subject at Hull Branch in December. Classifying Dickens's descriptive writings into the four moods of Actional, Sombre, Exhilarating, and Philosophical, he read extracts from various books to illustrate his theories. "Comic Relief in Dickens and Shakespeare" was the subject of an address by the Rev. W. Handley Jones in January. The evening was extremely entertaining on account of the extracts from the works of both authors showing the manner in which they excel as wits and humourists. Miss Byers, the delegate of the branch at the Eastbourne Conference, gave her experiences, and the members were highly pleased with the report.

The New Year's Revels this year took the form of a Whist Drive and Dance. The Ladies' Committee carried out the arrangements with admirable efficiency.

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LONELY OLD FOLKS' ANNUAL PARTY AT HULL

The company comprised 110 old people, and following tea they participated in games. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress created a happy surprise by dropping in. The Lord Mayor said it was good to see so many old folks together and congratulated the society on their hard organizing work for the benefit of some of the oldest citizens. The guests averaged about seventy years of age, and at one table alone, where ten people were seated their ages totalled 766 years.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

The Cirencester Branch gave three very successful performances of "The House of Dombey" (dramatised by F. Teignmouth Shore and Walter Dexter) on February 3rd and 4th. In spite of several local attractions on the same dates there were good audiences, particularly at the last performance, which was given to a crowded house. This is Cirencester's second dramatic effort during the branch's short life of three years. The object in view is to raise funds for the Dickens Fellowship Cot in the local hospital. Cirencester acknowledges very gratefully the ready help rendered by the Cheltenham Branch. It was a great disappointment to both branches that, owing to various important engagements, it was not possible for Cheltenham to come over in force to Cirencester as they did last year. President H. O. Barnett's letter and the good wishes of Gloucester also, as well as many individual messages and practical help from members of these branches, showed that "Fellowship" with a Capital "F" is a real thing among Dickensians in Gloucestershire. To close a somewhat full week President J. T. Henderson and the Secretary of Cirencester, visited Cheltenham's Birthday Party on the 6th February and received yet more evidences of interest and good fellowship.

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THE HELPING HAND IN BLACKBURN

In furtherance of the arrangements for inter-branch visits, thirty members from the Blackpool Branch visited the Blackburn Branch in December and three members gave very interesting papers on varied subjects from Dickens. The Blackburn Branch will return the visit on March 17th with a dramatic evening.

The branch has started a Tiny Tim Fund and for a first effort can be considered very successful. Eleven needy families of all ages up to 13, comprising in all fifty-six persons, were provided with a good Christmas dinner. The recipients of the parcels had no previous advice and the members who delivered them had a night of pleasure and sadness. It certainly was a pleasure to us to see the bright smiles that greeted us on our entry into the houses, which smiles expanded into uncontrollable joy as the various articles were placed on the tables; but in almost every case before we left there were tears of joy; to see women and children and even strong men weep and hold out their hands in thankfulness, unable to speak a word, was not without its saddening effect. We came home feeling that if our little branch had done nothing else during the whole session it could be justly proud of the Happy Christmas it had brought to those families.

The Birthday was celebrated with a Hot-Pot Supper and the production of three sketches, "Cameos from *A Tale of Two Cities*," "Mr. Bumble's Courtship," "Mr. Ralph Nickleby provides for his niece." There were about a hundred people present and the whole evening passed off very successfully and happily.

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"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" ANALYSED

Our Mutual Friend has been thoroughly analysed by the Blackpool Branch at their meetings this Session. A resumé of the book was a most difficult proposition for one evening, but Mrs. Greenwood unfolded the plot most cleverly. At the next meeting, papers on "Queer Trades and Traders" were given by Mrs. Greaves and Miss Lily Jones. A very interesting discussion followed, and a number of our older

members recalled their own intimate knowledge of the trade of the "Mindors" in Manchester and Oldham.

In December a splendid Debate was held on "Did Lizzie Hexam encourage Eugene Wrayburn?" Mr. Bromfield ably led the subject with "Yes," and was strongly supported by Mr. Barnfather. Miss Hargreaves followed on with "No," and had an excellent backer in Mr. A. Rushton. The President summed up the position, and voting resulted in an equality.

"The Bad Characters" were dealt with on January 14th by Mrs. Sherratt and Mrs. Hayes, the paper incorporating practically all the bad and doubtful characters. During the discussion, however, several members expressed the view that Eugene Wrayburn—whom our contributors had not mentioned—was also a real bad character. This view, however, was strongly contested, other members pointing out that however indolent Eugene had been, it would be difficult to attach any real wickedness to his character.

"The Homes" was the subject for the next Meeting, and Mr. Shaw gave a very interesting paper on the Veneering and the Wilfer homes. Mrs. Jones followed in a novel and unique manner by making a personal visit to the various homes. She related in her own method her conversation with Mr. Venus, his cups of tea, his gruesome hoards and filth. She passed on to Jenny Wren and her dolls, and Mr. Riah and his garden. At Mr. Boffin's she met our President (Mr. Leach) and he had to have a cup of tea. Mr. Barnfather (our Treasurer) was also there and he was regaled with veal pie. She also visited Lizzie Hexam, Pleasant Riderhood and Mrs. Higden, and each visit was full of interest. The meeting was spell-bound, and a glorious discussion full of witty remarks followed.

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On December 3rd, twenty-nine members of the Blackpool Branch visited the Blackburn Branch, where the President, Dr. Ramsey extended a right royal welcome. Mrs. Jones gave her interesting paper "Some Animals of Dickens," Mr. Rushton a humorous paper on "Winkle," and Miss Garner gave the recital "The Journey of Life." Our New Year Party proved a glorious success. About 170 members and friends were present. A Dramatic Section has lately been formed. This new addition should stimulate the branch, and provide finances to assist in the Aims and Objects of the Fellowship.

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It is with great regret we announce the death of Miss Kate Roper. Miss Roper originated the first Dickens Dinner in Blackpool some six years ago, which resulted in the formation of the Blackpool Branch. A thorough Dickensian with a beautiful character, her death came as a great shock to her host of friends. Particularly pathetic was the fact that the funeral took place in the afternoon, and the same evening the Birthday Dinner Celebration was held at the Queen's Hydro Hotel. She had so looked forward to the occasion, but although not present in person, we felt that her spirit was with us.

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RECITAL OF "GABRIEL GRUB" IN WINNIPEG

In his Christmas recital of "Gabriel Grub," Mr. H. Gerald Wade of Winnipeg said that the story no doubt contains a germ of the idea which was afterwards more elaborately worked out in the Christmas Carol. The visions which reformed Gabriel Grub were some weird thoughts

very similar to those ideas that Charles Dickens used as the means by which the spirit of Christmas past, present and future, made an altered man of old Ebenezer Scrooge. The recital was held under the auspices of the University Women's Club in the beautiful Fort Garry Hotel Concert Room before an audience of over 400.

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GOOD WORK IN BATH

The Annual Christmas teas to Bath children were given as usual under the direction of Miss G. Singer-Bizzor; about 800 children were entertained in four different districts.

In lieu of Father Christmas, two members enacted the role of Mr. Pickwick—Mr. William Blathwayt and Mr. W. J. Hallett. The Mayor of Bath attended the Twerton gathering and addressed the children in a happy speech: the Mayoress came to the first tea at Walcot, thus graciously inaugurating this season's activities. The surplus funds have been devoted to the purchase of a third Cot for the Children's Orthopædic Hospital, to be named "The Little Nell Cot."

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At the New Year's Party and Dance of the Bath Branch, Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell expressed his pleasure at meeting so many, and heartily wished all a Happy New Year, and followed this up with some timely observations that, depressing though some might consider the outlook to be for this year, a cultivation of the Dickens spirit by all members, and indeed by the general community, was never more needed, but if maintained it would be one of the greatest possible assets, and he hoped that the year would be made the more happy for all in consequence.

Mr. F. J. Giddings, the efficient M.C. on all these occasions, then took charge, with a programme full of variety, interspersed with frequent dancing, fittingly of the old-time order, community singing, games and refreshments, which did not leave a dull moment.

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THE COSINESS OF DICKENS

The Rev. J. H. Rolleston, M.A., in addressing the Cirencester Branch recently, said if he were asked to put in one word that which appeals to us so strongly in Dickens, he would say it was his "Cosiness." He said that those who decried Dickens were not genuine book-lovers at all, so their opinions could very well be ignored. After discussing the charges that had been brought against Dickens and very satisfactorily disposing of them, Mr. Rolleston made an interesting examination of *The Pickwick Papers*, and concluded with the following remark, "But no words of yours or mine can adequately express our love for this book. I almost think on my death-bed, I should like to hear the sweet strains of Pickwick; at least there is nothing there that could offend a saint."

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DICKENS

At the November meeting, Mr. J. C. Robinson lectured to the Leyton Branch on the "Psychology of Dickens" explaining that Dickens had the gist of characterisation to a remarkable degree, and plot and counter-plot followed in quick succession. Dickens covered the whole gamut of nature and wrote about almost every type of humanity. Dickens's ideas had been drawn from a period that had passed. The

youth of to-day did not extract the measure of pleasure out of life that Dickens did. At the December meeting, ladies gave ten little character sketches taken from *Dombey and Son*. All the ladies showed good acting abilities which should be further cultivated. At the Party in January there was a good muster and the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress added interest to the proceedings.

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REGIONAL GROUP No. 1

The first meeting of No. 1 Regional Council met at Manchester on December 12th. It was decided that the expenses of the Group be pooled at the end of the financial year. It was also proposed that a Group Conference be held in Manchester on April 30th. A proposal from Liverpool that two branches in each session invite the members of the other branches to one of their meetings was adopted, the respective secretaries to obtain names of speakers who would be willing to speak at other branches. It was suggested that a joint picnic be held in the summer. The next meeting will be held at Blackpool on February 20th, at Booth's Café at 3-45 p.m.

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Mr. Thos. Grieves has been most kind to the Newcastle Branch this session in coaching the members in several sketches, appropriately arranging costumes and scenes. These have been "The Thieves' Kitchen" and "The Condemned Cell" from *Oliver Twist* and "The Lazy Shepherd," which are to be repeated on 4th March for the benefit of members absent on the previous occasion.

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Mr. A. W. Edwards, the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, visited the Liverpool Branch on January 13th and the audience much enjoyed his account of the visit to U.S.A. and Canada. (See page 147.)

The Dramatic Section is now busy giving representations of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Some twenty engagements have been booked in the neighbourhood and so far the reception has been very good. There are numerous people who are grateful to anyone who will produce Dickens stories on the stage. Mr. Barnes and the whole company have worked hard and achieved excellent results.

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The November meeting of the Vancouver Branch was a memorable one, large numbers were unable to gain admission to the gathering, and members were standing round the walls. Mr. James Butterfield of "The Vancouver Daily Province" spoke on "The Psychology of the Dickens Myth." Mr. Owen McGivney, an actor well-known in the United States and Canada, treated the members to a wonderful presentation of "Bardell v. Pickwick." At the December meeting, Mr. J. W. Hope made the immortal "Scrooge" a living thing for an hour and a half. At the January meeting Mr. R. D. Bouchette, of "The Vancouver Sun" spoke on "Dickens as a Yellow Journalist" and the capacity of the hall was again taxed.

The Birthday Dinner was held in the Aztec room of the Georgia Hotel. Miss Peggy Webling was the guest of honour and brought a message from England. Miss Webling's adaptation of "Frankenstein" for the screen has been eminently successful.

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The Whitstable Branch ends its first year with a membership of eighty. In October the President, Mrs. Barraclough, organised an evening

in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. Members contributed music and the Rochester Dickens Players, directed by Miss Conway Gordon, kindly came to give us some excellent sketches.

In November, on two occasions, scenes from *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* were given by members. On December 13th, Mr. Taylor, supported by acting members, gave a reading from *Bleak House* and Mr. Crouch an excellent rendering of Fagin's last night in prison. Readings and other items followed. This concluded the very successful activities of the Branch during its first year. A programme even more varied and interesting is being arranged for 1932.

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At the December meeting of the St. Pancras Branch, Forster's "Life of Dickens" proved an interesting subject for debate. Points were given in its favour, against Boswell's "Life of Johnson." The yearly show of dolls and toys for sick poor children proved that the members are mindful of Dickens's love for the "Tiny Tims." A lecture out of the usual rut was given by Mr. Roffey who fitted in Dickensian associations with eighteenth century London landmarks. Later, with the same speaker, we visited the site of Field Lane, the "Three Cripples" and other landmarks made familiar to us all in *Oliver Twist*. The New Year's Party was again an unqualified success, the majority of the one hundred costumes being Dickensian; many prizes were given. A competition in aid of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, was held during the evening. Mr. S. J. Rust's services as M.C. were much appreciated. The tablet on Wellington House Academy was decorated with laurel by the branch for Dickens's birthday.

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The activities of the Cheltenham Branch have been very well supported this session and two hundred has been the average attendance at the monthly meetings. In November Mr. Frank S. Johnson gave a lecture-recital on the humour and pathos of Dickens. Mr. Johnson infected the audience with his wonderful enthusiasm and buoyancy and his lecture was greatly appreciated.

Mr. J. Cooper Sands visited the branch in December to give his lantern lecture "To Bath with Mr. Pickwick, 1836—1930." His coloured slides, particularly those which showed the most beautiful part of England—the Cotswold country—proved that Mr. Sands is as great a photographer as he is a lecturer.

In January the ladies were responsible for the programme and Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden party was "staged" with great success. More than fifty members came in character. Miss K. McIntosh, a talented and youthful member of the branch, gave a brilliant and provocative paper on "Dickens and Youth" at the February meeting. She considered that Dickens knew little about youth. He portrayed childhood and "adulthood" in a masterly manner but his youths and maidens, with the exception of *David Copperfield*, were unconvincing. She felt that this was due to the fact that Dickens remained a youth in outlook all his days and it is hard for youth to know itself.

For the Birthday celebration over 200 members, including representatives of the Gloucester and Cirencester Branches, sat down to supper under the chairmanship of the President, Mr. H. O. Barnett.

We regret to report the death of Mr. Thomas Lyon, a former president of the branch. He was a great scholar, an ardent Dickens lover, and

a most interesting speaker. His leadership during the dark days of the war period did much to keep the branch flourishing and useful. His memory will be cherished by all who knew him.

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The latest pleasures of the Balham Branch have been a lecture-recital by Mr. Frank Johnson on the humour and pathos of Dickens, and an entertainment arranged by Miss Jolly consisting of sketches depicting the glorious indifference of Mrs. Jellyby to her own affairs, and David Copperfield's difficulties with his landlady. The New Year's party was, as usual, a great success, many of the guests coming in character costume. Members have rambled to the home of Dr. Manette, and the academy of Mr. Turveydrop; have taken tea on board the "Friendship" lying in the Thames, and gained some idea thereby of the cosiness of Peggotty's boat-house.

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The Christmas meeting of the Pittsburgh Branch was a dinner at the Fort Pitt Hotel. The programme was provided by the members, a reading, "Christmas at Dingley Dell," by Mrs. Louis E. Duva, Christmas carols by the musical members, and a sketch, "Fanny Squeers's Tea Party," by the Players. The Birthday Dinner was held on February 1st, and the programme included a reading from *Dombey and Son*, by Mrs. Henry B. Lupton, and two short sketches from *David Copperfield*.

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It was a great disappointment to members of the Hackney and Stoke Newington Branch that owing to illness Colonel Gadd was unable to give his lantern lecture on "Great Expectations Country" in November. His place was taken by Mr. J. H. McNulty, who gave a lecture-recital entitled "Men of the Past visit London of the Present." Unfortunately this could be only partly Dickensian, nevertheless it was much appreciated. A lantern lecture of great interest on "The Romance of the New River" was given in December by Mrs. Baillie Saunders. Sir George Jones, M.P., presided. It was left for Mr. W. J. Roffey to bring in the Dickens touch, which he did very deftly, by pointing out the references to the New River in the novels. A complete return to Dickens was made in January by Mr. W. Saunders, B.Sc., who dealt with the large subject of "Schools and Schoolmasters of Dickens" in admirable fashion. An unusual feature of the evening was that each extract was read from a first edition, and these valuable volumes were afterwards inspected by the audience.

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In addition to the items recorded in the last diary the Plymouth Branch had an interesting paper at the November meeting on the "Schoolboy Lovers of Dickens" and a talk about some Dickensian Humbugs by Rev. Alex Sharpe, M.A. Later, an evening of dramatic sketches was given at the Athenæum, The Tiny Tim's Tea at the Guildhall was as usual very successfully carried out under Mrs. S. S. Hutchings, who was responsible for the whole of the catering. The Junior Dickensians provided an excellent entertainment. An old fashioned party, called Christmas, although delayed until the New Year, was attended by a record number, most of whom were in Dickens character costumes. The Junior Dickensians' evening, with readings and character sketches by Vivian Almy, Miss Gaydon, M. Hoskin, E. Charleston-Coad, B. and A. Harper, was a very bright affair. Miss M. White was the stage manager.

The late Alderman John Easter, of Eastbourne, left £300 to the Eastbourne Branch of the Fellowship. To Mr. F. J. Hansor he bequeathed all his books by, or relating to, Dickens. This branch reports very successful meetings in January and February as per Diary. The Study Circle has continued to meet fortnightly, and *Dombey and Son* has been the subject for the papers and discussions. The Carol Party at Christmas collected over £76 for the Tiny Tim Guild.

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From Chester (Pa.) Branch we have received a photograph of a scene from a play based on *Dombey and Son*, which shews that the members there have a keen perception of character. In the absence of any particulars from the Secretary, we are unable to make any further remarks.

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SALISBURY. Miss Esther Boquest, of 1325 Silver Lake Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, would like to correspond with a reader in Salisbury.



THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS IN LONDON

(Continued from page 140)

The Toast of The Chairman was proposed by Mr. Frank Staff, who spoke of the great popularity of Mr. Vachell with the members, and how he had entered with zest into the spirit and work of the Fellowship. The toast was drunk with musical honours and Mr. Vachell suitably replied.

During the reception and the dinner an excellent programme of music was provided by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Ernest Malshinger. Songs were rendered by Miss Mabel Greatwood (contralto), Miss Kathleen Ingram (soprano), Mr. Ernest Bertram (baritone), and Mr. Arthur Askey (humourist).

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The annual Birthday Recital was this year given by Mr. Cooper Sands, the popular Hon. Secretary of the Nottingham Branch, who chose *Dr. Marigold* for his subject. We congratulate Mr. Sands whole-heartedly on his characterisation of the kind-hearted Cheap-jack ; he held his audience from the very first moment of his appearance, and sustained the character to the very end. Mr. Sands has the great gift of compelling laughter and tears, and when he comes to London again we are sure there will be a much larger audience to welcome him. A silver collection was taken on behalf of the East London Children's Hospital, Dickens's "Small star in the east."

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On February 8th Mr. Will Owen gave a broadcast talk to children on The Dickens House, its associations and the treasures it contains.

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On February 13th the Dickensian Tabard Players under the direction of Mr. Ross Barrington, gave very successful renderings of a new play based on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, using a lorry as a stage, in Lant Street outside the Charles Dickens Schools, and in the yard of the George Inn in the Borough.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

This list contains particulars of all branch meetings, of which notices have been received to the time of going to press.

BALHAM.

- Mar. 11—"An Excursion into Unknown Dickensland." Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty.
- April 8—Essays and Answers.
- May 12—Annual Meeting and Social Evening.

Rambles on March 19th, April 16th, May 21st.

BATH.

- Mar. 7—"Dickens and the Law," by Mr. F. A. Wilshire.
- 14—Whist Drive.
- April 4—"Some Lesser Known Tales of Dickens," by Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell.
- 18—"Five Minutes Readings from Dickens," by Members.
- May 16—"The Afflicted as Treated by Dickens," by Rev. F. W. G. Gilby.

BIRMINGHAM.

- Mar. 9—Dramatic Sketches from *Dombey and Son*.
- April 13—Character Impersonations. "Some Dickens Women," by a member.
- 27—General Meeting.

BLACKBURN.

- Mar. 18—Lecture, "Dickens and North Yorkshire," by Mr. W. W. Gregson.
- April 8—"Songs from Dickens," by Dr. H. Brearley, F.R.C.O.

BLACKPOOL.

- Mar. 3—Visit of the Blackpool Literary and Scientific Society.
- 17—Visit of the Blackburn Branch.
- April 7—Open Night.
- 21—Annual Meeting.
- 29—Evening with the Women's Co-operative Guild.

BROMLEY.

- Mar. 16—Recital by Mr. F. S. Johnson.
- April 13—Examination Paper on *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

BRIDLINGTON.

- Mar. 15—Lantern Lecture, "The Pickwickian Pilgrimages."
- April 19—"Our Year's Work," by the President (Mr. C. Fox Marshall).

BRIGHTON.

- Mar. 12—To be announced.
- April 9—Musical Dramatic Evening.

CHELTENHAM.

- Mar. 4—"Travel in the Days of Dickens," by Mr. A. S. Dye.
- April 1—Annual Meeting.

EASTBOURNE.

- Mar. 1—Recital by Mr. J. H. McNulty.
- 8, 22—Study Circle.

EDINBURGH.

- Mar. 4—Whist Drive.
- 17—"The Child Characters of Dickens." Lecture by Miss Nannie Brown.
- 31—Annual Meeting and Sketches, arranged by Mr. H. W. Brierley.

EDMONTON.

- Mar. 10—Resumé of *Our Mutual Friend*.
- 12-14—*Our Mutual Friend*, by the Dickens Players.
- 24—Social, Guest Evening.
- April 7—Debate.
- 21—Study Group, *David Copperfield*.
- May 5—Social and Dickens Players.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.

- Mar. 7—"Inn Books in the Dickens Tradition." Lecture by Mr. J. P. Rapsey.
- April 13—"Is the Reading of Novels Worth While?" Lecture by Mr. H. V. Carrington.

HULL.

- Mar. 4—"H. G. Wells," by Mr. H. Shoosmith, M.A.
- 18—"Songs of Dickens—illustrated," by Miss Gertrude Watson.
- April 1—"Curious Lover Affairs in Dickens," by Rev. J. G. Paton.
- 15—Annual Meeting.

LEYTON.

- Mar. 30—Visit of the Ilford Branch.
- April 27—Annual Meeting.

LIVERPOOL.

Mar. 9—Evening arranged by Mr. Van Gelder.

23—Evening arranged by Miss Amy Davies. Papers on *Dombey and Son*.

LONDON.

Mar. 14—"The Contemporary Novelists of Dickens." Mr. Ralph Straus in the Chair.

April 2—Informal Dinner.

April 20—Annual Meeting, at Conway Hall, followed by Sketches, arranged by Miss Jolly.

MANCHESTER.

Mar. 4—Papers on *Dombey and Son*.

April 1—Annual Meeting.

MONTREAL.

Mar. 22—Lecture by Professor Stephen Leacock.

April 26—Annual Meeting. Sketches by the Players.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

Mar. 4—"Dickens as a Caterer." Paper by Mr. Grieves.

4—"The Lazy Shepherd." Sketch arranged by Mr. Grieves.

18—"Recalled to Life." Sketch arranged by Mr. Grieves.

April 1—Social. (End of Session).

NOTTINGHAM.

April 14—"The Schoolmasters of Dickens," by Mr. T. Rest, and Annual Meeting.

PITTSBURGH.

Mar. 16—Dramatic Performance of *Dombey and Son*.

April 18—Spring Banquet.

PLYMOUTH.

Mar. 8—"A Dickensian Pot-Pourri," by Mrs. C. C. Ball.

22—"The Gentle Art of Making Love—according to Dickens," by Mr. G. F. H. McGluskey.

REDDITCH.

Mar. 2—Programme arranged by Miss Ada Wells.

April 4—"A Statement on Behalf of my Client, Mr. Dombey," by Mr. M. Richmond.

May 4—Annual Meeting.

ST. PANCRAS.

Mar. 8—"Personal Recollections of Dickens," by Mr. Rowland Hill.

April 12—Annual Meeting. Papers on *Dombey and Son*.

SHEFFIELD.

Mar. 11—Lecture by Rev. W. T. Nicholson.

April 8—General Meeting and Social, arranged by the Ladies.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Mar. 12—Readings and Discussions on *Dombey and Son* (General Revision).

April 14—Annual Meeting.

TORONTO.

Mar. 10—Scenes from *Hard Times*, arranged by Mrs. Whitfield Aston.

April 14—Scenes from *Edwin Drood*, arranged by Mrs. Dora McMillan.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

Mar. 12—"Some Literary Haunts of East Anglia," by Rev. D. J. Sheppard.

19—Social Evening.

WHITSTABLE.

Mar. 11—Lecture by W. T. Roffey.

16—A Dickens Evening at the Congregational Young People's Guild.

April 29—Readings and Discussions.

WINNIPEG.

Mar. 10—"Dickens's Opinion of the Lawyers," by Mr. Jules Prudhomme, K.C.

April 14—Annual Meeting—Ladies' Night.

WOODVILLE.

Mar. 18—Play Reading.

April —Dramatic Performance.

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BOOKS.

Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu and Others. By S. M. Ellis (illustrated). 16s. Constable.

Nicholas Nickleby, with illustrations in colour, by C. E. Brock. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

The Pickwick Papers, in parts. Nos. 3-8. 1s. each. Sotheran.

The Stream of Time (1805-1861). By Mrs. S. C. Peel (illustrated). 18s. John Lane.

The Romance of Soho. By E. Beresford Chancellor (illustrated). 12s. 6d. Country Life. Ltd.

The Spell of Yorkshire. By J. Cuming Walters (illustrated). 8s. 6d. Methuen.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"The Letters of Charles Dickens to his oldest friend" (continued), Illustrated. *The Strand Magazine*, January and February.

"Bardell v. Pickwick," by Judge McCleary. *Manchester Guardian*, 3rd December.

"A Note on Charles Dickens," by Osbert Sitwell. *Week-end Review*, 21st November.

"Our Debt to Dickens," by Desmond McCarthy. *Sunday Times*, 22nd November.

"Dickens's Diggings," by F. W. Thomas. *The Star*, 23rd November.

"When Dickens toured Yorkshire," by Barnard Wood. *Yorkshire Evening News*, 8th December.

"Mark Tapley," by Robert Lynd. *John O'London's Weekly*, 7th November.

"Shades of Pickwick at Ipswich," by E. E. Loose. *Altrincham Advertiser*, 20th November.

"As Dickens Saw Them," by Frank Green. *Wandsworth Borough News*, 6th November, 27th November, 4th December, 1st, 15th January.

"If Dickens wrote his Carol Now," by Sir Philip Gibbs. *Sunday Times*, 20th December

"Yes, there is a return to Dickens," by J. B. Priestley. *The Evening Standard*, 24th December.

"Those Christmas Numbers." *Answers*, 12th December.

"What is Christmas? An Interview with Charles Dickens by W. R. Titterton." *Daily Sketch*, 1st December.

"Christmas with Dickens," by Ernest H. Jeffs. *Christian World*, 3rd December.

"New-Fashioned Christmas," by Aldous Huxley. *Week-End Review*, 5th December.

"Let Radio Revive Dickens's Penny Readings," by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. *Radio Times*, 6th November.

"The Variants of *A Christmas Carol*," by E. A. Osborne. *The Bookman*, December.

"The Christmas of Dickens," by Annie Smithson. *Sunday Independent*, 27th December.

"The Vulgarity of Dingley Dell" by Sir Max Pemberton. *Evening News*, etc. 21st December.

"Dickens and Christmas," by Rev. Thomas Hannan. *The Scotsman*, 24th December.

"Pickwick och Dickenshuset," by Wilhelm Urstrom. *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* (Stockholm), 29th December.

"Dickens en Kerstmis," by Dr. J. B. Van Amerongen. *Algemeen Handelsblad* (Amsterdam), 25th December.

As we go to press we have received copies of Stephen Leacock's "The Dry Pickwick," and Colonel Blackham's "The Story of the Temple, Gray's and Lincoln's Inn." These will be reviewed in our next number.

TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

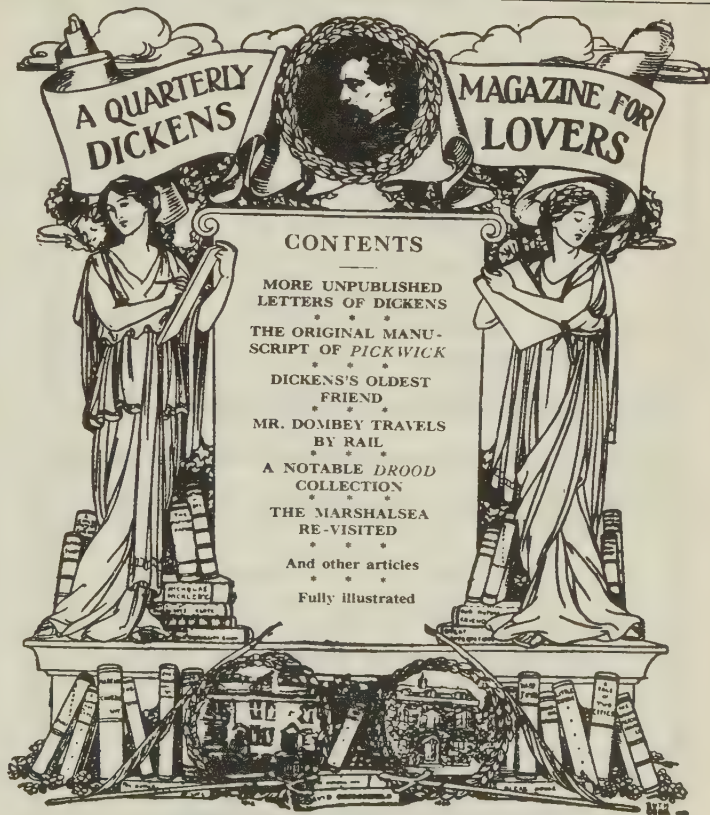
Vol. XXVIII.

SUMMER NUMBER, 1932

No. 223

Published 1st June

THE DICKENSIAN



CONTENTS

MORE UNPUBLISHED
LETTERS OF DICKENS

THE ORIGINAL MANU-
SCRIPT OF *PICKWICK*

DICKENS'S OLDEST
FRIEND

MR. DOMBEY TRAVELS
BY RAIL

A NOTABLE *DROOD*
COLLECTION

THE MARSHALSEA
RE-VISITED

And other articles

Fully illustrated

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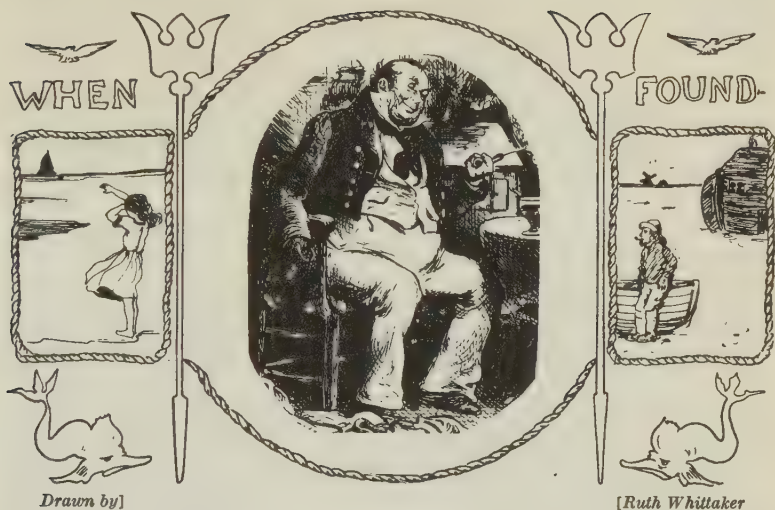
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[Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker]

The New Dickens Letters.

Although I have had no small share in bringing to light the letters of a life-time from Dickens to his oldest friend, Thomas Beard, I have no hesitation in affirming what Mr. Ley so emphatically states in his review of the book which appears in this issue that the publication of "Dickens to his Oldest Friend" is the most important contribution to our knowledge of the author since Forster's "Life of Dickens," sixty years ago.

* * * * *

The credit for this publication is entirely due to the public-spirited and generous action of Count de Suzannet, the owner of the letters. He purchased them privately about a year ago, and at once placed them at my disposal. Owing to a question of copyright it was not possible to publish the complete letters until this spring, and the tastefully produced volume of three hundred pages, published in a limited edition of five hundred copies by Putnam's, has received a warm welcome from the press. An ordinary edition will be published later.

* * * * *

More Unpublished Letters.

At Sotheby's in February a presentation copy of *A Christmas Carol* to Mrs. Touchet fetched £480, and seven letters of Dickens to Harrison Ainsworth sold for £393 (the three most important fetched one hundred guineas each). The purchaser of all these items was Count de Suzannet, through whose kindness we are able to print in this number the whole of this interesting series of letters. Mr. S. M. Ellis, the biographer of Harrison Ainsworth, kindly sends me a most interesting article on Mrs. Touchet, which is printed on page 179.

Dickens's Popularity in America. Mr. A. W. Edwards gives me two instances proving how popular Dickens is in the United States and Canada. The night before sailing for home he was a guest at the Boston Authors' Club, when Mr. Harford Powell, Jr., stated that at Masey's Stores in New York (a cheap stores where one-dollar books are sold for 84 cents) for the last thirty years the best sellers have been invariably, 1, *David Copperfield*; 2, "Emerson's Essays"; and 3, *A Tale of Two Cities*. When in Toronto he took tea with the Chief Librarian, Dr. Locke. He had invited one of his assistants to meet him, a charming young lady whose interest lay chiefly in instilling a love for Dickens in the minds of boys and girls. Dr. Locke called for a return of the number of Dickens books in the Boys and Girls House of the Library, and the number given was 157 volumes and at the moment only thirty volumes were in, a wonderful tribute to the work being done in this direction.

* * * * *

Little Nell's Statue. At the Boston Athenæum, Mr. Edwards tells me he saw a very good statue of "Little Nell," by Ball Hughes. Nell is represented sitting on a tombstone dated 1743 with a book on her lap in an attitude of meditation. He was very interested in this statue and would like to know more about it. Unfortunately, the Librarian could not give him any information.

* * * * *

R. W. Buss. The paragraph in the last number, headed "What's wrong here?" did not call for answers from my readers, but I thank the many who have written me on these strange errors of the press. Especially interesting was the error of the "Manchester Evening News" in which the writer confused the two artists, Seymour and Buss. It was, of course, Seymour who committed suicide. Buss lived long after Dickens, and achieved an immense amount of excellent work as an artist. The Rev. Fleetwood Buss, who has presented his grandfather's unfinished picture, "Dickens's Dream" to the Dickens House, has provided Mr. J. W. T. Ley with many details of the life of R. W. Buss, which I understand are being made into a book. Meanwhile we hope to publish in the next number a special article by Mr. Ley dealing with the artist's association with *The Pickwick Papers*.

* * * * *

More Errors. Mr. E. G. Hazel in a letter to "John O'London's Weekly," points out two curious errors in one chapter of *Pickwick*, which I do not remember to have seen recorded before. Both occur in the chapter devoted to the tale of Gabriel Grub, and both show Dickens putting the cart before the horse. In the first place we are told that "Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern and betook himself towards the old churchyard," clutching the handle of the spade. Arrived at his destination, "he took off his coat, put down his lantern . . ."

Another correspondent to the same journal points out that in *Barnaby Rudge*, Chapter 67, the one-armed Joe Willet carrying a torch, shakes hands with at least two people; also that in Chapter 21 of *Dombey*

and Son when Mrs. Skewton plays cards with Major Bagstock, although the game is piquet, she uses the term "propose," which is not applicable to that game.

* * * * *

Dickens as a Cricketer. A very interesting picture was sold at Sotheby's in February. It represented Dickens bowling the first ball at a charity match at the back of Gads Hill Place, September 16th, [1868?]. It was accompanied by a letter to the auctioneers from Sir Henry F. Dickens, K.C., reading as follows :

The picture is one representing Gads Hill—of that there cannot be the slightest doubt ; and the incident shown in the picture is one



A Cricket Match at Gads Hill

which may most probably have happened. My father lived in Gads Hill from 1856 to 1870 . . . from my own knowledge cricket matches were constantly played on this field. Indeed, towards the end of the time we had a village cricket club of which I was captain. . . . My father used to take the part of "scorer" at the games we played there and was sustained in that arduous job by the cooling drinks provided for those guests who were staying in the house at the time or for the neighbours who came to see the games. Having regard to his interest in cricket itself and his keen interest in promoting the cause of charity, I can, I think, safely say that the incident did happen.

I am indebted to the proprietors of "The Graphic" for the loan of the accompanying block.

Truly as Jules Verne remarked, there is everything in Dickens; even "Says You." For which overhaul your *Great Expectations*, and see what Uncle Pumblechook says in the fifty-eighth chapter thereof.

* * * * *

Disappearing Dickens's London. No. 9 Osnaburgh Terrace is shortly to be demolished. This is the house which Dickens occupied temporarily in the spring of 1844 prior to his departure for Italy, when having let No. 1 Devonshire Terrace for the period of his absence, the new tenant desired to take occupation a few weeks before the date Dickens had fixed for his departure. The buildings surrounding the "George and Vulture" are being pulled down, and one wonders how long this *Pickwick* landmark will survive.

* * * * *

The Exact Time. Mr. John Duxbury, the well-known reciter, tells me of a remarkable incident that happened during his recital of *A Christmas Carol* at St. Albans. When he came to the words: "The clock struck nine. No, Bob! A quarter-past. No, Bob! He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time——"; he happened to glance at the clock, which told the exact time—eighteen minutes and a half past nine o'clock! The audience quickly saw the coincidence, and the reciter and the clock received great applause.

* * * * *

"The Balham Dickensian." From the Balham Branch I have received the tastefully produced first number of "The Balham Dickensian," edited by Miss M. Henderson. It is full of pleasant skits, which shows what a jolly lot of folks they are.

A note accompanying it says there is no guarantee there will be a number two; but I think this has been written with modesty aforethought, as with such clever members as this branch possesses another thirty-four pages of "copy" should not be difficult to procure. I have only one comment to make to the Editor; please do not again devote four of your pages to reprinting the work of Dickens.

* * * * *

The Dry Pickwick. It *must* be said! We cannot compliment Professor Leacock on the first incongruity in the volume entitled "The Dry Pickwick"; all our congratulations go to the astute publishers who have used the magic name of Pickwick in the title. *Pickwick* has been parodied so often; and Leacock brings nothing new to bear in his treatment. There are a dozen other parodies which we infinitely prefer; and half-a-dozen other contributions to this volume which are infinitely more clever. Perhaps the alluring title led us to expect too much; probably the Professor was not responsible for that.

* * * * *

Dickens Originals. Mr. Ley sends me the following interesting note: "Has it ever been noted that at least two Dickensian names appear in the Diary of Samuel Pepys? Cuttle was a

very apt name to choose for an old salt, but it was a real name. Pepys has more than one reference to a Captain John Cuttle, who was in the Navy. The other name is Slingsby. Sir Richard Slingsby appears frequently in the Diary. Surely these cannot be mere coincidences. Dickens knew the Diary well."

* * * * *

The Chemist Juryman. "On the names of the grand jurors being called at the Old Bailey to-day, one of them said he was a dispensing

pharmaceutist and was the only one on his premises who could dispense poisons and drugs. He asked to be excused and said he had the key of the poisons cupboard in his possession. His excuse was accepted."—Daily paper, April 26th. Although this gentleman was more fortunate than his predecessor of something over a hundred years ago, his claim was hardly so strong as that of the juryman in *Bardell v. Pickwick*, who was haunted throughout the day by the dread of his assistant mistaking oxalic acid for Epsom salts, or laudanum for syrup of senna.

* * * * *

"Solomon Bell the Raree Showman." Two letters sold at Sotheby's in April addressed by Dickens from Furnival's Inn in 1836 to Thomas Tegg, the publisher, show that the book subsequently

written by another and called "Sergeant Bell and His Raree Show" was originally to have had another title. Except that Dickens actually accepted the publisher's offer of one hundred pounds for the book these two letters do not add much to the knowledge already derived from the third letter included in the collected *Letters*. That the book published by Tegg in 1839 was not by Dickens is apparent to all who read it; but why Dickens failed to write the book and who was the actual author, are mysteries yet to be solved.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Mr. T. H. Moffett, of the Manchester Branch, on his success in winning the first prize in the "Morning Post" Competition for the best review of a modern novel supposed to be written by a Dickens character. Mr. Moffett chose for his critic, Mr. Alfred Jingle.

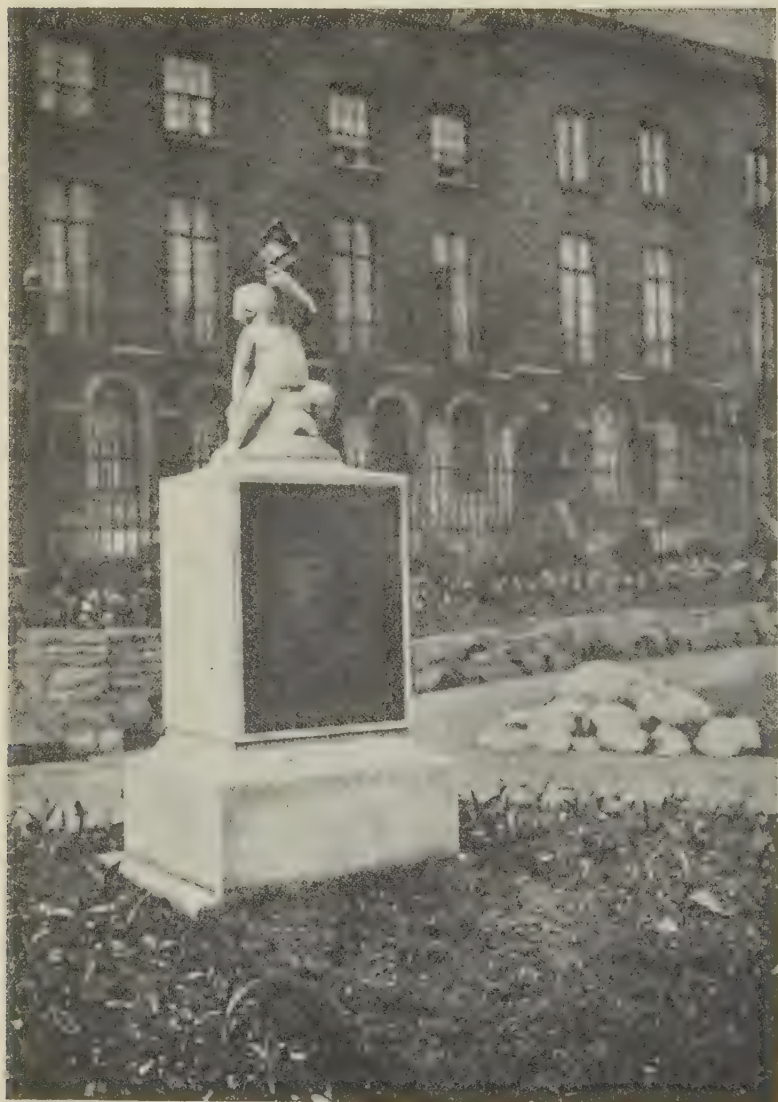
* * * * *

In the Public Library at Gravesend there is an interesting exhibit which attracts a deal of attention. It consists of a collection of twenty dolls dressed with the greatest precision to represent characters from Dickens. They are the work of Miss Lucy Reynolds, and have all been made since she has attained the ripe age of eighty-five.

* * * * *

The twenty-sixth Conference of The Dickens Fellowship has far surpassed all others. Dickens's own city rose nobly to the occasion, and Sir Henry F. Dickens occupied his rightful place as chairman of the most brilliant and best attended Conference Dinner we have ever had. A full account of the proceedings will appear in the next number.

WALTER DEXTER.



In "David Copperfield's Garden "

A Photograph specially taken for *The Dickensian* by
Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

For an account of the unveiling of this memorial see page 136

DICKENS'S EARLIEST LITERARY FRIENDSHIP

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO HARRISON AINSWORTH

DICKENS'S earliest literary friendship was with Harrison Ainsworth, seven years his senior, and already the author of several popular works. It commenced prior to 1835 when Dickens was unknown to the general public, for *Pickwick* was as yet unthought of, and even the *Sketches* which he was contributing to "The Monthly Magazine," "The Morning Chronicle," "The Evening Chronicle" and "Bell's Life in London," under the pen name of "Boz" had not been published. Indeed it was the friendship of Ainsworth that found Dickens his first publisher in John Macrone, his first illustrator in George Cruikshank and introduced him to his great friend and biographer, John Forster.

Yet Forster makes only casual reference to Dickens's friendship with Ainsworth, and then not until 1838 is reached when he refers to Ainsworth as "A friend now specially welcome" who "shared with us incessantly for the three following years in the companionship which began at his house, with whom we visited, during two of these years, friends of art and letters in his native Manchester." In the collected *Letters of Charles Dickens* there are only two from Ainsworth, dated 1841 and 1843. But there was a correspondence in much earlier times, as an important collection of letters sold at Sotheby's in February last show; and by the kindness of Count de Suzannet, the purchaser, we are enabled to print them in full for the first time. The dates appended to the letters in brackets are taken from the envelopes, which in most cases have been preserved.

The first two letters refer to the sudden death of Mary Hogarth, which had such a profound impression on his life.

48 Doughty St.
Monday Morning
[8 May 1837]

My Dear Ainsworth,

It is my melancholy task to inform you that Mrs. Dickens' sister whom you saw here, and at the dinner on Wednesday, died in my arms yesterday afternoon. She had accompanied us to the Theatre the night before apparently in the best health; was taken ill in the night, and lies here a corpse. She has been our constant companion since our marriage; the grace and life of our home. Judge how deeply we feel this fearfully sudden deprivation.

My Dear Ainsworth

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

Mary Hogarth was buried in the cemetery at Kensal Green, in the

vicinity of which Harrison Ainsworth lived. This accounts for the friendly service referred to in the next letter. The epitaph on the gravestone was composed by Dickens. It reads, "Young, beautiful and good, God numbered her among His angels at the early age of seventeen."

Doughty Street

Friday Morning [1837]

My Dear Ainsworth,

Kindly remember that you promised to speak to the gardener at the Cemetery for me. And if for some fee, he will plant a rose tree or a few little flowers on that early grave, oblige me by giving it to him until I see you.

Best remembrances at home and Believe me Ever

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

The next letter concerns the commencement of Macready's management of Covent Garden Theatre on 30th September, 1837.

48 Doughty Street

Thursday Morning

[28 Sept. 1837]

My Dear Ainsworth,

Proctor, Forster and I, having procured a Private Box, are going to Covent Garden together on Saturday Evening to give Macready a welcome. We shall all three be delighted if you will join us. Write me word that you will dine here at 4 precisely. I have not seen you for ages.

With best compts. to the Ladies

Believe me Ever

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

A month later we have the following long and interesting letter.

Doughty Street

Monday October 30th [1837]

My Dear Ainsworth,

I am going to Brighton tomorrow for a week, but I shall make a point of returning on the 8th, for I derive so much pleasure from my visits to Kensal Lodge that I would come from the Land's End to pay one. By the bye, you *must* dine with me on the 14th at Degex's, No 1 Leicester Place, Leicester Square, at a kind of semi-business Pickwickian celebration. I shall take no denial, and I am sure you will give none.

Hayward of Faust notoriety is the author of the Quarterly notice. I declined the honor of his intimate acquaintance when he came to inform me about four months ago with a patronising air, that Lockhart had requested him to write it; and I think he has not quite forgotten or forgiven the circumstance. I have cared very little about the matter from the first, and care less now, since it has been the means of calling forth the kind and friendly remarks in your note contained.

Our worthy friend the Mogul has been very unwell for some days, and has worn a dark and gloomy appearance in consequence. I found him yesterday, in company with a phial and a basin of mutton broth, but he is recovering. He has been in a very blaspheming and foaming condition in consequence of Westmacott's attacks upon him, but he is now greatly softened down,—quite reasonable in fact.

I should have written to you to-day to thank you for your flattering and kind-hearted mention of myself in the new Preface to *Rookwood*; if the weather had been finer I intended riding out to tell you how warmly I felt it, and how much sincere delight your friendship affords me.

We will appoint a time for making some necessary arrangements in poor Mrs. Macrone's behalf, when I dine with you; till then and ever after, believe me, my Dear Ainsworth,

Most Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens.

My best remembrances to the Ladies. I hope Miss Harrison is married. If I were a single man I should hate her husband mortally.

The dinner to celebrate the completion of *The Pickwick Papers* was actually given on Saturday, November 18th, and not on the 14th as here stated. The best account of this important event is that given by Ainsworth in a letter to Crossley, refer to S. M. Ellis's "Ainsworth," Vol. I., pp. 330-1.

The second paragraph definitely settles the authorship, hitherto attributed to J. G. Lockhart, of the attack on Dickens in the "Quarterly Review" where it was stated that "Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast . . . he has risen like the rocket and will come down like the stick."

Abraham Hayward (1801-1884) was a well-known barrister and writer of his time. His translation of "Faust," with critical introduction, was published in 1833. Forster was the "worthy friend" referred to here as "the Mogul."

Dickens's first publisher, John Macrone, died on September 9th, 1837, so it will here be seen that Dickens lost no time in commencing to make arrangements to assist the widow. After many delays, not of Dickens's making, *The Pic-Nic Papers* was published for her benefit in 1841.

Miss Mary Anne Harrison, then nineteen years of age, was a niece of Mrs. Touchet.* She married the Rev. W. Greswell, and it was her grandson who owned these letters prior to their recent sale.

Doughty Street

Monday Evening

[11 December 1837]

My dear Ainsworth,

We take horse next Sunday at 10, and I have arranged,—I dare say much to the disappointment of the opposite neighbours—,

* See Mr. S. M. Ellis's article on page 179.

for the Serjeant to be put on his horse at his own residence, and for us to mount at the place where the animals live.

The accompanying copy of *Pickwick* is one of three bound according to the taste of Chapman and Hall; I beg your acceptance of it, not for the sake of the binding or the gilt edges or the contents, but of the author, who I trust may long continue to occupy a place among your chosen friends, and to rank your name among the names of those for whom he entertains sentiments of no common regard and esteem.

With best compliments to the ladies, and many wishes that they may not think *Pickwick* in his new suit too gaudy or presuming, I rest, my dear Ainsworth,

Faithfully and sincerely yours

Charles Dickens.

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

The Serjeant who would disappoint the opposite side of the way with his prowess at horsemanship, was Talfourd, to whom *The Pickwick Papers* was dedicated. The other two "extra-super bound copies" of *Pickwick* were presented by Dickens, one to his wife, the other to Forster. The first part of the next letter refers to a visit from Edward Chapman, William Hall, Cruikshank, and their respective wives.

Doughty Street

Thursday Morning

(25 Jan. 1838)

My Dear Ainsworth.

Little Hall and his little wife and his big partner are going to dine here on Saturday next at half past five. I think it very unlikely that we shall have any opportunity of broaching "London" but perhaps it would do it no harm if we met together. Will you, then, dine with us? The illustrious George and *his* stout lady are coming, so that the anti-Bores will be triumphant and keep the Bores in due subjection.

I should have written to you before, but my month's work has been dreadful,—Grimaldi, the anonymous book for Chapman and Hall, Oliver and the Miscellany. They are all done, thank God, and I start on my pilgrimage to the cheap schools of Yorkshire (a mighty secret of course) next Monday Morning.

Your agreement is in Wellerian phraseology—gammon. They can assign it to nobody, and the fifty pounds affects it in no way and makes no earthly difference. So set your mind at rest and be merry with Scroope Darrell.

The Mogul is in the last agonies of procrastinated composition,—hunted down by that prince of humbugs Lardner, baited by Longmans, and bullied by the Printers. He relates dreadful and mysterious anecdotes of not having been in bed for a fortnight, and is reduced to such a fearful ebb of nervous exasperation that Mrs. Cooper has temporarily fled No. 58 and resigned her duties to a deputy who is under a course of violence. Seriously, the book is to be out on Wednesday, and to-day only three sheets are worked off. There are 70 pages still to do, which *must* be furnished to-night, and you may guess Forster's situation. I have descried an amanuensis in the Eastern apartment marvellously busy in making Extracts

of which I suspect there will be no lack. Isn't it a pity that so clever a fellow should not give himself a little fairer play ; knowing as he must that there are 20 people eagerly watching for an opportunity to attack him ?

A word in your ear. Macready *objected* to Talfourd's play—declined it, in fact ; whereupon Talfourd grew fierce and Macready more manageable and less manageriable, so it is to be done next after a new 5 Act play now in the Bills.

Always My Dear Ainsworth

Most Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

The "London" matter that might possibly be broached to the publishers at that meeting was "The Lions of London," which Dickens and Ainsworth were preparing to write together. Ainsworth had already had the subject in view, for his agreement to publish the work was made with Macrone in November, 1836, and cancelled with Macrone's executors six months after this letter was written. The agreement here referred to in Wellerian phraseology was doubtless this one, and probably Macrone's executors were wishing to assign it to another publisher. The work was never published, and it is doubtful if Dickens ever made any contribution to it. We can see from this letter how busy he was at this time, The "anonymous book" was *Sketches of Young Gentlemen*, and the pilgrimage to Yorkshire, in company with "Phiz," heralded the commencement of *Nicholas Nickleby*. In referring to Scroope Darrell Dickens undoubtedly meant Thames Darrell, the title originally chosen by Ainsworth for "Jack Sheppard."

Here again we find a reference to Forster as "The Mogul"; his "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth" was contributed during 1836/1839 to "The Cabinet Cyclopædia," edited by Dionysius Lardner and published by Longmans.

Talfourd's play referred to in the last paragraph was no doubt "The Athenian Captive."

The next letter is the only remaining one from Doughty Street, the projected visit to Newgate being undoubtedly in connection with *Barnaby Rudge*.

48 Doughty Street

Wednesday Morning.

My Dear Ainsworth,

I do not exactly remember whether I reminded Forster to tell you that I shall expect you to dine with me on Tuesday, after we have been to Newgate. This is to give notice that I shall expect you.

Believe me

My Dear Ainsworth

Ever Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

William Harrison Ainsworth Esqre.

A space of three years bridges the next letter.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty-fifth January 1841.

My Dear Ainsworth,

I shall be truly happy to dine with you on the Fourth, and remember the day well. Forster and I dining together on the last Fourth of February, drank your health most heartily, and wished that would come about which has since been accomplished.

I have not had an opportunity of telling you how generous and manly I felt your conduct to be on that first occasion of your dining here. It gave me throughout the most unfeigned and cordial pleasure, and if I stop here and say no more, it is only because I cannot express to you my approval and admiration.

My wife has been (and is) exceedingly unwell, and I have not been to bed for eight and forty hours. I hoped the event we are expecting would have taken place before now, but patience,—in this matter and in all others—, is the sovereign virtue.

With best regards to the Ladies

Believe me My Dear Ainsworth

Heartily yours

Charles Dickens.

The incident which occasioned Dickens's admiration of Ainsworth's conduct is explained in a letter from Laman Blanchard, which was preserved with these Dickens letters. It appears that at this dinner-party, Lady Bulwer was being lauded at the expense of her husband, and Charles Kean at the expense of Macready. Ainsworth called Macready a humbug. Blanchard resented this in no measured terms and there was quite a little affray. Ainsworth conducted himself with the utmost restraint; the following morning Blanchard wrote to apologise and explain.

Devonshire Terrace
Seventh July 1842.

My Dear Ainsworth.

I turned back t'other day, directly Maclise called out to me that you had passed, and turned back up Portland Place yesterday after an imaginary William Harrison, but it was no go on either occasion.

Will you dine with me at 6, next Saturday week? I give you so long a notice, not because of any great party or mighty preparations, but in the hope of finding you disengaged.

My love to Mrs. Touchet and Miss Buckley, and to the Misses Ainsworth, with whom I am afraid (for I know what women they are by this time) of being too tender, lest they should erect their heads and wither me with a look.

Always My Dear Ainsworth

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire.

Mr. S. M. Ellis, the biographer of Ainsworth, to whom I am indebted for many of the notes accompanying these letters, has written specially for *The Dickensian* an article concerning Mrs. Touchet and her sister

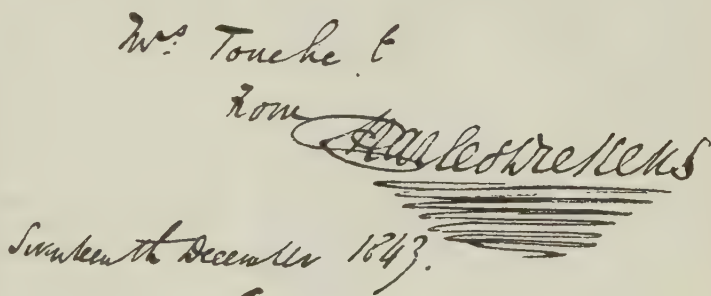
Miss Buckley, referred to in the above letter. The copy of *A Christmas Carol* presented to Mrs. Touchet by Dickens, was also purchased at Sotheby's by Count de Suzannet, and the inscribed title page is reproduced below.

W. D.

MRS. TOUCHET

BY S. M. ELLIS

IN February last there was sold at Sotheby's for the sum of £480 a presentation copy of *A Christmas Carol*, inscribed "Mrs. Touchet from Charles Dickens, Seventeenth December, 1843." Who was Mrs. Touchet? The name is not familiar to many Dickensians,



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN PROSE.

A Ghost Story of Christmas.

though one or two observant ones may have noted its very occasional occurrence in the correspondence of Dickens's earliest literary friends, Harrison Ainsworth and John Forster. Mrs. Touchet was the widow of a cousin of Ainsworth's. She was not related to him in blood, but she played a considerable part in the most eventful years of Ainsworth's life, and wielded considerable influence in all his domestic affairs. It was through this association that she became acquainted with the ever-increasing circle of his friends, and during the decade of 1834-1844 the most intimate of those friends, in London, was Charles Dickens.

Mrs. Touchet was a native of Lancashire and born on December 19th, 1792, being Eliza, second daughter of Robert Buckley (1759-1798), a merchant of Manchester, by his marriage with Betty Ryle. Her younger sister, Anne Buckley, born on June 1st, 1794, also comes into the record of the Ainsworth-Dickens circle. There was an elder sister, Mary Anne, and three brothers. The Buckleys were originally settled in Cheshire, and gave their name to the manor of Cheadle-Buckley. This property, sold in 1773, now forms part of the site of Stockport,



Mrs. Touchet
(Eliza Buckley)

From the Miniature in the possession of Mr. E. A. Greswell

and had the land been retained, it would thus have brought great wealth to the family. Robert Buckley died early, at the age of thirty-nine, in 1798. His widow and children lived in Mosley Street, Manchester, and it was here that the three beautiful daughters grew to womanhood, the belles of rising Cottonopolis. The eldest, Mary Anne, married Henry Harrison, son of James Harrison, who had purchased Cheadle-Buckley manor; she died in 1818, at the age of twenty-eight, following the birth of her child, Mary Anne Harrison, who, as will be seen presently, was admired as a young woman by Dickens.

The youngest sister,

Anne, pretty and gentle, never married. She had an ardent admirer in Mark Phillips, a wealthy landowner of Snitterfield, in Warwickshire, who renewed his suit annually, but in vain, for she had formed a romantic attachment to a Captain Urquhart, which, however, also proved in vain. The second daughter, Eliza, handsome and strong-minded, was a complete contrast in temperament. While still quite young she married James Touchet (1784-1831), younger son of James Touchet, of Broome House, Eccles, and 29 King Street, Manchester, a member of one of the most ancient families in England, being in direct descent from Orme Tucket, described as Harper to William the Conqueror. Another branch of this family received the titles of Baron Audley and Earl of Castlehaven, and played both distinguished and notorious parts in history.

The younger James Touchet's paternal grandmother was a Bayley, of Hope Hall, Eccles (where Lord Clive, the Conqueror of India, spent much of his boyhood, for his mother and Mrs. Daniel Bayley were sisters). Sarah Bayley (Mrs. John Touchet) was also the grandmother of that Ann Harrison who married Thomas Ainsworth and thus became the mother of William Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist. Consequently, Ainsworth's mother was the first cousin of the James Touchet who married Eliza Buckley. The last named was left a widow at the age of thirty-eight, for her husband died in 1831. For the second time she missed participation in a great financial fortune; if her husband had lived six years longer and so survived his brother, John Touchet, of Broome House, he would have succeeded to a large family property. As it was, the estate passed to his nieces, Mrs. Ffarington, of Worden Hall, Lancashire, and Mrs. Ridley, of Hollington House, Woodhay, Berkshire, who each inherited £100,000. Their father, John Touchet, had been offered the revival in his favour of the title of Earl of Castlehaven, but he declined the honour, as he had no male heir to succeed him. Mrs. Ffarington made an allowance of £200 a year to her uncle's widow, Mrs. James Touchet, who was now living at Chesterfield.

At this Derbyshire town arrived in August, 1831, William Harrison Ainsworth, who broke his journey by coach from London to Manchester in order to stay a few days with Mrs. Touchet, the handsome relict of his cousin, who had died quite recently. Probably the visit originated in legal business, settlements and so on, for Ainsworth was still a solicitor at this date. He was twenty-six years old, already married and with three little daughters. Further, he was "a forward, talking young man," as Crabb Robinson described him a few years earlier when he met him at Charles Lamb's house at Islington. He was possessed of great personal beauty, and had complimentary manners. No doubt



Miss Anne Buckley

From the Miniature by George Freeman in the possession of Mr. E. A. Greswell

the brilliant widow appreciated these points the more for all her thirty-eight years. Ainsworth was due in Manchester, but as he wrote to his great friend there, James Crossley, the head of the Ainsworth firm :—

“ You must excuse me a day or two longer. I meant to have been with you on Tuesday, but I fear it will be the latter end of the week. I will not fix a day, therefore don't expect me till you receive a positive letter to say so. You are a man of feeling—a man of philanthropy, and will overlook my errors I am sure. Chesterfield has charms for me ; *that* you know, and therefore I throw myself on your mercy.”

He reached Manchester eventually, and his business completed, Ainsworth returned to Chesterfield for several weeks. Here also he found inspiration for commencing the romantic tale he had long had in mind. The first chapters of “ Rookwood ” were written at Chesterfield during the autumn of 1831, the book that was destined to bring him fame and fortune. But many delays attended its completion and it was not until 1834 that the romance was published, for the author had become involved in a mass of business worries relating to the affairs of his father-in-law, John Ebers, formerly lessee of the Opera House in Pall Mall and a publisher. Also Ainsworth's matrimonial affairs had become troubled. He separated from his young wife, who, in failing health, went to live with her father. She died in 1838, at the age of thirty-three. She had been exceedingly beautiful, but intellectually very inferior to her husband : in the abilities, sympathy, and brilliant, sarcastic conversation of Mrs. Touchet he had found a friend who was his equal, one who kept his own brains alert and agile.

In 1834, Mrs. Touchet and her sister Anne took up their residence at Kensal Lodge, in the Harrow Road, then a charming rural district a few miles out of London, near the scattered village of Willesden. Ainsworth came to live in this house early in 1835. The mother of the ladies, Mrs. Buckley, also made her headquarters here, though she was often staying at Woburn Farm, Addlestone, where she was able to enjoy the society of her friend, Mrs. Charles James Fox, widow of the celebrated statesman, who lived near by at St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey. The two old ladies used to engage together in the making of patchwork quilts.

Following the tremendous success of “ Rookwood ” Ainsworth was now in the full flight of his brilliant literary career, and at Kensal Lodge during the next six years he wrote five of his most celebrated romances. He was one of the most prominent figures in the world of books, and he now commenced his famous hospitality which caused the Harrow Road to be the most pleasant literary rendezvous of London during the ensuing eighteen years.* At Kensal Lodge his dinner-parties were presided over by the two beautiful sisters, Mrs. Touchet and Miss Buckley, who consequently became acquainted with all the most celebrated writers and artists of the time. Ainsworth had come

* I have described this in detail in *William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends*.

across Charles Dickens when the latter was a young and unknown journalist and had at once perceived his promise. He invited him out to Kensal Lodge, and it was in this little white house, and probably in the presence of Mrs. Touchet, that Dickens was introduced to three men who were to play important parts in his life's history. They were John Macrone, his first publisher; George Cruikshank, his first illustrator; and John Forster, his best friend and subsequent biographer. 1835 was an eventful year for Dickens, and he did not forget in the years of fame how much happiness and good cheer had come to him in Ainsworth's home. Although Kensal Lodge was entirely in the country, it was near enough to London to participate in the dense fogs which then frequently decked the metropolis. The happy Londoners of that time had the green fields almost at their back doors, for the west side of the town ceased abruptly near where now stands the Marble Arch with the houses of Connaught Place and a few up the Edgware Road. There were tea-gardens and nursery-gardens in the direction of Bayswater, and on the Harrow Road it was open country after Westbourne Green, though since 1832 a large tract of land had been acquired for the new cemetery of Kensal Green, intended to be quite outside London. But the fogs penetrated to these sylvan regions, and in a letter of November 9th, 1837, Miss Buckley gives an account of the adventures of the guests, including Dickens, who were coming out to dine at Kensal Lodge :—

“ On Wednesday, 8th, we had a delightful dinner-party, given expressly for Miss Anderson, consisting of Mr. and Miss Mitchell, Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Chichester, Mr. Forster, little W. Ainsworth and ourselves—Arthur Buckley to come in (later ?). As the gentlemen appeared one after another, each exclaimed, ‘ You must not expect anyone else, for I have come at the peril of my life, and with two men with torches walking by the side of the horses.’ However, we did assemble except the two unfortunate ladies, and soon after seven, the fog being still intense, we sat down to dinner and had a most agreeable day, the party not breaking up till past twelve. The next day came a note from Miss Anderson to say that she and her friend started in spite of the fog, but after proceeding a few hundred yards, the driver descended from his box and positively refused to drive them a yard further. I was so exceedingly sorry, for Serjeant Talfourd and Mr. Dickens were delightful, and poor Miss Anderson was so extremely anxious to meet such Lions.”

Miss Buckley was writing to her niece, Mary Anne Harrison, then aged nineteen, and she goes on to say :

“ As to Mr. Dickens, there can be no doubt that you would have had the option of being Mrs. Dickens, had that title not been already disposed of. I have copied a note of his to W. H. A. that you may see what he says : ‘ I hope Miss Harrison is married. If I were a single man, I should hate her husband mortally.’ ”

Miss Harrison married soon after the Reverend William Greswell, later Rector of Kilve, Somerset, and it was one of their grandsons,

Mr. E. A. Greswell, who owned the copy of *A Christmas Carol* presented to Mrs. Touchet and the letters from Dickens to Ainsworth (printed in this number of *The Dickensian*) which were sold at Sotheby's last February.

John Forster seems to have been in a very bad state of health in the winter of 1837, for not only did he tell Ainsworth on November 6th that he had not passed two hours without great pain, but Miss Buckley says in the same letter I have already quoted from :

"Eliza and I think that poor Mr. Forster is dying, that he cannot live over the spring, and we feel very sorry for him, but as in the case of poor Mr. Macrone, the gentlemen only laugh at him. Serjeant Talfourd is very agreeable, indeed."

Forster, of course, was destined to live for nearly another forty years and to survive the two ladies and Dickens and Talfourd. Talfourd seems to have been the most liked of the Kensal Lodge circle by the sisters, though he, too, was not immune from the lash of Mrs. Touchet's satirical tongue. In her youth she had been a famous horsewoman and accustomed to the hard riding of Cheshire hunting men. Consequently she was very critical of the equestrian performances of Ainsworth, Dickens, Forster, Talfourd and the rest, whom she dubbed "Cockney riders," as they mounted under her window at Kensal Lodge for the rides they took through the green expanses of Middlesex and Surrey. Although I would not go so far as to say that their equine adventures were such as befell Mr. Winkle on the tall horse from Rochester, it is very evident that the literary gentlemen were uneasy horsemen in the early days at Kensal, and were particularly self-conscious when mounting under the eagle eye of Mrs. Touchet, an infection which seems to have spread, for in a letter of December 11th, 1837, to Ainsworth, Dickens says, "We take horse next Sunday at 10, and I have arranged, I dare say much to the disappointment of the opposite neighbours, for the Serjeant (Talfourd) to be put on his horse at his own residence, and for us to mount at the place where the animals live." It was Doughty Street's loss.

It was quite remarkable how Mrs. Touchet's word was law among the men of her circle. Dickens had planned a visit to Newgate Prison this same year, 1837, with Ainsworth and Forster, but on the appointed day Dickens had to notify Forster: "I received a letter from Mr. Harrison last night, excusing himself from our projected visit to Newgate and from dining with us here afterwards, at 5, on the plea of business. Query: Mrs. Touchet's wrath?" Whether "Mr. Harrison" was humorously intended for Harrison Ainsworth or refers to Henry Harrison, brother-in-law of Mrs. Touchet, is in doubt: but it is quite certain that a man at Kensal Lodge was not permitted to go to the unsavoury precincts of the prison. But this was but a passing incident: Mrs. Touchet was an admirable hostess, and hospitality and conversation at Ainsworth's table ever delightful. As Dickens wrote, still in 1837, "I am going to Brighton to-morrow for a week, but I shall make a point of returning on the 8th, for I derive so much pleasure

from my visits to Kensal Lodge that I would come from the Land's End to pay one."

In 1841, as Ainsworth's daughters were growing up, he found it necessary to have a bigger house, so he took and enlarged the adjoining property known as Kensal Manor House. Mrs. Touchet and her sister remained at Kensal Lodge, but the former always came in to preside when there were parties next door, events which were of constant occurrence. With much larger rooms available, ladies were now frequently guests. Dickens would drive out with his wife and Miss Georgina Hogarth; and games, music, and dancing, in which the young Ainsworth girls joined, followed after dinner. Several of Dickens's letters refer to these happy evenings, and on one Twelfth Night Festivity at Kensal Manor House he performed as an amateur conjurer with a flood of patter in the vein of Mrs. Gamp and Weller.

The years flew by, so full of energy, famous work, and play, and congenial friendship. Then, in 1853, Ainsworth went to live at Brighton, and all the bustle and excitement of life at Kensal vanished like a dream. Mrs. Touchet and Miss Buckley were left alone at Kensal Lodge, for their mother died this same year. No longer was the little hall filled with the splendid cloaks, the paletots, and the great beaver hats of the literary lions; no more were the candles lit for the dinners which the lions had enjoyed with such zest—and sparkling wit as the wine circulated. No longer were heard Dickens's theatrical but cheery voice, Ainsworth's loud laughter, and Forster's impatient tread. Their horses no more pawed and whinnied on the grass plot outside, the carriages no longer rumbled out of the stable yard—their lamps had grown dim and vanished for ever down the Harrow Road, where on fine summer nights the departing guests had been serenaded by nightingales.

The literary whirlwind had passed away, leaving the two ladies quiet and solitary in their green oasis, and they settled down, bravely facing advancing age and fading beauty, to their so changed existence. They kept in touch with some of their women guests of the old days, Mrs. Hughes, Miss Louisa Costello, and Mrs. Dickens. Mrs. Dickens used to send them tickets for the amateur performances organised by her husband, and after her separation from Dickens she writes from 70 Gloucester Crescent, in 1858, to say "when fine weather comes I shall most gladly go to see you and your sister. I am so sorry to hear that she has been ill," and concluding, "Believe me always, dear Mrs. Touchet, Affectionately yours, Catherine Dickens."

Miss Buckley's health was failing and her last illness was prolonged, but she managed to walk in the little garden of Kensal Lodge until a few days before her death, which occurred, when she was seventy-four years of age, on March 9th, 1868. Mrs. Touchet was now quite alone. *Sunt lacrimae rerum*. But Ainsworth did not forget her and the old days, so brilliant and happy. He wrote to her on December 23rd of this same year:

"I should have liked to have offered you these good wishes in person on Christmas Day, but be sure that I shall think of you then,

and I shall picture you as cheerful and happy as the state of your health will allow you to be. We have spent many, many happy Christmas Days together, and I cannot help dwelling on the days gone by. . . . God bless you, my dear Eliza, and grant that you may have many happy years. . . . ”

But that was not to be. Mrs. Touchet died six weeks later, at the age of seventy-six, on February 4th, 1869, which was the anniversary of Ainsworth's birthday. He survived her for thirteen years and died at the same age. Mrs. Touchet, Miss Buckley, and their mother, as well as Ainsworth and his mother and brother, are all buried in Kensal Green Cemetery; and near them lie many who had been their guests at Kensal Lodge—John Forster, Thackeray, R. H. Barham, John Leech, Tom Hood, Maclise, Macready, Samuel Lover: only Dickens rests in the Abbey.



A LOVING CUP FOR MR. WILLIAM MILES

MR. WILLIAM MILES, F.R.S.L., was entertained by the Council of the Dickens Fellowship to a dinner in April last to celebrate his jubilee as a reciter and his many services to the cause of Dickens. He was accompanied by his two daughters. In presenting him with a loving cup, as representing the true affection with which his friends regarded him, the Chairman of the Council, Mr. Percy Carden, referred to Mr. Miles's long and honourable career, and his readiness at all times to place his great talents at the disposal of the Fellowship. The Chairman was supported in his remarks by Mr. Walter Dexter and Mr. Edwin Burden, two of his oldest friends in the Fellowship, the latter making special reference to Mr. Miles's war work in raising funds for Dickens's books for the blind. Mr. Miles, in replying, touched all his audience by saying how much he valued the splendid memento, especially as it was the first time he had ever been entertained at a function of that sort. Mr. Miles and his daughter, Cordelia, gave two delightful recitations, and further items in the musical programme were provided by several members. A memorable and thoroughly enjoyable evening. Mr. Miles looked as young as ever: may he have many years of useful life before him.

THE SPORTING SONGS OF DICKENS

By J. W. T. LEY

IT has been remarked many times that Dickens never took the Pickwickians fishing, despite the predominance of fishing paraphernalia in the cover design. I fancy the sport was too contemptive for his restless mind and body. The cover design was, of course, drawn by Seymour in the very beginning when he was full of his idea for a club of cockney sportsmen, and still believed that his scheme was to be carried out. When the proposal was first put to Dickens he made it clear that he could not fall in with it, and he included Mr. Winkle only as a sort of sop for Seymour, who was greatly hurt at the rejection of his plan. The truth is that Dickens was not a "sportsman" as the term is generally understood. He played certain strenuous games in his early manhood, though he was too delicate as a boy to do so, and as far as I know there is not one reference anywhere to his indulging in a day's fishing, or of his ever following the hounds either on foot or mounted. I doubt whether he would not have held fairly strong views on the ethics of fox hunting, but, however that may be, the picturesqueness of the sport was not without its appeal for him, and there are several allusions in his writing to jolly hunting songs. The first is contained in the comic burletta, *Is She His Wife?* which Forster does not mention, but which was produced at the St. James's Theatre on March 6th, 1837. Early in the first scene, Felix Tapkins sings "without," immediately before stepping on to the stage—

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms to make him stay.

"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,

And you cannot hunt to-day"—

But a hunting we will go,

And a hunting we will go—wo, wo, wo,

And a hunting we will go.

This is the second verse of the song by Henry Fielding, Dickens's literary progenitor, contained in his ballad opera, "Don Quixote." It is said to have been sung originally to the tune of "A Begging we will go," from the seventeenth century "Jovial Beggar."

A dusky night rides down the sky,

And ushers in the morn,

The hounds all join in glorious cry,

The huntsman winds his horn.

And a hunting we will go, etc.

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms to make him stay.

"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,

And you cannot hunt to-day"—

But a hunting we will go, etc.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
 Their steeds they soundly switch,
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
 And some thrown in a ditch.

Sir Reynard now like lightning flies,
 And sweeps across the wall,
 But when the hounds too near he spies,
 He drags his bushy tail.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
 And joins the jovial cry ;
 The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
 And music fills the sky.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 To feast away the night.

There were all sorts of parodies of this song, or of the original "beggar" song, including "A Sailing we will go," "A Fishing we will go," "A Topping we will go," etc.

We have an allusion to a famous hunting song in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which has been generally overlooked. It is when Old Weller relates how Bill Blinder "Vunce the hostler, as is now at grass, as all on us vill be in our turns, had charge o' them two well-known piebald leaders that run in the Bristol fust coach, and vould never go to no other tune but a southerly wind and a cloudy sky, which wos consekvently played incessant by the guard wenever they wos on duty." Blinder died "atween his two piebalds writing his last vill and testymment on the corn chest lid," so the lid was "obligated to be took off its hinges and sent to Doctors' Commons to be proved." We may give just the first verse of the song here alluded to—

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
 Proclaim it a hunting morning.
 Before the sun rises we nimbly fly,
 Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.
 To horse ! my boys ! to horse away !
 The chase admits of no delay !
 On horse-back we've got, together we'll trot !
 Leave off your chat, see the coverts annear ;
 The hound that strikes first, cheer him without fear ;
 Drag on him ! ah, wind him ! my steady good hounds ;
 Drag on him ! ah, wind him ! the covert resounds.

Dombey and Son contains an allusion to a stag-hunting song. As the company were returning from the christening Mr. Chick started a-whistling, and he went all through the tune "with a hey, ho, chevy," conveying into his face an expression of such gloomy and terrible defiance, that Mrs. Chick dared not protest. This was the eighteenth century song known as "Old Towler," the words of which are reputed to have been written by O'Keefe, the music certainly being by W. Shields.

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the morn.
 The lowing herd now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn.
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the windows throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry ;
 Arise ! the burden of their song ;
 This day a stag must die.
 With a heigh ho, chivey,
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy.

With a heigh ho, chivey,
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
 Hark forward, hark forward, hark forward, hark forward,
 Tantivy, tantivy ;
 Hark ! hark ! forward, hark forward, tantivy !
 Arise ! the burden of their song,
 This day a stag must die,
 This day a stag must die,
 This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale ;
 The upland winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly,
 The game is rous'd—too true the song
 This day a stag must die.
 With a heigh, ho, chivey, etc.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore—
 The tears run down thy face,
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more—
 His joys were in the chase ;
 Alike the sportsmen of the town,
 The virgin game in view,
 Are full content to run them down,
 Then they in turn pursue.
 With a heigh, ho, chivey, etc.

There seems to be some sort of moral in that last verse !

In conclusion it should be noted that there is a reference to both this song and to "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky" in *Our Mutual Friend*. This is when Eugene Wrayburn says to Mortimer Lightwood :—

"Be a British sportsman and enjoy the pleasure of the chase. It will do you good. When you are ready, I am—need I say with a Hey, Ho, Chivey, and likewise with a Hark Forward, Tantivy. I am always serious, but just now I am a little excited by the glorious fact that a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting evening. Ready ? So we turn out the lamp, and shut the door, and take the field."

THE TECHNIQUE OF *EDWIN DROOD*

A REJOINDER BY E. L. SANDERS

THE article by Mr. Edward F. Rines, with its reminder that theories which involve an artistic strain should be rejected, is welcome and gives scope for useful discussion. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has assured us that there is no better reading, and in the true sense no more serious reading, than the few critical passages which great critics have devoted to the nature of the technique required in detective and mystery stories.

Many readers with whom reason resides will, however, find difficulty in accepting all Mr. Rines's deductions, as there does not seem to be unanimity amongst our literary guides regarding the laws of art which must be observed.

Mr. Rines says: "For instance, the theory that the John Jasper mentioned in the book is not the real John Jasper is at once ruled 'out' because Dickens as the 'teller-of-the-tale' tells us not once, but any number of times, that this man *is* Jasper and that Edwin *is* his nephew." This accords with Poe's dictum in his essay "Charles Dickens," in which, writing of *Barnaby Rudge*, he took exception to Dickens's violation of a law of art, in that he in his own person designated Mrs. Rudge, after the murder, as "the widow," this being directly contrary to the fact the author intended to reveal in the dénouement. Nevertheless, we find Mr. G. K. Chesterton in an essay on *Edwin Drood* in "Generally Speaking" characterising this sort of objection as pedantry; the notion of accepting most literally the very things that are always said most lightly. "For instance," he says, "I think it quite fanciful of Poe to object to Mrs. Rudge being called a 'widow.' A person who lives and looks like a widow, and is legally regarded as a widow is called a widow. He might as well call Dickens a liar for describing Miss Trotwood as Miss Trotwood."

If we turn away from Mr. Chesterton's pronouncement and adopt Poe's view we are still not obliged to concur in Mr. Rines's contention. Poe wrote of Dickens's misdemeanour against art as being accidental, of course, and an oversight on the part of Dickens; so the John Jasper we know may have been a masquerader after all if Dickens made another oversight in *Edwin Drood*.

Again, on the Datchery question, Mr. Rines follows the statement of Mr. J. Cuming Walters that it is against the canons of art to introduce a belated character in order to extricate from difficulty the persons entangled previous to his appearance. Therefore he cannot entertain the suggestion that Datchery may be an unknown uncle of Edwin's or another personage not yet introduced into the story. Nevertheless, in "The Moonstone," which has been extolled as the greatest detective story yet penned, the mystery of the abstraction of the diamond is elucidated by a character, Ezra Jennings, who is introduced at a late stage. In my copy of 522 pages he first appears on page 358. If an author so talented as Wilkie Collins may ignore a canon of art

and yet have his work acclaimed by our literary judges, in what way could the rule fetter a genius like Dickens?

While we may agree that from an artistic point of view the likeliest Datchery is Tartar our reliance on this solution should not rest on unauthorised alteration of the text and the imputation of a serious error on the part of Dickens. The solution would start with too great a handicap. Mr. Rines seems to have overlooked or to be unaware of the direct evidence that Chapter XVIII. is in the place intended by the author after due consideration. Dickens's own list of chapters, his pagination of the manuscript, and his manuscript plans for No. v. (already reproduced in *The Dickensian*) clearly show that Dickens wrote the whole of Chapter XIX., "Shadow on the Sundial," before he wrote the earlier half of Chapter XVIII., "A Settler in Cloisterham," and that he then transposed these two chapters, thus placing Chapter XVIII. in an earlier position than he had originally planned. Moreover he himself revised his proofs to the end of Chapter XXI. and kept Chapter XVIII. in the earlier position he had previously decided upon.

What, then, is the ground for asserting that Dickens made a serious error in allowing Chapter XVIII. to appear before the proper time in the scheme of things and what is the evidence to support the conclusion that Dickens had realised this alleged mistake? In the light of the facts mentioned above we cannot regard as evidence of misplaced chapters Forster's statement relative to Dickens's misgiving about having plunged too soon into certain incidents, such as the Datchery assumption. A reasonable explanation of this misgiving is given in Aubrey Boyd's "A New Angle on the Drood Mystery," which, by the way, would greatly interest Mr. Rines as it discusses technique and, with cogent arguments, favours the Tartar-Datchery theory on artistic grounds. Datchery appears in the chapter immediately following the vivid introduction of Tartar. Mr. Boyd points out that, in a way, the introduction of the disguised stranger on the heels of the other stranger disinclines the reader to associate them together, this very probably being the author's object in so linking them. He suggests that the disquiet in Dickens's mind was due to his uncertainty whether in his game of outguessing the reader he had based his stratagem on a sound psychological principle and whether the ruse, while it would mislead the subtle reader, might not deceive the simple-minded. Mr. P. T. Carden has shown in *The Dickensian* for October, 1919, and his book "The Murder of Edwin Drood" that the objection to the Tartar theory on the ground of the sequence of the chapters cannot be sustained. I hold also, remembering that Dickens was playing hide and seek with his readers and trying in every legitimate way to throw them off the scent, that it is reasonable to conclude from the text that only two whole days intervened between Tartar's introduction to Neville and his disappearance from London. In view however of Mr. Duffield's illuminating article in the New York "Bookman" for February, 1930, I am constrained to think that we cannot altogether preclude the possibility that Datchery may be an unknown character

and that we cannot arrive at a definite decision as to Datchery's identity, on artistic grounds, until we have found out what was Dickens's new and curious idea for the story. Dickens's unknown special theme may well have warranted, in consonance with art, the assumption of the character of Datchery by a personage coming from afar and not introduced to the reader until his presence in the tale was required for the working out of the plot.

As *The Dickensian* is the proper place for Drood records I add a few relevant notes which so far as I can find have not been mentioned in previous writings on the Mystery.

(1) For Droodists generally. It should not be overlooked that Dickens's letter informing Forster of his new idea began with unstinted praise of a short tale, "An Experience," by Miss Jolly, which appeared in *All the Year Round* for August 14th and 21st, 1869. F. G. Kitton, in "The Novels of Charles Dickens" (1897), went so far as to say that this short tale suggested the alteration of the Drood plot. It is also of interest that Dickens wrote enthusiastically of this tale to its author and his daughter Mamie. To the latter and others he offered a prize "to whomsoever will tell me what idea in this second part is mine." (Letters of Charles Dickens.)

(2) For Tartarians. It has been argued that it is doubtful whether the cheery, straightforward, simple-minded Tartar is capable of Datchery's versatility, subtlety, address and irony. Well, I cull the following from "The Case for the Sea-Serpent," by Lt.-Commander R. T. Gould: "It is almost platitudinous to say that there is no duty which our naval officers may not find themselves called upon to undertake and no form of activity which they have not displayed. Their range is not even bounded by the seven seas. Before now they have dictated terms to the Pope, explored the interior of Africa, filled university chairs, and stood at the South Pole. From their ranks have come poets, painters, novelists, chess-players, prophets, world-famous scientists, kings, gods, and even Field-Marshal."

(3) For opponents of the Helena-Datchery theory. In a letter to W. H. Wills dated 30th June, 1867, Dickens included in his praise of "The Moonstone" an appreciation that in it there was "nothing belonging to disguised women or the like." (R. C. Lehmann's "Charles Dickens as Editor," page 360.) This indicates that Dickens, to say the least, was not enamoured of the idea of disguised women in novels as being one worthy to be used by an artist in letters and it is unlikely that after this expression of opinion he himself would have disguised Helena as a male "buffer."

In conclusion I suggest that a study of the manner in which Dickens dealt with the play of moonlight may afford a valuable clue to part of his scheme. Indicative of some peculiar design there are no less than 24 references to the moonlight in Chapter XII. Four times Dickens confidently challenges his readers by the word "unaccountable." Doubtless the placings of these challenges are significant. Two of them seem to emphasise the intimation that Jasper holds it worth his while to study moonlight effects.

THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "THE PICKWICK PAPERS"

OF the original manuscript of *The Pickwick Papers*, only 44 pages, out of a total of probably more than 1,500, are known to be still in existence.

For the convenience of Dickens lovers we have endeavoured to collect and put in order all the information at present available concerning these precious fragments.

Before entering on our description of these surviving pages, a preliminary explanation is due to those readers who may have forgotten one of the many peculiarities to be met with in the bibliography of *Pickwick*. Owing to a mistake which occurred in the printing of the original monthly numbers and which remained uncorrected when *The Pickwick Papers* were first published in volume form, there were two chapters xxviii. But in all subsequent editions, the chapter entitled "The Story of the Goblins who Stole a Sexton" was given its right number (xxix.), and the numbers of all the chapters following this one were altered accordingly. To take one instance, the Trial of Bardell against Pickwick occurs in Chapter xxxiii. of the first edition, while in later editions it is to be found in Chapter xxxiv. In the following account we have designated the chapters in accordance with their corrected numbering.

The only portions of the original *Pickwick* manuscript whose survival has so far been ascertained, belong, in part or wholly, to the following chapters :

- xix. A pleasant day, with an unpleasant termination.
- xxviii. A good humoured Christmas chapter, containing an account of a wedding and some other sports beside. . . .
- xxxvi. The chief features of which will be found in an authentic version of the legend of Prince Bladud and a most extraordinary calamity that befell Mr. Winkle.
- xxxvii. Honourably accounts for Mr. Weller's absence by describing a soiree to which he was invited and went. Also relates how he was entrusted by Mr. Pickwick with a private mission of delicacy and importance.
- xxxix. Mr. Samuel Weller being entrusted with a mission of love, proceeds to execute it. . . .

Of Chapter xix. *five* pages are known to exist. They are numbered 47 to 51 and contain an account of the sportsmen's luncheon on Captain Boldwig's land. These pages, enclosed in a wrapper bearing the words *Part of Mr. Charles Dickens's manuscript of the Pickwick Papers* in the handwriting of John Dickens, were presented by Mr. Frank Gielgud to be auctioned at Christie's sale of April 12th, 1915, in aid of the British Red Cross Society. They were purchased by Lady Wernher, widow of Sir Julius Wernher, for the sum of £450 and presented by her to the British Museum. Photographic reproductions of all five pages were presented at the time to the Dickens Birthplace Museum, Portsmouth.

Of Chapter xxviii. *one* page only appears to have survived. It is numbered 53 and begins with the words : [“ Mr. Pickwick had not] spoken in a very loud tone.” The concluding lines are : “ You’ll take me in ? ” said the benevolent old clergyman.

The passage beginning : “ Then the cake was cut ” and ending : “ And a great deal of blushing and merriment was thereby occasioned,” was written on the back of the sheet with directions for interpolation.

This page was incorporated with a fine copy of *Pickwick* in parts, which in 1906 was the property of B. Robson, the bookseller, of Coventry Street, London. Later this copy, together with the page of manuscript, was owned in succession by Messrs. George D. Smith, Edwin W. Coggeshall, W. Bunker and Owen D. Young. This valuable page was reproduced in reduced facsimile in *The Dickensian* for January, 1907, and there described by Percy Fitzgerald.

Chapters xxxvi. and xxxvii. are represented by an important portion : thirty-three pages, which at one time were owned by Charles B. Foote. Mr. Foote had bought them in 1882 for £51. In 1895 they cost their next purchaser, William A. White, of Brooklyn, £155. From his newly acquired treasure Mr. White selected one page forming part of Chapter xxxvii. and presented it to the British Museum. This page, numbered 82, begins with the words : “ No you don’t, Sir,” said Mr. Tuckle, “ very far from it, Sir,” and proceeds to recount how various vituperative epithets were heaped upon Harris, the unfortunate greengrocer, by the gentleman in the orange plush, the gentleman in green-foil smalls and the gentleman in purple. Generous donors have thus enriched the British Museum with two delightful samples of Pickwickian humour.

Another small portion of these 33 pages must have been detached at about the same time. This fragment, the first four lines of page 86, Chapter xxxvii., was subsequently inserted in a copy of *Pickwick* in parts owned by G. Barr McCutcheon and later by George Ulizio. The lines are as follows :

“ Well, well, Mr. Weller,” said the gentleman in blue, “ I think she has remarked my air and manner, Mr. Weller.” “ I should think she couldn’t wery well be off o’ that,” said Sam.

From the collection of W. A. White the remaining 32 pages of Chapters xxxvi.-xxxvii. (one page lacking four lines) passed into the possession of A. S. W. Rosenbach, the famous bookseller of Philadelphia and New York, who still owned them at the close of the year 1931.

Four pages of this part of the manuscript have been reproduced in reduced facsimile :

Page 69 (the opening line of Chapter xxxvii.) in Dr. Rosenbach’s volume of reminiscences, “ Books and Bidders ” ; and pages 66, 67 and 68 (the concluding portion of Chapter xxxvi.) in “ Prime Pickwicks in Parts,” by John C. Eckel.

One page of Chapter xxxvii (immediately preceding the fragment from the same chapter preserved in the British Museum), is herewith reproduced for the first time.

Dr. Rosenbach is likewise the owner of five more pages of the Pickwick manuscript which it remains for us to describe.

These pages are a portion of Chapter xxxix. and are numbered 52-56. They begin with the departure from the Bush Hotel of the

81

commanding tone.

"Sir," said the green-poeer.
"Now take the knife off!"

"Yes Sir?"

The green poeer died as he was told with ^{ashamed} great humility, and obsequiously handed Mr Pickles the carving knife; in doing which, he accidentally ~~gave~~ ^{gave} a stab.

"What do you mean by that, ^{Sir} ~~bloody~~?" said Mr Pickles, with great asperity.

"Thy your pardon Sir" replied the crest-fallen green poeer "I didn't mean to do it Sir, I was up on late last night."

"I tell you what my opinion of you is, Harris" said Mr Pickles ~~in~~ with a most impressive air "You're a ~~beast~~ ^{wild} vulgar beast."

"I hope gentlemen" - said Harris "that you won't be ~~too~~ ^{too} hard severe with me, gentlemen. I'm very much obliged to you indeed gentlemen for your patronage, and also for your recommendations gentlemen whenever additional assistance in waiting is required. ~~etc etc etc~~ I hope gentlemen, ~~and~~ for satisfaction."

A Portion of the Manuscript of "The Pickwick Papers"

Now reproduced for the first time

coach which carried Messrs. Pickwick and Winkle to Clifton Downs, under convoy of Samuel Weller. The concluding lines are: "Don't be longer than you can conveniently help, Sir. You're rather

[heavy].” This fragment had been given by Charles Dickens, or by his father, to John Marvell Whitely, of Halifax, and was sold for the sum of £7,500 by Whitely’s grandson at Sotheby’s auction of December 17th, 1928. Part of page 56 was reproduced in facsimile in the illustrated catalogue of the sale.

Of the forty-four leaves, strewn to the winds nearly one hundred years ago, whose vicissitudes we have endeavoured to retrace, six repose in the British Museum and thirty-eight are treasured by private owners well aware of their value.

The history of these survivors furnishes us with the belief that more pages of *The Pickwick Papers* in their original “manuscript dress” will yet come to light, and we feel sure of echoing the wishes of all true Dickensians when we express the hope that the Dickens House at 48 Doughty Street, will eventually possess one or more of these all but priceless relics of the greatest of English writers.

A. S.

CURIOUS NOOKS IN THE GREAT WORLD OF LONDON

In “The Story of the Temple, Gray’s and Lincoln’s Inn,”* Colonel Blackham has given us about the most human and readable book of the Temple and Inns of Court which it has yet been our good luck to encounter. It quickly gets away from the traditional dry-as-dust-methods adopted by other writers on the same subject, and one is kept interested all through from the advent of the Nine Knights to the final chapter on Laundresses, who, the author states, have a decided grievance against both Dickens and Thackeray. Very little of the Dickens interest in these “curious little nooks in a great place like London” (except it be this very quotation itself) is omitted from the book, and the information given is correct except in the case of the title to the picture facing page 85, “Old Square, Lincoln’s Inn, where Dickens spent some months with Mr. Molloy.” It was made plain some years ago, and is now recorded in more than one book on the subject, that Molloy’s office was in Symond’s Inn when he had Dickens for a junior clerk. Curiously enough there is no reference to Dickens’s clerkship in two different offices in Gray’s Inn.

A DICKENS MEMORIAL AT BERWICK-ON-TWEED

The Sheriff of Berwick, Dr. J. C. Mackay, unveiled a tablet in the King’s Arms Hotel, on March 3rd, bearing the following inscription:—

“Charles Dickens stayed in this hotel on 26th Sept., 1858, and 25th Nov., 1861, and on the latter date he gave a reading in the adjoining Assembly Rooms.”

The placing of this tablet is due to the energies of Mr. Tom Lister of Tweedmouth, and we hope to see a Branch in Berwick-on-Tweed as a result.

* Sampson Low, 12s. 6d.

DICKENS IN FRANCE

BY HON. EDOUARD FABRE SURVEYER, F.R.S.C.
(JUSTICE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL)

Continued from page 129

In March, 1856, Dickens, finding himself without inspiration, penned the following document :—

“ The humble Petition of Charles Dickens, a distressed foreigner :
Sheweth :

“ That your Petitioner has not been able to write one word to-day, or to fashion forth the dimmest shade of the faintest ghost of an idea.

“ That your Petitioner is therefore desirous of being taken out, and is not at all particular where.

“ That your Petitioner, being imbecile, says no more. But will ever, etc. (whatever that may be).”

That document, which was addressed to Wilkie Collins, is reproduced without comment in the first edition of the *Letters*, but not in the later issues. We find, however, that shortly after he wrote it, Dickens paid a short visit to London, where he saw the ruins of Covent Garden Theatre, destroyed by fire a few days before.

I cannot overlook the sumptuous dinner given in Dickens's honour in April, 1856, by Emile de Girardin, founder of the “ *Figaro*,” whom stock exchange speculations had made in eight years the richest man in Paris. I shall only give the end of the description of the first dinner : “ And even now I have forgotten to set down half of it—in particular the item of a far larger plum pudding than ever was seen in England at Christmas time, served with a celestial sauce in colour like the orange blossom, and in substance like the blossom powdered and bathed in dew, and called in the carte (carte in a gold frame like a little fish-slice to be handed about) : ‘ *Hommage à l'illustre écrivain d'Angleterre.*’ That illustrious man staggered out at the last drawing room door, speechless with wonder, finally ; and even at that moment his host, holding to his lips a chalice set with precious stones and containing nectar distilled from the air that blew over the fields of beans in bloom for fifteen summers, remarked : ‘ *Le dîner que nous avons eu, mon cher, n'est rien—il ne compte pas—il a été tout à fait en famille—il faut dîner (en vérité, dîner) bientôt. Au plaisir ! Au revoir ! Au dîner !* ’ ”

The second dinner took place, and, strange to relate, was even more luxurious than the first, Girardin producing 5,000 inestimable cigars at a time. But Dickens could not help thinking at whose expense that wealth was accumulated, and many faces were clouded when he spoke his mind. A few days later he wrote on the same subject a description which would not be inappropriate in our day : “ If you were to see the steps of the Bourse at about 4 in the afternoon, and the crowd of blouses and patches among the speculators there assembled, all howling and haggard with speculation, you would stand aghast at the consideration of what must be going on. Concierges and people like that perpetually blow their brains out, or fly

into the Seine, 'à cause des pertes sur la Bourse.' I hardly ever take up a French paper without lighting on such a paragraph. On the other hand, thoroughbred horses without end, and red velvet carriages with kid harness on jet black horses, go by here all day long, and the pedestrians who turn to look at them, laugh, and say 'C'est la Bourse !' Such crashes must be staved off every week as have not been seen since Law's time."

In May, his lease having expired, and his wife being frightened by several murders committed in the vicinity of the Champs Elysées, Dickens and his family left Paris after their longest stay in France. He returned to Boulogne in June, made a short stay in London in July, and returned to Boulogne to stay until September. On September 8th, he wrote to Mark Lemon from the "Villa des Moulineaux."



Rue de Rivoli, Paris, showing Hotel Meurice

VI.

On his return from England, Dickens was too busy with his household troubles and public readings to revisit France. But at the end of October, 1862, accompanied by his daughter and sister-in-law, he went to reside for a couple of months in Paris, taking an apartment in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

As usual, his appreciations of the theatre are striking contrasts. On November 4th, he wrote to Charles Fechter, the actor: "I went to the Châtelet (a beautiful theatre !) the other night to see 'Rothomago,' but was so mortally *géné* with the poor nature of the piece and of the acting, that I came out again when there was a week or two (I mean an hour or two, but the hours seemed weeks) yet to get through."

Now, let us read what he wrote to Forster on the 30th of the same month: "Last night I saw Madame Viardot in Gluck's 'Orphée.' It is a most extraordinary performance—pathetic to the highest degree and full of quite sublime acting . . . It is worth a journey to Paris to

see, for there is no such Art to be otherwise looked upon. Her husband (Madame Viardot's) stumbled over me by mere chance, and took me to her dressing-room. Nothing could have happened better as a genuine homage to the performance, for I was disfigured with crying."

To the ridiculous again. On his homeward journey to Calais, Dickens stopped at Arras: "I wanted to see," he writes, "the town where the amiable Robespierre was born. I found a grand main square so remarkable that I do not wonder that tourists forget it. I also found a fair with a very strange tent. I copy the poster:

' Religious Theatre,'

giving six times a day the 'History of the Cross' in tableaux, from the birth of Our Lord until his burial. Also the sacrifice of Isaac by his father Abraham.

The night was falling, and one of the three magi was busy lighting the lamps. A woman in blue and in flesh colour tights (I forget whether she was an angel or Joseph's wife) was addressing the crowd through an immense megaphone, and a very small urchin was standing on a hand organ, head down and feet up, and next to a cardboard lamb. I leave you to think whom the lamb represented."

VII.

At the beginning of 1863, Dickens returned to Paris for the purpose of giving a reading at the English Embassy.

He remained there until the beginning of February, staying with his servant "John" at the Hotel du Helder. Dickens writes about both to his daughter: "I like the hotel better than any I have ever put up at in Paris. John's amazement at, and appreciation of, Paris are undescrivable. He goes about with his mouth open, staring at everything and being tumbled over by everybody."

The reading took place at the Embassy on January 29th. Two days later Dickens writes to his daughter: "I cannot give you any idea of the success of the reading here, because no one can imagine the scene of last Friday night at the Embassy. Such audiences and such enthusiasm I have never seen, but the thing culminated in Friday night in a two hours' storm of excitement and pleasure. They actually recommenced and applauded right away into their carriages and down the street.

"You know your parent's horror of being lionised, and will not be surprised to hear that I am half dead of it."

He afterwards wrote to Macready: "The readings—"Copperfield," "Dombey" and "Trial," and "Carol" and "Trial"—have made a sensation which modesty (my natural modesty) renders it impossible for me to describe. You know what a noble audience the Paris audience is! They were at their very noblest with me."

His only theatrical outing recorded is a performance of "Faust," of which he then writes to Miss Hogarth: "I forgot to tell Mamie that I went (with Lady Molesworth) to hear 'Faust' last night. It is a splendid work, in which that noble and sad story is most nobly

and sadly rendered, and perfectly delighted me. But I think it requires too much of the audience to do for a London opera house. The composer must be a very remarkable man indeed. Some management of light throughout the story is also very poetical and fine. We had Carvalho's box. I could hardly hear the thing, it affected me so."

At the end of May, 1865, being out of health, Dickens took his first short holiday trip to France. "Before I went away," he wrote to his daughter, "I had certainly worked myself into a damaged state. But the moment I got away, I began, thank God, to get well. I hope to profit by this experience, and to make future dashes from my desk before I want them."

Unfortunately, on his return journey, Dickens was, on the ninth of June (the date of his death) in a terrible railway accident, at Staplehurst, and he dreaded railway journeys ever after.

According to Mr. F. Ashford White ("In France with Charles Dickens"), the novelist's last visit to Paris was in the autumn, during the tropical September of 1865. He wrote to Edmund Yates from the Hotel du Helder: "The man who sells tisane on the Boulevards can't keep the flies out of his glasses." He himself suffered from the effects of a slight sunstroke.

In the "Narrative" of 1868, published by his daughter and sister-in-law, we find the following note: "The play of 'No Thoroughfare' having been translated into French under the title of 'L'Abime,' Charles Dickens went over to Paris to be present at the first night of its production."

This was, so far as I know, Dickens's last visit to France, and to the continent. One of his biographers, George Gissing, says: "In *Oliver Twist* we come upon a casual mention, quite serious, of 'continental frivolities.' The phrase is delightfully English, and very characteristic of Dickens's mind when he began to write. Ten years later he would not have used it; he outgrew that narrowness; but it was well that he knew no better at five-and-twenty." France, for example, he often criticized, but it was for him, to use his own words: "The dear old France of my affections." There he was much admired, and there he admired much.

A letter to Mr. Samuel Phelps, written from Paris, February 13th, 1856 (the original of which is owned by the Rosenbach Company), ends with this heartfelt appreciation of the French: "What a model people!" As regards Paris, at least, anticipation, with him, was no better than realization. It was worth the journey every time. "Where are the pains in my bones, where are the fidgets in my legs, where is the Frenchman with the night cap who never *would* have the little coupé-window down, and who always fell upon me when he went to sleep, and always slept all night snoring onions? A voice breaks in with: "Paris! Here we are!"

VIII.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Dickens should have been heralded as one of the forerunners of the "entente cordiale." In an article

published in "The Living Age" of 1907, Mr. Robert Allbut (author of "Rambles in Dickensland") said: "He has brought about a more kindly understanding on the English side: showing in his delicately perceptive appreciation of the better part of human nature that honour, generosity and consideration were—equally with our own characteristics—the distinguishing traits of French ordinary society." And, later on, he adds: "He 'saw with larger, other eyes than ours,' the many admirable characteristics of our neighbours; their industry, vivacity, simplicity, generous consideration, cheerfulness and thrift, and by his several works—rendered in good Parisian style under his personal supervision—he helped our friends across the Channel to a more intimate acquaintance with the solid, practical and unselfish virtues of our own people, virtues too often but partially revealed, by reason of a certain British reticence of demeanor, conducive to misapprehension and mistake."

VANISHED DICKENSLAND

John Chivery's Shop in Horsemonger Lane



Photo by]

[Walter Dexter

NO. 5, UNION ROAD, BOROUGH, formerly Horsemonger Lane, was identified by Mr. J. S. Rendle in an article in *The Dickensian*, 1909, page 10, as the "snug tobacco business round the corner of Horsemonger Lane" which was kept by the mother of young John Chivery, whose life was blighted by hopeless aspirations for the hand of Little Dorrit. Dickens describes it in Chapter 18 as "a rural establishment one storey high which had the benefit of the air from the yards of Horsemonger Lane Jail . . . The business was of too modest a character to support a full-size Highlander, but it maintained a little one on a bracket on the doorpost, who looked like a fallen cherub that had found it necessary to take to a kilt."

The little place ceased to be a "general" shop in about 1880, and developed into rather a squalid house, shorn of all its Dickens magic. It was

demolished together with other houses adjacent early in 1930.

TOM PINCH A FAILURE?



IN your last issue, Mr. E. J. Layton cited Tom Pinch as one of Dickens's "notable failures." What, I wonder, would have been Dickens's answer to the charge?

Martin Chuzzlewit has a number of strong and important characters, but when the story is told—the play ended—each of them passes to his own place and Tom is left to occupy the stage alone. The curtain falls to the accompaniment of his soft organ music and quiet, happy ruminations.

So it would seem that to Dickens, Tom was anything but a failure. Perhaps the right angle of approach might justify a better opinion.

Tom is, of course, a foil to Pecksniff; the one, the embodiment of utter selfishness, ill-cloaked by hypocrisy; the other of pure sincerity and complete selflessness.

Perhaps such extremes are seldom met with in everyday life. But who objects to Pecksniff on that account? Should Tom Pinch be misprized for such a reason?

Tom is naturally at a disadvantage in the company of men like Jonas Chuzzlewit; his wares are not of their market. But their judgment is hardly a final estimate of worth. Dickens does not present him as an unfortunate being in a world that calls for more robust qualities than his. Rather as one who, in spite of all his disadvantages, has the best of it; is safer, happier, more contented, enjoying more of peace than all greed, anger, or self-seeking could afford. And though Dickens wrote for another generation than ours, a generation that was sentimental as ours revolts from being, it may, I think, be claimed that in this instance at least, he made no mistake even from our modern point of view.

Tom's deprivations are real enough; they are not sentimental. Money that should have accrued to him has passed to his rascally employer; the two daughters of the house hold him in undisguised contempt; the pupils make fun of him—sketch his head on the classroom wall, with fat balloons issuing from the mouth, on which are words horrifying to poor Tom. Often his good-nature is imposed upon; once at least he is roughly handled.

And Tom has his unsatisfied romance, too—an affection deep enough for its disappointment to have soured many a man (there is in the same book, the heart-broken Moddle, who loves "another who is another's"!). Add to this the heavy blow when the discovery of Pecksniff's perfidy shatters poor Tom's idol so that "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not have set him up again! Many a full-blown cynic has been born of less provocation than that.

Yet Dickens presents Tom Pinch as one whose compensations far outweighed his disadvantages. Was he right? If so, he can hardly be said to have depicted a "notable failure."

Compare Tom's cheerful contentment with the fret of the suspicious,

envious, money-grasping Chuzzlewit group, and think what he escaped ! Think of the depths of fawning servility to which Pecksniff stooped, for ends that brought him only humiliation and ruin, while Tom grew in the affection and respect even of those who had not always appreciated his worth.

Said John Westlock : " I grew into knowledge of Tom as I grew towards manhood ; and I have learned to love him as something infinitely better than myself."

To which young Martin Chuzzlewit replied : " I neither understood him nor cared to understand him when I was his companion : I am very truly sorry for it now."

And there is more than that. Against Tom's insensibility to Pecksniff's villainy or young Martin's selfishness, stands the fact that he was keenly sensitive to goodness whenever he met with it. John Westlock, Mrs. Lupin, Mark Tapley, the gruff turnpike man, the coachman and guard, in fact all people not a prey to evil, liked Tom and were liked by him. He could see their good qualities quickly enough, unsuspecting as he was in the company of the evil-minded. Even the coachman who drove him to London, gave him a testimonial : " Rum as the box seat looked, he was as good a one to go, in pint of conversation, as ever he 'ud wish to sit by."

It is true that the opinion may have been influenced by appreciation of Mrs. Lupin's generously-filled basket, which he had just shared by Tom's invitation. But it was not singular ; all good folks liked Tom Pinch.

Is all this just a fiction ? an unreal thing, the product of its author's sentimentality ? Or should Tom be as stimulating as Pecksniff is repellent ?

It might be worth reflection how much many of us bear through being so unlike him. There are people with whom we can never get on. We have aversions that it would be hard to justify ; resentments that play havoc with our peace. And how much of envy, hatred and uncharitableness are the outcome of our quick perception of other people's worst side. Simple Tom Pinch, free from most of these common causes of antagonism, enjoyed a peace we might well desire. Tom's deprivations are not so regrettable when this is taken into account. After all, to have friends, to live in kindness and goodwill, may be worth more than the ferment of indulged dislike.

Nor is that all. Tom's ready response to goodness, and his inability to detect evil had another result. Out of his purity of heart a higher vision grew. The pure in heart *see*.

See ? What did Tom see ? Some depths of the vision of such a man, it was out of Dickens's province to explore, but he shews how nature was vocal and beautiful to Tom as to but a few ; how music and the beauties of the world about him, afforded him an asylum, a consolation, a delight, that never failed him. Read how Tom drove to Salisbury in Pecksniff's old gig, or better still, his coach ride to London after his rupture with that prince of hypocrites ! It is one of the most

exhilarating pieces of writing in all its author's works and it tells how Tom saw.

Truly what we are, determines what we see. The prizes of life are not all for the swift and strong, much less for the selfish and evil-minded.

And while there are books, interesting enough for a single reading, it is no small part of a great writer's distinction that he repays study. Amongst such writers Dickens must certainly be accorded a place.

A. S. CHOVIL.

WHO SAID THIS ?



1. She's a rum 'un is Natur.
2. Rum creeturs is women.
3. Idleness is the root of all evils.
4. Moralise as we will, the world goes on.
5. Young girls have such spirits.
6. Virtue is its own reward. So's jollity.
7. A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.
8. It is a great thing to win love.
9. All stratagems are fair in love.
10. All women like finery.
11. It's a good, dear world and I love it.
12. The world's wide enough for all of us.
13. It's a mad world, mad as Bedlam.
14. What do we live for but sympathy.
15. Ah ! What a vale of tears we live in.
16. Forgiveness is a high quality : an exalted virtue.
17. We may be good and happy without riches.
18. More widders is married than single women.
19. Men are always fickle, always were, and always will be.
20. The society of girls is a very delightful thing.
21. A new heart for a New Year, always.
22. Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn.
23. Life is made up of ever so many partings welded together.
24. Life's a riddle : a most infernally hard riddle to guess.
25. Regrets are the natural property of grey hairs.
26. Duty, before every consideration in the Universe.
27. I make no protestations—who does, who means them.
28. No man knows how much he can spend till he tries.
29. The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again.
30. If you have friends in adversity, stand by them.
31. Every blessing on your head. Light upon your happy course.
32. Take nothing on its looks : take everything on evidence.
33. What a world of gammon and spinnage it is.
34. If there were no bad people, there would be no good lawyers.
35. What a capital world it is ! What a jolly, excellent, lovable world it is.
36. A sullen obstinate disposition, is of all tempers, the worst.
37. Energy and determination have done wonders many a time.
38. It's a devil of a thing when relations fall out and disagree.
39. There are some happy creatures as time runs back'ards with.

(The Answers will be printed in the Autumn number).

MR. DOMBEY TRAVELS BY RAIL

BY J. D. BILLINGTON



From an original drawing by Ackerman

THERE are very few characters in Dickens's works who travelled on the railway, but Mr. Dombey elected to do so when he and Major Bagstock decided to make an expedition to Leamington. What is more they made the journey accommodated in Mr. Dombey's own chariot wheeled on to a railway truck. This method of travel in the early days of railways was fairly common and sometimes the coachman and maybe the footmen would remain seated on the box. The charge for a private carriage to Birmingham was 75s., with 50s. for each horse. Passengers travelling in the carriage, as well as grooms in charge of the horses, paid second-class fare. As time went on and the speed of trains increased it was a practice which soon ceased. One can imagine how uncomfortable it must have been, especially for the men sitting high up on the box exposed to the wind and cold to say nothing of the smoke and ashes emitted from the locomotive. They must have been nearly choked when passing through tunnels.

Mr. Dombey's journey was made on the London and Birmingham Railway, afterwards a portion of the London and North Western Railway and now merged in the London Midland, and Scottish Railway. The London and Birmingham Railway was opened throughout the entire line in 1838. For some months prior to this the line was run in two sections, London to Tring and then to Bletchley, and from Rugby to Birmingham. During this time through passengers had to travel by the old method of road coaches provided to run between Bletchley and Rugby. This was due to the difficult and protracted construction of the Kilsby Tunnel south of Rugby.

Euston was the London terminus of the London and Birmingham Railway and it was to this station that Mr. Dombey and Major Bagstock repaired in the chariot accompanied by the Native, starting off under the watchful gaze of Miss Tox. This Station had been erected in magnificent style to the design of the eminent architect, Philip Hardwicke. Prominent in the design was the great entrance gateway known in these days as "The Gateway to the North." This

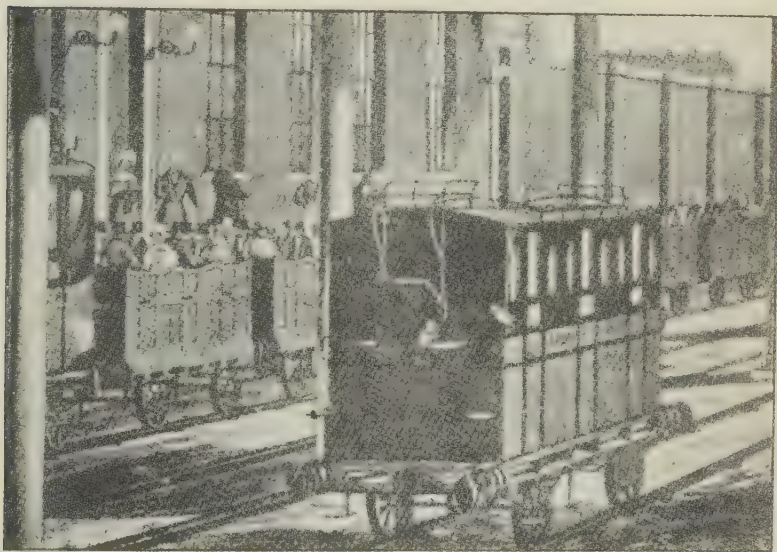
gateway is a gigantic version of the Gateway of the Athenian Agra. It is a wonderful example of the Doric style on a scale hardly surpassed by classic Athens herself. The height of the gateway to the top of the pediment is seventy feet. Each pillar is eight feet six inches diameter. Lodges were erected on either side of the great gateway, the whole frontage presenting an imposing appearance. Proceeding through the gateway our travellers would enter a spacious courtyard. Here they would leave the chariot for it to be loaded up on the Railway truck. Whilst this was being done Mr. Dombey and Major Bagstock took a walk on the platform. This would be the present No. 6 Platform as it was the original portion of the station. It is interesting to know that the same roofing is still in use. At a later date the whole roof was raised bodily and bases fitted to the old roof columns.

"During the bustle of preparation at the railway, Mr. Dombey and the Major walked up and down the platform side by side." It was here they attracted the attention of Mr. Toodle, who was the fireman of the locomotive of their train—this at once brings to mind a feature of the early years of the railway. Up to 1843, owing to the first locomotives not being sufficiently powerful, the trains were hauled up the incline to Camden by means of stationary steam engines and endless ropes. The engines were placed below the level of the line near Camden Town Goods Station. Two tall chimney stacks had been erected for the working of the stationary engines, one on each side of the line, which stood like monumental columns. One of the chimney stacks has only quite recently been taken down, having been in use for steam pumping engines. The vaults, used for accommodating the old winding engines, are still in existence.

To return to our travellers at Euston, Mr. Dombey and Major Bagstock, having finished their conversation with Toodle, proceed to the carriage "elevated in mid-air." They are safely ensconced, the Major having had considerable assistance from the Native. We are not told under what conditions the Native travelled, whether he was allowed inside or whether he had to sit outside, or whether he had to be what was known in those days, a wagon passenger. Wagon passengers were people who travelled in open vehicles in the early days. Mr. Dombey's thoughts were gloomy in the extreme, the Major was probably occupied with thinking out a system to deal with Toodle's son, the Biler, and the Native would have his time taken up by trying to make himself comfortable if he was an outside passenger, so we will not look to them for any description of the route or places of interest they pass.

The train having moved off first of all enters the incline or, what is sometimes called, the Grand Excavation, leading up to Camden Town. When the Railway was first projected it was the intention to place the London Terminus at Camden, but owing to the fact that it was desired to have separate Goods and Passenger Stations and to bring passengers further into London it was subsequently decided to have the terminus at Euston. This involved the inclined excavation through a stratum of London clay and was carried out at enormous cost. The sides are supported by retaining walls of exceptional

height. Several remarkable bridges were erected across the excavation, the principal of which are the Hampstead Road and Park Street bridges. Immediately on passing the Hampstead Road Bridge the excavation is close to the house in Hampstead Road where Charles Dickens went to school under the tuition of William Jones, and in fact it sliced off the schoolroom and the garden at the back, although the house itself still remains as it was and bears a memorial tablet. Years afterwards Dickens found that "the railway had cut it up root and branch. A great trunk line had swallowed the playground, sliced away the schoolroom and pared off a corner of the house, which thus curtailed, presented itself in a green stage of stucco, profilewise,



Trains in Euston Station at the time Mr. Dombey travelled

toward the road, like a forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end." At the top of the incline and near where the line crosses over the Regent Canal the train passes Camden Goods Station. This portion of the line is closely associated with Staggs's Gardens. In *Dombey and Son* (Chapter VI.) Dickens graphically describes the building of the railway. The locality was known as Camberling Town, which "condensed with some show of reason, into Camden Town." It is evident that from the author's description, the line cut right through Staggs's Gardens. Dickens, no doubt, saw the progress of the work and was impressed by it especially so as the Grand Excavation passed through a neighbourhood he was particularly familiar with in his youth. "The first shock of a great earthquake had, just at that period, rent the whole neighbourhood to its centre." And no doubt it did, for it was a monumental piece of work with engineering difficulties successfully overcome by the famous engineer of the railway.

Robert Stephenson. Then, again, Dickens refers to this section of the line after completion (*Dombey and Son*, Chapter XV.). "There is no such place as Staggs's Gardens. It had vanished from the earth. . . . The miserable waste ground where the refuse matter had been heaped of yore, was swallowed up and gone, and in its flouzy stead were tiers of warehouses, crammed with rich goods and costly merchandise." The warehouses would, no dcubt, be the buildings erected for Camden Goods Station which is close to the line at this point. "To and from the heart of this great change, all day and night, throbbing currents rushed and returned incessantly like its life blood. Crowds of people, and mountains of goods, departing and arriving scores upon scores of times in every twenty-four hours, produced a fermentation in the place that was always in action." This distinctly gives the impression of the working of a large Goods Station as indeed it exists to this day.

Immediately after leaving Camden Town our travellers would pass Chalk Farm, a place celebrated in the past by repeated duels. Passing under Chalk Farm Bridge the train enters Primrose Hill cutting leading to Primrose Hill Tunnel. The entrance to this tunnel is of remarkably fine design, the style of architecture being Italian. A writer describing this tunnel at the time says, "The traveller will find himself suddenly, and without a moment's warning, plunged into worse than Cimmerian darkness, and hurried along through clouds of smoke and vapour; amid flying sparks, jarring atoms, rushing winds, and every sign of elemental strife; whilst stunning sounds, and a rattling, clashing din, form a hubbub than which what Satan heard in his flight through the realms of Chaos and Old Night could scarcely be more terrific." Pity, therefore, the poor Native if he was outside or a "wagon" passenger, or the train guard, who in the early days used to ride perched up on a seat outside!

Proceeding, the train would pass through the (then) pretty village of Kilburn and beyond there past the Bell Inn tea gardens. Here, on a fine day, gay parties would gather, coming from all parts of the Metropolis, enjoying the air and prospect, and watching the passing trains. Our travellers have now passed through what may be termed the Dickensian portion of the route, and proceed on their way through the country side until they reach Rugby, designated by Dickens as Mugby Junction. We are not told, however, whether our travellers disembarked at this station to partake of the refreshments described by the author in "Mugby Junction." Dickens does not say whether they went through to Birmingham, but they evidently did judging by the description of the route when nearing their destination. The passenger station at the Birmingham terminus was at Curzon Street in the early years and the original station is now part of the present Curzon Street Goods Station.

Thus, Mr. Dombey's journey on the London and Birmingham Railway, the first trunk line railway in the world; a line constructed through and near a prominent portion of Dickensian London, through a locality closely associated with the author himself, possessing a terminus; the first station in London occupying a site which might be termed Dickens's Playground.

DOUGH AND GRANITE

A STUDY OF THE TWO WIVES OF PAUL DOMBEY

BY ELEANOR WILLIAMS-MOORE



DID you ever see a pan of dough? Did you ever touch it and see how resilient it is? The baker takes a piece, kneads it, shapes it into a loaf. Out of curiosity I shall take a piece, and with the art of a sculptor, form the figure of a woman. With a flash of magic power I shall breathe upon it, and the figure of dough possesses life; I do not say it has a mind of its own, or a personality, it is only made of dough. I give it a name, the first Mrs. Dombey!

Paul Dombey, when we first meet him, had been married ten years; married as some said to a lady with no heart to give him; whose happiness was in the past, and who was content to bind her broken spirit to the dutiful and meek endurance of the present."

What a picture! Can you imagine a woman of flesh and blood being content to drift and sink like that?

With this clue to her character and past, we shall bridge those ten years, and we know what we must find. A timid, gentle girl with no will of her own, but with a deep affection for a young man who has been cast in the same sweet, ineffectual mould as herself. But when the great Paul Dombey came along the girl's parents gave her to this man who discerned how he could shape and bend the pretty piece of dough to his will. Thus they were married, with no heart to give each other; she, because hers was irrevocably given to another, and he, because he had never had one to give, having been fashioned that way.

In this marriage of non-resistance to an over-bearing, selfish, arrogant, demon of a man, we see the pampering of that Nemesis which blasted his life. He was a god; let no one resist him! Being what she was, our little figure of dough did not run away and leave him; she had never learned the meaning of the word freedom, the joy of possession of one's own soul and body; neither did she resist him; nor could she change his inhuman nature one iota, and awaken some paternal feeling for their girl-child, and thus soothe his dissatisfaction when there was no son and heir. No, her phlegmatic non-resistance only encouraged the hardening and strengthening of his unnatural characteristics.

But the lady has borne him a son, and lies dying. Is not the death-bed scene repugnant? Does it not make you long to stretch forth your own hands to help and comfort? You want to shake into life and action the two medical men who stand pompously by and never lift a finger to administer restoratives, as we find later on being done for old Mrs. Skewton after one of her attacks; and we ask the questions that little Paul Dombey asked years later. "What is money? What can it do?" and we hear the answer given to

little Paul, the absurd answer, "Money, Paul, can do anything." Can it? And then little Paul's heart-reaching cry, "Why did not money save me my Mamma?" And even to-day we hear that cry echoing around the world.

But perhaps the doctors are more clever than we realise. There may have been only one cure for their sinking patient, a desire on her part to live, and the desire on the part of her husband, strongly demonstrated, that she should live. Otherwise Dr. Parker Peps would not have asked Mr. Dombey, "Do you think that your dear lady is at all roused by your visit? stimulated as it were?" Which so discomfited Mr. Dombey, he was not in a condition to answer it. He had thought so little of the patient. And anyhow it would be impossible, I should think, for any wife to be stimulated by a husband who only called her "Mrs."

At the bedside, however, sits Mr. Dombey's sister, not with tender, coaxing words, but with frigid command she exhorts the dying woman to make an effort! When she asked for this effort to be made she was not thinking of retaining a beloved sister-in-law, nor of keeping alive her brother's wife, but that Mrs. Dombey, the mother, might live to care for baby Paul. Ironical moment for a piece of dough. How could it make an effort? It never had. Even its revenge is colourless when it sank beyond all earthly reach. She left little Paul behind.

But the most poignant, the most tragic part of this scene is that Mr. Dombey is not human long enough to hold his dying wife in his arms; the only consolatory touch she knows is the frantic embrace of her little daughter, whose tiny love did not seem strong enough to hold her; and the only feeling recorded by Mr. Dombey was that, "He would find a something gone from among his plate and furniture, which was well worth having, and could not be lost without sincere regret."

We often read statistics on the loss to the world, computed in dollars and cents, from the ravages of disease, of dust, of smoke, but we can never estimate the loss sustained through unhappy home life; men and women being thwarted in their expectations of a contented, satisfying home life.

II.

Paul Dombey was so thwarted—I do not say his own character did not play a large part in it, was not, in fact, responsible for all his ruin—but he wanted a son, that was the motive of his being, and when little Paul died at the age of six, he married again, that is, he bought his second wife somewhat as he had bought his first. He was wealthier now, could put on a grander show, and he wanted a show-woman as a complement to his show-man. But he wanted her to sit just below him so that she could look up to him (with reverent admiration), and he could look down upon her (with condescension). Was he not responsible for giving her a wonderful name and position, a grand home, fine horses and carriages, beautiful clothes and jewels? Of

course the woman should know what was expected of her, and show meek gratitude.

But Edith Dombey was not a meek woman, and she knew she was bought; we have her own words for it to her mother the night before her marriage, "You know he has bought me. He has con-



The Second Mrs. Dombey

By Phiz

sidered of his bargain; he has shown it to his friend; he is even rather proud of it; he thinks that it will suit him, and may be had sufficiently cheap, and he will buy it to-morrow. God! that I have lived for this, and that I feel it."

In those words she runs the gamut of her emotions; realizes her degradation, glimpses a past where she longed and still hoped for better things.

Once the question was asked, "What can money do?"

Now we ask, "What can not the lack of it do?" It was the

intolerable lack of money which brought Edith Dombey to her ruin. She sold herself for a price just as any harlot, except that she was not promiscuous. She only sold twice, but to the highest bidder. She was a kept woman only she would not pay for her keep by trying to please.

I think the need of money throughout Edith Dombey's life, petrified her. It metamorphosed her gradually like Daphne when pursued by Apollo, and changed her from a natural girl of flesh and blood, to an unnatural woman of wood. But harder yet she must become, until at the end she is formed of granite. Beautiful of face, stately of form, brilliant of mind.

But no man knew the key to that hidden heart. neither her first husband, nor her second; only her little stepdaughter, Florence, found it for a short time, and then it disappeared, buried deep within the piece of granite. Because of her husband's jealousy of his own child, she was not allowed to be human, therefore we have but a short glimpse of her contacts with Florence, her desire to be thought well of by the child, to be loved. She was starved for love. This is shown so clearly at their first meeting when she embraced Florence and so hungrily demanded, "You will not begin by hating me?" And again, "Begin by thinking well of me," she implored, "by believing that I will try to make you happy, and that I am prepared to love you, Florence."

The two years of Edith Dombey's marriage are an ignoble recital of clashing wills. Accustomed as her husband had been to the piece of amenable dough, he could not handle this piece of granite, it would neither shape nor bend. If he was proud, she was prouder; if his will was strong, hers was stronger; she returned to him with interest his coldness, disdain, arrogance, and finally humiliated him more than he had ever humiliated her.

And her revenge was not colourless. It was too diabolically clever. Only a robot of granite could have conceived the idea of turning those two cruel men—her husband and Mr. Carker, his business manager, and tool—against each other. It was a master stroke of genius. It paid back all the humiliations she had suffered from both. She hurt Mr. Dombey through his colossal pride by making him think she had deserted him, flouted the great Paul Dombey, for a menial—for that is how he looked upon Mr. Carker. And she hurt Mr. Carker through his pride also, when she stood before him in those rooms in France to which he had come in such hot haste to claim her, and told him with such sweet venom how she had used him to accomplish her revenge.

She is a great tragedian. Her acting there is superb. She rises to such dramatic heights when she refers to her past. "I am a woman," she said, "who from her very childhood has been offered and rejected, put up and appraised, until my very soul has sickened, and to prevent their hawking of me up and down, I suffered myself to be sold as infamously as any woman is sold in any marketplace."

And what respect, what love, could she have for her mother,

Cleopatra, always decked out like a horrible doll, who was responsible for this hawking of her up and down.

As portraits of womanhood, the first and second Mrs. Paul Dombey stand out as distressing indictments; neither was strong enough nor fine enough to find some way of avoiding her loveless marriage. The first only made her escape after ten years, and then through the portal of death; while the other escaped much more quickly, but through a nefarious scheme.

But we need not take them too seriously, need we? After all they are only story-book women, a piece of dough, and a piece of granite.



A CONVICT WHO KNOWS HIS DICKENS

In a remarkable book by Stuart Wood, a pen name, called "Shades of the Prison House," published by Williams and Norgate, we hear of a coster convict whom the author met in Wandsworth Jail. He was a typical recidivist who sold fruit on a coster's barrow between convictions and went "crook" when sales dwindled to the vanishing point.

Sharp-witted and shrewd, he had all the whimsical humour and philosophy of his type, taking all things as they came. I was attracted to him in the first place by his amazing knowledge of Dickens. He spent every moment of leisure reading Dickens and had, in the course of a dozen or more years in prison, read little else. There was no single scrap of Dickens's work he hadn't read, not once, or twice, but many times. Mention any character you liked and little B—— would give you a verbal picture of him and his setting in the story in which he appeared. More than once at exercise he has walked behind me spouting whole pages dealing with his favourite characters, accompanying his copious quotations with a running commentary on their virtues and failings in a vein so humorous that I have more than once had to fall out to avoid startling the whole exercise by going off into peals of laughter. Had he possessed a little more education he could probably have made a competence by giving readings and impersonations of Dickens's characters.

Thomas Beard Esq
From his sincere friend
The Author.

SKETCHES BY "BOZ,"

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

EVERY-DAY LIFE,

AND

EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

MDCCCXXXVI.

The title page of Dickens's first book, presented to his oldest friend. This book is in the possession of Count de Suzannet, by whose kind permission this illustration now appears for the first time.

DICKENS'S OLDEST FRIEND*

BY J. W. T. LEY

I DO not want to imitate, or to seem to be imitating, Fanny Squeers, who was screaming out loud all the time she was writing. I am conscious that in the winter number of this magazine I wrote with enthusiasm of the volume of letters to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and I do not want it to be supposed that I deem all the flowers in the garden to be roses of highest perfection. But I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion this volume of letters to Thomas Beard is, from the biographical point of view, the most important Dickens book that has been published in this country since Forster's "Life" appeared. The Beadnell letters take precedence, no doubt, but we are still most absurdly denied them on this side of the Atlantic. Forster was criticised by many of Dickens's friends because he declined to make use of Dickens's letters to them. I have always held that he was right, but I am bound to say that I do not think he can have been aware of the fact that in Beard's desk there reposed some 200 letters dating from February 4th, 1832, to November 10th, 1868. What surprises me is that he does not seem to have turned to Beard at all for information that could have been supplied by no other man. He is bound to have known that Beard was Dickens's colleague in the reporting days as to which his own knowledge was hazy—which was actually the one period of Dickens's life of which he had not exact knowledge. Dickens himself had told him the sordid story of his boyhood, he had been the most intimate friend from the early *Pickwick* days, but there was a hiatus of roughly ten years, and there was Beard who could have filled the blank. For Beard had been acquainted with Charles Dickens before the latter had adopted journalism as his profession. There can be no doubt about that, I think. It was John Dickens's example of learning shorthand and entering journalism that stirred Charles to adopt that career, and it was John who met Beard as a newspaper colleague and introduced him to his son. I think we can accept that as certain. Thus Beard knew the family in the period which was almost a closed book to Forster. And when Charles became a reporter Beard remained his closest friend.

James Grant told us long ago that in his Gallery days Dickens kept himself very much to himself, and formed no intimacy except with Beard. I think this book reveals the reason. To the end of his days John Dickens continued his happy-go-lucky habits, and was a continual worry and embarrassment to his brilliant son. When great success came this did not matter so much, and could be taken philosophically, but until then, while Charles was striving hard, and earning what was for those days good money on the press, it was a very serious matter. Here we have stories of the home having to be broken up, and of Charles having to turn often to Beard for loans

* "Dickens to his oldest Friend. The Letters of a Lifetime from Charles Dickens to Thomas Beard." Edited by Walter Dexter. London and New York, Putnam. Edition limited to 500 copies, £1 1s.

to tide over some fresh trouble. Dickens must have felt the humiliation of all this, and avoided intimacies in his dread of its becoming, as it were, common knowledge. But Beard was intimately acquainted with the family, therefore he need have no reserve with him. Now, Forster knew Beard well. All the Dickens circle knew him well. The novelist never neglected this obscure friend to whom he had so often turned for sympathy and help in other days, and always insisted on making him free of his circle. Forster must have known that Beard had been the intimate colleague of those newspaper days, of which his own knowledge was so vague. Why did he not turn to him? He sought out old schoolfellows of his friend, but he ignored the old colleague whom he knew so well. I suspect that Beard was looked upon by the Dickens circle very much in the character of the poor relation. Beard was self-effacing: he never presumed on the old friendship. He remained an obscure newspaper man, and was conscious that he was not a planet in the brilliant constellation of which his loved friend was the sun. None of the friends except Forster himself knew the sordid story of other days; they knew of course that Beard was a very early friend, but he was a nobody, he accepted that position, and none—perhaps not even Forster himself—ever dreamed that this man could, if he had chosen, have told a story of immense interest. He was content in the knowledge that the friendship persisted untarnished: he had no desire to assert himself. Right through the years he held his silence, and spoke only once. That was twenty years after his friend's death, when at F. G. Kitton's request he recalled the wedding at which he had been best man more than half a century before. Yet he could have filled in a blank in the story of his friend's life, and saved Forster from more than one error. The publication of these letters—and we shall all be grateful to Sir Henry Dickens for permitting their publication—fills the blank almost entirely.

They do more than that. They throw light on many phases of Dickens's life. They certainly suggest a very good reason why the well-to-do Lombard Street banker vetoed the young reporter as a suitor for his daughter's hand. It was not Charles that he objected to, but the things which were worrying Charles in those days. For there is no doubt but that he met John Dickens. Three months ago I was writing that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts letters proved finally—not that proof was wanted by any but the perverse—that Dickens practised what he preached; that while year after year he was pleading with pen and voice for better treatment of the poor and needy, he was consistently doing practical work for them. The letters to Beard show us the man still more intimately. Here he is in the intimacies of friendship—not of friendship with some famous man, but with an obscure friend of his early manhood. "Charles Dickens," wrote Lady Pollock, "was, and is to me, the ideal of friendship." One of our literary critics wrote a few years ago that while the Dickens circle was a delightful one, there really was practically no evidence that Dickens ever knew "the last intimacies of friendship"; implying

that while they were "jolly companions every one" there was very little evidence of friendships in the ultimate sense of the word. Beard could have proved that this was not correct. Here, if anywhere, is a story of a splendid friendship which stood every test and lasted untarnished until the very end. While Dickens was writing almost daily to the great and wealthy lady, and serving her in her beneficent work for the poor, he was writing even more frequently to the obscure friend of his youth, advising him, assisting him, steadfastly holding to their friendship.

It is to me a joy to read these letters, because they confirm the earliest impression I formed of Dickens, namely, that he was a man with a splendid capacity for friendship. Let those who care to do so sneer at him as the darling of London drawing rooms, as the admired of leaders in the arts. For all his immense popularity, both with the general public and with the leading men of his time, he never lost his head. It is not simply that when prosperity came he did not "cut" Beard. Some men would have done that. Some would have continued to acknowledge him for sheer decency's sake. Dickens was not a snob, and there was no patronage in his nature. Beard had been his tried and intimate friend when he sorely needed such a friend. The time came early when he had no such need, but the intimacy was maintained; the friendship remained staunch and true right throughout the years. If he was holidaying at Broadstairs, or Folkestone, Boulogne, or where not, Beard was the first to be invited to join the family circle. When he is editing a weekly magazine, Beard must write for it, and articles are suggested, and letters written to him designed to shake him out of his diffidence, or lack of self-confidence. When Beard is free-lancing, Dickens anticipates that his friend will have the opportunity of writing a notice of Fechter's new play, so he sends him in advance a synopsis of the play which must have taken him a couple of hours to write. When he contemplates a reading tour in Australia it is of Beard he thinks as his manager and secretary. When he is travelling in America, or on the Continent, and when he is on his reading tours Beard receives letters as voluminous as any written to other friends. If he has tickets to give away for the theatricals it is to Beard he sends them. He approaches Cabinet Ministers in efforts to find posts for Beard, and eventually is largely instrumental in obtaining for him the position of Court Newsmen. Beard is godfather to his first boy; Beard is invited to the dinners in celebration of the completion of his various books. And never is there the slightest suggestion of patronage. It is a fine story of unwavering loyalty to a humble self-effacing friend of early days. Is it not true that every addition to our knowledge of Charles Dickens confirms the first judgment that he was a good man?

Apart from the proof provided by the earlier letters that the worries of the Dickens family did not cease with the end of the prison and blacking warehouse days, many of them are of interest for the light they throw on the novelist's reporting days. Incidentally one letter ends the controversy as to the house at Chalk in which the honeymoon

was spent. With the sudden rush of fame Dickens's letters become even more numerous and more voluminous. Beard is called in as an intermediary in the squabble with Bentley; he is at the christenings and at the book dinners; year after year he shares part of the holidays with the family. There is a series of letters which tell much about the establishment of the "Daily News," and show that Beard had much to do with that.

Once again one marvels at the energy of the man. Writing immortal novels, editing a weekly magazine and contributing to it regularly, continually travelling, giving his public readings, organising the theatricals, helping Miss Coutts in her good work, yet he found time to write voluminously not only to members of his family, and to friends whose names were famous, but also to this obscure friend of other years. Dickens may not be in the first flight of letter writers, but when we consider the strenuous life he lived, the conditions under which he continually wrote, and the enormous extent of the correspondence that he maintained, it surely must be agreed that the standard he consistently sustained is amazingly high.

This volume contains other letters besides those to Thomas Beard. There are a couple of dozen addressed to Beard's brother, Francis Carr Beard, the doctor who was in close attendance on Dickens during the last eleven years of his life. These show how steady was the breakdown in health, and how courageously he carried on with his work. Next we have three or four interesting letters from Charles Dickens the younger. The first explains why Beard was not invited to his friend's funeral, an omission which evidently hurt him, and the last insists on his accepting the dedication of the Jubilee edition of *Pickwick*. Then come letters from other members of the family, and here we have some delightful examples of John Dickens's epistolary style which might have been taken direct from *Copperfield*. These letters are of definite biographical value. Then follow letters from Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth, and in a final appendix are letters to Bradbury and Evans and Forster which deal with the establishment of the "Daily News."

We are given, by the way, a facsimile of some verses written by Dickens in Ellen Beard's autograph album in 1834, and it should be added that the first letter to Beard, which is also reproduced in facsimile, is the earliest known letter with the exception of the schoolboy letter reproduced by Forster.

Mr. Dexter has done his editorial work admirably. He has written a capital introduction, and his annotations are very thorough. The publishers also have done their part most worthily.



THE MARSHALSEA RE-VISITED

BY GEORGE F. YOUNG

THE KEY.

IT was low tide at London Bridge and Major Rivers and I were ending an afternoon ramble at "Nancy's Steps." "Which and where was the Marshalsea of Dickens?" So sudden and incongruous was the question that I almost flopped into the mud. From such an old campaigner, too! "What's the trouble, Major?" I asked. "Forgotten your *Little Dorrit*?" "No!" he had not. A "corrected" map which shows two Marshalseas had "shaken his faith." We recrossed the bridge and parted at the Monument, the Major to prepare a thesis on "Todgers's and where to find it," I, to ponder his question. Two Marshalseas, indeed! Then it dawned on me that in the bad old days there were enough prisons in Southwark to accommodate all the Dorrits and Micawbers in Christendom. Good heavens! Had I during all the years since my "Ashby-Sterry" days been harbouring a false Marshalsea? All very well for the oracle whom I consulted to say, "Go and find it." My first job was



Horwood's Map, 1799

to locate it. For this purpose I had to take my *Little Dorrit*; and also to take stock of three of those old Southwark prisons.

Walking southward from old London Bridge and on the left-hand side of the way, there was first the fourteenth-century Marshalsea, the entrance to which would approximate to 161 Borough High Street. This was the prison of Smollett's "Roderick Random," and of George Barnwell, who murdered his uncle at Camberwell. Sam Weller knew all there was to know of Master Barnwell. This prison ceased to exist in the very early nineteenth century, and was finally closed in 1813. Beneath some houses in Tennis Court at the rear may be seen a part of the foundations. Obviously this could not have been the prison of *Dorrit*, or the elder Dickens. Students of *Pickwick*, however, might note that in point of date—though not of fact—this would have been the Marshalsea of the *Queer Client*.

The second of my three prisons was the equally ancient King's Bench, which stood a little further south, with an entrance through Layton's Yard. To-day two quaint street signs announce it as Layton's Buildings. On the right is the traditional Marshal's house, and further on are some large old wood sheds and a compact window-barred one-story house of mellowing red brick. They are probably remains of the old prison, and as such have an interest for the antiquarian. The point here is that, though this prison has at times been confused with the Marshalsea which Dickens knew so well, and at others with the King's Bench of Micawber, there is reliable evidence to show that it had not the remotest connection with either. The Marshalsea I sought must be "an oblong pile of barrack building partitioned into squalid houses standing back to back, so that there were no back rooms." (Chapter VI.) Moreover, it must be of brick (Preface). I found nothing answering to that description here. Cunningham* says that between 1755-58 this King's Bench was removed to a building half a mile further south, at the junction of Newington Causeway and Borough Road. In it, in 1759, Smollett, who was one of Dickens's fathers in literature, served three months for libel. Smollett's prison was also one of those burnt down by the Gordon rioters in 1780. The new building set up on the same site after the fire, later became a debtors' prison, and a "haven of domestic tranquillity and peace of mind" to Micawber. For a few years prior to its demolition it was used as a military prison; but since 1880 its site has been covered by huge blocks of "Model" dwellings. A portion of the south wall of "that place of incarceration on civil process," outside which Micawber met David and Traddles may still be seen; and in the Borough Road is a well preserved Watch-House with cells in the rear duly barred.

I was on surer ground when noting my third prison. This was the sixteenth-century White Lion or Borough Prison which stood a little south of the old King's Bench and just short of St. George's Church. Between the two prisons was a narrow thoroughfare known as Bridewell Alley, which in Dickens's day had become Angel Court,

* George Cunningham. *Survey of London*.

but is now known as Angel Place. Rendle* says that in 1811 the White Lyon was taken down and carried on in St. George's Fields on a spot rejoicing in the name of "Hangman's Acre." In the same year a new prison costing £8,000 was built on its old site, and the old Marshalsea, which for centuries had carried on nearer to London Bridge, was transferred to this new building. And Rendle was right. Horwood's map of 1799, reproduced on page 219, shows that No. 150 High Street corresponds both with the entrance to the old Borough, or White Lyon Prison, and with the new Marshalsea which took its place. In addition the rate-book for the year 1824 fixes this number



Photo by]

The Roof of the Turnkey's House (Front view)

[P. W. Johnson

definitely. In it is an entry "150 Borough High Street, Joseph Rowlands (for the Marshalsea)." True, the High Street was re-numbered in 1889, but directories prove the present number 211, guilty of covering the outer courtyard of the prison. Here, then—"corrected" map or not—between Angel Place and St. George's Church, I found the Marshalsea. Found it, in the precise spot indicated in the sixth chapter of *Little Dorrit*.

THE LOCK.

Found the Marshalsea? " . . . but it is gone now and the world is none the worse without it." (Chapter vi.) "Gone," yes: but only as a prison; for the order to close it was made in 1842. But the building itself remained, as is clearly stated in the preface. Further, we are told that a butter shop had been set up over the outer courtyard:

* William Rendle. One time medical officer for St. George the Martyr, Southwark. Author of "Old Southwark and its People."

that the prison building was let out in tenements : and that it had become known as Marshalsea Place. I decided on the " butter shop " first—a draper's nowadays : no matter. The number is 211. " Any-one can go in," said Uncle Frederick to Arthur Clennam. So with no outer gate nor lodge gate to bar my way I entered ; and in passing from front to back literally traversed the prison entrance. Like Uncle Frederick, I, too, " paused on the steps." For the gentleman " on the lock," whom I addressed as Mr. Chivery, looked suspicious. I had made a mistake. His name was Taylor. I explained ; and we soon became friends. " Exactly, Mr. Taylor. The house above us is old, and the front shop comparatively new ? " " Yes. That is so." The same thing has happened in thousands of cases. A shop built over the front garden, leaving the old house in the rear intact. In this case, the garden was the outer courtyard and the house the turnkey's. Two separate buildings joined by a short overhead passage. The only front view to be had of the turnkey's house is from a window in the rear of the " butter " shop. And there it was. Too close to get a satisfactory photograph ; but later I took friend Johnson ; pushed him through a trap-door to the roof of the shop ; and from there he got his picture. " Now, Mr. Taylor, you must find me a fireplace." " A fireplace here, in what you call ' the Lodge ' ? " " Yes, here. We can't have the Marshalsea Lodge without its fireplace." My host couldn't think of one at first. Then—" Oh yes, of course." We pulled a show-case and two or three boxes out of the far right-hand corner, and there, sure enough was a fireplace. Small, but old enough to be the very same by which Little Dorrit sat in her little armchair, by the high fender, confounding the kind old turnkey with questions, till he defended himself by turning the subject to " hard-bake." (Chapter VII.)

I should mention here that the same oracle who ordered me to " find " the Marshalsea, remembers a delightful tiled representation of this scene which adorned the predecessor to the Crown public house next door. I learned later that it was unavoidably destroyed during re-building.

" Now," I said, " if it isn't troubling you too much, I would like to see " Little Dorrit's garret." " Certainly. You can get a fine view from the top room." View *from* the top room ? What was the man talking about ? However, I followed him up the staircase leading from the left-hand side of the lodge ; and at the top, found myself in a small low-ceilinged room. " That's the garret," said my host, pointing to a dormer window in the roof of a near-by building. " Belongs to Kelihers'—The Marshalsea Press." " Surely," I said, " that is the prison building, isn't it ? " " Yes, that was the Marshalsea." And if ever a building answered to the description in *Little Dorrit*, this one did. Then I explained to Mr. Taylor. I put it like this. " It is clear that your front shop covers the outer courtyard. Beyond the steps is the lodge (Chapter VIII.). In the same chapter " Tip " explains to Arthur Clennam that Little Dorrit has a lodging at the turnkey's " First house sky parlour." " The first house from

the entrance"; not the entrance from the street, but the entrance to the prison from the lodge. It is clear, too, that the turnkey's house was approachable from the prison, though not part of it. *And this house was above the lodge*, as John Chivery makes clear in Chapter XVIII. He is indulging in one of his day-dreams with Little Dorrit as its theme. "Say things prospered, and they were united. She, the child of the Marshalsea; he, the lock-keeper. . . . Say he became a resident turnkey. She would officially succeed to the chamber she had rented so long . . . and with a trellis-work of scarlet beams and a



Photo by]

[F. W. Johnson

On the left is the Turnkey's house (Back view); on the right the Marshalsea Prison outer wall with tablet in the foreground

canary or so, would become a very Arbour . . . with the Arbour *above* and the lodge *below*: they would glide down the stream of time in pastoral domestic happiness."

"One other point, Mr. Taylor. This window faces due east, and that is the prison yard below?" That was so. "Thanks! I must remember that when I get into the other garret." My last thought of this room was not associated with Little Dorrit. The family had left the prison, and Arthur Clennam himself was a prisoner, in the very room formerly occupied by old William Dorrit. Young Chivery now occupies Little Dorrit's old room. "It was at the top of the house nearest the gateway." Here on the first day of his imprisonment Arthur Clennam was conducted from his prison-room and entertained to tea by John Chivery. "The walls were papered now . . . and the room more comfortably furnished . . . but he could recall it just as he

had seen it in that single glance, when he raised her from the ground and carried her down to the carriage." (2) (Chapter xxvii.). And in 2-29 Little Dorrit tells us that this same room, now John's room—was "my poor old room, you know." "Then you take *this* to be Little Dorrit's garret?" I did, because all the clues point to it. "Yet stay. On one point I am not satisfied. In Chapter xxiv. Little Dorrit is at her window and "the sunset flush was so bright on her face that . . . she interposed her hand to shade it." From this window, which faces east, I don't see how that is possible. "Nor," said my host, "would it be possible at the other window." "And why not, Mr. Taylor?" "Why? because the roof of this house would be between the setting sun and that dormer window." So on to the roof to try it. We found that the dormer window is lower than the roof of the turnkey's house; and concluded that the sun must be high in his heaven to try the eyes of anyone standing at that window. However, I did not think it mattered much. After all, Dickens was writing his story after thirty years contact with the prison. On the way down, my attention was drawn to the back of the house next door. The Marshal's, of course; as its predecessor was in the White Lyon days. There was access to this from the lodge. In (2) (xxx.), "Miss Dorrit" occupies a room in the Marshal's house; reached from the lodge "up a side staircase to a dwelling house above." Not *the* dwelling house above, *that* was the turnkey's. Obviously the resident turnkey and the Marshal, or more likely his deputy, must be within easy hail of each other. On the side wall is a mysterious stone tablet with the date 1677. On top of the back wall are some spiked railings. They are not zig-zag as those described as being on top of the prison wall. Yet they are certainly as old as the prison—if not older. Possibly they were put up to afford extra protection for the Marshal. I thanked my host; but as the entrance to the prison at the far end of the lodge is now bricked up, I went down the steps and so to the street. But not like Frederick Dorrit, "across the road" and "round the corner"—to Lant Street? I turned right and "wandered down a certain adjacent Angel Court."

THE PRISON.

On the right is the well-known printing house, occupying the very rooms in which the debtors lived. It is the "Marshalsea Place" of 1857. The rate-book for that year tells us that. It discloses that the rooms were let as tenements; though "Tom Pythick's" name does not appear therein. This is explained by the fact that the then owner, one "William G. Hicks" "compounded" for the rates, and consequently his was the only name necessary to be entered. Here, by arrangement with the ever obliging secretary, I was met by Mr. Dovey. No need to *tell* me that this was the Marshalsea. Here was that "oblong pile of barrack building." Here was the narrow yard that environed it. Rather ungraciously I hurried my guide to the far side—the aristocratic side. Involuntarily I looked up; half expecting to see old Dorrit or John Dickens looking out of a window.

However, I was not so favoured. To-day the airing yard is covered by a sloping glass roof which projects from the main building to the top of the lowered prison wall. Neither did I see the pump. This was removed many years ago, and after thirty years retirement in a private garden, was presented to the Cuming Museum by Messrs. Harding. This portion of the prison is cut off from the remainder by a restored brick wall, which terminated the blind skittle alley where "the Marshalsea debtors bowled down their troubles." In the wall are evidences of a bricked-up opening. The building beyond is occupied



Photo by]

[F. W. Johnson

The Marshalsea as seen by Little Dorrit from her room in the Turnkey's house. The prison yard is the covered-in portion seen on the right

by Messrs. Harding. Here is the inner pent-up prison with strongly barred windows (probably part of the old White Lyon). Further on, though almost unrecognisable, for the building is scarcely more than a shell, is the snugery and chapel. The names "Dorrit," "Marshall," "Admiralty," etc., seen on the cross-beams are, obviously, the result of an enterprising workman's imagination. Here, too, is Mr. Hole "at your service." But I am being rude to Mr. Dovey. Despite internal structural alterations necessary for the accommodation of printing presses, the debtors' rooms are easily identified. For the occupiers are proud of their heritage, and keen to preserve the building as far as possible in its original state. On the way upstairs many things were pointed out which would in the ordinary way have escaped

my notice. The fireplaces and cupboards for example. Many of them are still preserved, though of no earthly use to the printing business. Again, look at those marks on ceilings and walls. Did I know how they came there? They are the marks showing where the partitions were which divided the rooms. Mr. Dovey (honest fellow) could not show me the room occupied by the elder Dickens. Higher up; then up a short flight of modern stairs, and I found myself in the ugliest little room I have ever seen. My guide threw out his arms. "Did I know where I was?" I was in "Little Dorrit's garret," "and how did I like it?" I liked it not at all. "Little Dorrit's ga . . ." "Yes! Little Dorrit's garret." "Mr. Dovey," I said. "I am having the biggest surprise of my life. First Mr. Taylor, now you. I may be wrong, but to be frank, I don't think this *can* be the garret." "Well everybody says it is; and I've been told that a drawing by 'Phiz'



Some of the original spikes above the Marshalsea wall; seen from the Turnkey's house

is exactly like this room. What makes you think it isn't?" I replied. "No man outside Bedlam (I meant the new Bedlam) would deny that your firm is housed in what was once the Marshalsea Prison. In this building, according to the story, William Dorrit languished for twenty-three years. In that old man's room Little Dorrit was born. To a room somewhere in this building in the early days of 1824 came young Charles Dickens twice a day for weeks on end to visit his parents. This room, I agree, can be called "a garret, and a Marshalsea garret without compromise." But is it Little Dorrit's garret? It must be remembered that no "garret" is mentioned till after Little Dorrit had become old enough to go out as a daily help. She would then be about fourteen (Chapter VII.). Obviously, to continue in her father's one-room had become impossible. Yet, not being herself a prisoner, she could not rent a separate room in the prison. It was not only against the rules, but as Little Dorrit herself tells us later in the story, the rooms were never lacking for prisoners (2) (III.). Yet she must be near her father. What should she do? Her brother "Tip" tells us how the problem was solved. She took

a lodging at the turnkey's "sky-parlour," and not till after then does Dickens mention "Little Dorrit's garret." Mr. Dovey smiled, then delivered what Dick Swiveller would call "a most inscrutable and unmitigated staggerer." "Did I know that this was the only room in the building with a window like this?" Here was a puzzle; for I didn't know then that a dormer window is not essential to a garret. The dormer window, I had almost forgotten that. It is *not* a casement as shewn in the drawing by "Phiz," who, of course, was "drawing" on his imagination, and it faces due south. Could I look east from it and down into the prison yard? I could not. Nor could my guide. When Little Dorrit "had crept up to her own high garret . . . she gently opened her window and looked eastward down the prison yard" (Chapter XIX.). To do so from *this* window would involve climbing out and crawling several feet to look over the edge of the coping. "One last point, Mr. Dovey. You say that this short staircase was put here by your people; and that the original was along there—say thirty feet away. Could Little Dorrit, seated by this window, have heard Maggy's footsteps coming up the stairs?" (Chapter XXIV.). Mr. Dovey couldn't say. He still thought this was Little Dorrit's garret. With all respect I thought he was wrong. We parted at last, the best of friends. Mr. Dovey all smiles; I feeling like a burglar who had been caught in the act.

A List of Prisoners brought into Custody and discharged on Friday 20. Feb. 1824.

By whom recd.	Name.	At what Court.	Damage.	Sums Given.		
16	John Dickens	at James Harr	40	10	Supper &c	
14	George Giles	at Robert Bullinger	50	12	0	0
14	Thomas Turner	at William (Browne)	100	37	Supper &c	
14	William Cockburn	at Thomas Spradley	—	26	Supper &c	
Witnessed in the office of the Clerk of the Court.						
J. P. B.						

A List of Prisoners brought into Custody and discharged on Friday 28th May 1824.

By whom recd.	Name.	By whom discharged.	£. s.	£. s.	d. s.	By whom received.
26	John Gunn —	James Winder p p. p				

Copies of the original register of the Marshalsea Prison, now in the Record Office, London, showing the admission and discharge of John Dickens

Note the mis-spelling of the name.

WILLIAM JOHN FISHER

WE deeply regret to record the death of Mr. W. J. Fisher, which took place on 30th April. He had not been in the best of health for the last twelve months and about five weeks before the end he had a seizure from which he never rallied. In view of his failing health he had tendered his resignation as Hon. Treasurer which was regretfully accepted by the Council at its meeting on April 2nd.

Mr. Fisher had a long and honourable association with the Fellowship. With the late Mr. Matz he was one of the Founders of the Balham Branch and its first Secretary, 1923-26, President, 1926-29, and from then onwards Vice-President. For many years he was a member of the Executive Committee, and at the Birmingham Conference in 1927 was elected Hon. Treasurer of the Fellowship, a position he held with distinction and charm.

He was held in the highest esteem by his colleagues for his genial personality and the scrupulous care he exercised in guarding the financial interests of the Fellowship. He was a lovable man, and never happier than when spending himself in the service of others. A large number of old friends and colleagues attended the funeral service at which the Balham Branch was represented by Miss A. M. Holmes (Secretary) and Mr. J. J. Fulwood (President) and the Executive Committee by Mr. F. G. Young and the Hon. Secretary.



Thomas Beard Esq
 Homeing Herald Office
 Shoe Lane
Wentworths. Fleet Street

Facsimile of an envelope addressed by Dickens to his oldest friend (See page 214)

(Block kindly lent by the Editor of "The Strand Magazine")

HAIL TO THE VICTORIANS

Each publishing season emphasises the great "come-back" in the interest attaching to the erstwhile much maligned Victorian era. Following the Victorian Panoramas reviewed in our last number comes "Victorian Days and Ways," by Mark Perugini (Jarrolds, 18s.), which doubtless had its inception in that great historical mirror "Punch," since fifty of its many illustrations are taken from the pages of that faithful recorder of current manners and customs; but the pages of Dickens have also been thoroughly gleaned to add literary significance to the theme, and these sources, aided by Mr. Perugini's own recollections of the Metropolis in those days, have produced an entrancing book which serves to prove once again, although that is hardly necessary, the great artistry of Dickens in penning pictures of his own times. We are pleased to note that Mr. Perugini acknowledges his indebtedness to that pioneer work of Mr. Arthur L. Hayward, "The Days of Dickens." Well, this is a book into which one can "cut and come again"; there are very lively chapters on Modes, Music, Dancing, Art, Law, Literature, The Theatre, The Inner Man, Night-life, The Press, Society, Pod-snappery and Plush. Can you think of a more inviting menu?

For a more sober survey of the period Mr. John Murray has provided the right kind of fare in "The Nineteenth Century," by Victor Cohen, 7s. 6d., and never have I read a text book which has told me in clearer or more concise language just what I most want to know of the history of the times which so exercised the talents of Dickens. By means of a series of biographical studies is revealed the great industrial revolution through which Dickens lived, and in which he took no small part. Unfortunately, the index to the book is defective, not half of the references to Dickens being recorded; but Mr. Cohen knows his Dickens well and has drawn freely upon him, "People read Dickens when they did not read the inspectors' reports, the novelists humanised many a blue book and they created a new sympathy which made for further reform." But we must not let Dickens be our sole historian; this book will make your understanding of Dickens more complete; you will quickly learn from it about the Reform Bill, the Corn Laws, the Factory Laws, and the parts played by Lord Shaftesbury, William Cobbett, Robert Owen, Richard Cobden and many others.

* * * * *

What Mr. E. F. Benson has done for Dickens's great contemporary ("Charlotte Brontë," by E. F. Benson: Longman's, 12s. 6d.) has yet to be done for Dickens; but the time is not yet ripe for a frank, unbiassed biography of the latter, as there is still a quantity of unpublished letters in existence, which when brought to light will assist the future biographer in his proper estimate of the life of Dickens, as distinct from his work. Mr. Benson upholds the desire of the reader of any novel to know all the circumstances which helped the author, or handicapped him in his work. That desire is legitimate and not mere idle inquisitiveness, and should be satisfied. Mr. Benson has rendered signal service to Charlotte Brontë in sifting the wheat from the chaff.

I believe that most Dickensians own Charlotte to be their other love ; it is a pity that Dickens and the tragic and immortal family never met, and that none of them expressed any opinion regarding the others.

“DICKENS AND HIS TIMES”*

Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor has written a most readable little book. Nobody can write more interestingly about the Victorian Era. We know him to be a real Dickensian, and in this volume his knowledge of the time in which Dickens lived and his knowledge of the man's life work are combined to give us a book worthy of a good place on our shelves. But I cannot resist a word or two by way of semi-critical comment. I cannot understand Mr. Chancellor's insistence on Mr. Chesterton as an authoritative biographer of Dickens. I do not for one moment believe that Mr. Chesterton himself would dream of claiming that title. His book is just about the best book on Dickens, but it never was meant to be in any true sense a biography. Would any commentator on Dickens's life turn to it for anything but a point of view ? There is really only one “Life” of Dickens, but here is Mr. Chancellor talking about the “elaborate studies” of Chesterton and Kitton. That expression can hardly be applied to Kitton's prosaic “Life.” It was a useful enough work when it was published practically thirty years ago, but it has very little value to-day for one all-sufficient reason. It consists of nothing but facts—those delved by Langton and by Kitton himself, plus the essential facts in Forster, and all those facts, and many more are now embodied in the elaborate annotated edition of Forster by Mr. J. W. T. Ley, which, from this point of view, is far and away the most important book on Dickens that has yet been published. It must undoubtedly remain the definitive reference book on Dickens for the next fifty years. This is in no way to belittle the very real interest and value of Mr. Chesterton's splendid book.

Mr. Chancellor's brief account of the origin of the *Pickwick Papers* is, unfortunately, inaccurate. It is not true that Seymour was attracted by the *Boz Sketches* and told Chapman and Hall that he would be willing to illustrate a work by their author. On the contrary it was the decision that he should illustrate what Dickens might choose to write that upset his own scheme, caused endless trouble with him, and ultimately led to his suicide. The original scheme was his, and the leading characters were in his portfolio before Dickens had been heard of as the possible writer. I think, too, that the reference to Buss as a poor draughtsman is a little drastic when we know that he was a successful book illustrator before and after *Pickwick*, and that for something like a generation he was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy. I can only assume that Mr. Chancellor is judging Buss by his published *Pickwick* plates, but the apparent bad draughtsman-ship in those was due to his lack of knowledge of etching, of which the publishers were aware when they engaged him.†

T. T.

* The Richards Press, 2s. 6d.

† See the Editor's Note in “When Found—,” page 168.

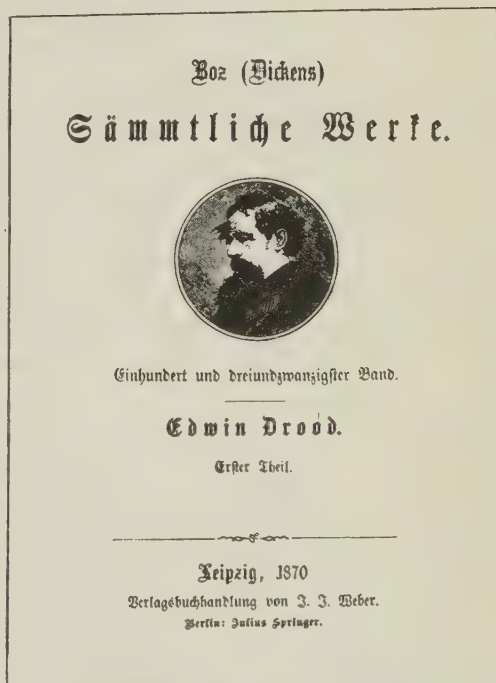
A NOTABLE "DROOD" COLLECTION

BY ALBERT A. HOPKINS

DR. HOWARD DUFFIELD, who for many years was President of the New York Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, recently exhibited at the Grolier Club in New York City his collection of the literature which has grown up around *Edwin Drood*; a matter of about 450 exhibits. For the benefit of those readers abroad who are not familiar with the Grolier Club, we may say that this is a Club whose membership is restricted to collectors of the first rank. The exhibitions given by the Club are of high distinction and are always open to the public—a democratic gesture for an exclusive organisation. Dr. Duffield became interested in "Drood" Literature many years ago, and as a persistent and indefatigable collector, has combed the world for things which apparently did not exist, but there they were!

Dr. Duffield made a scholarly address at the opening. He stressed the fact that over two thousand English and American titles of unfinished books are listed by bibliographers, but not one save *Edwin Drood* has created even a ripple in the world of letters, while the persistent vitality of the Dickens fragment was attested by a steady stream of first editions, illustrations, continuations, solutions, dramatisations, periodicals, newspapers and monographs, which flow in an unbroken current from the year of the author's death to the present time.

The collection is far too large to comment in detail. Mention can only be made of a few representative items. As the nearest possible approach to a presentation copy, there is a set of original parts with the first number signed by Kate Perugini and Henry Fielding Dickens.



Title page of the German Edition of
Edwin Drood

There is a Tauchnitz first edition in parts and a very early issue by a New York publishing company in octavo parts. Translations in French, German, Dutch, Danish and Russian. The French translation of "John Jasper's Secret" was also displayed. "Judy" (London, April 13th, 1870) with a full page parody of text and illustrations of the first number of the novel (which had been issued on April 1st) was shown side by side with "Punchinello" (New York, 1870) in which "The Mystery of Mr. E. Drood" first appeared. Every periodical which has been listed as containing a "Drood" article was exhibited, together with several which as yet are unregistered. The Proctor contribution was assembled in its entirety; "Belgravia," June, 1878, containing his first article signed with his pen-name, "Thomas Foster"; "Leisure Hour" in which it was represented; a complete file of "Knowledge" in which it was expanded as a six months' serial; "Watched by the Dead," which enshrined it in book form, together with a version in Russian. Of autograph letters there was one of Dickens referring to "Drood" (see below); another of Andrew Lang concerning an article on Dickens's notes for the novel; another of Richard A. Proctor dealing with his "Watched by the Dead," and another from Robertson Nicoll as to his "Problem of Edwin Drood."

Such specimens will serve to reveal the character of the collection as a whole, but there are two star items with reference to which we have asked Dr. Duffield to write the story of their long quest. The first is the earliest German translation published by Weber in Leipzig, 1870.

"It is not over difficult to obtain a German version of *Edwin Drood*," he writes, "but the translation bearing the imprint of Weber of Leipzig and issued in 1870, the one with regard to the publication of which Dickens himself made the arrangements, has become an item of excessive scarcity. In April, 1870, Dickens wrote to an intimate relation of the Dr. Lehmann who was to act as translator that 'the 1st No. had been sent to Hamburg' and 'all other Nos. will follow, and there will be twelve in all.' " Weber, of Leipzig (in conjunction with Springer, of Berlin), was engaged as publisher and an attractive poster was prepared, featuring Dickens as "Boz," carrying the announcement of the twelve monthly parts with twenty-four illustrations, and decorated with a vignette of the author which was also used on the title page of the book. The autograph letter was most graciously presented to me by the New York Branch of the Fellowship when I had the very great honour of serving as its President, and the Weber poster was treasure-trove in a secondhand bookshop, but the translation itself seemed as out of reach as the moon. In the effort to run it down, the son of the translator, the eminent and scholarly Dr. Lehmann-Haupt, Professor in the University at Innsbruck, was communicated with. He responded with cordial interest and promised his utmost assistance, but frankly wrote, "Unfortunately your wish to possess my father's translation must be called a somewhat hopeless case." The memorial room in the house of Sir Henry Dickens,

he stated, had no copy; Weber and Springer, the publishers, had both been enlisted by him in the search for one, but reported that all effort was fruitless, 'that they did not know of any available copy, nay, that they not even had one themselves. My father's own copy has been lost. I will still try in Hamburg, my native city, if any copy can be found, but I'm afraid there is scarcely any chance for it.' But the joy of collecting is to possess the impossible, and thanks to the aid of a Dickensian comrade who is a book-finding sleuth, the German version which had been begun while Dickens still sat at his desk, together with the letter concerning it and the poster which had announced its appearance, were on view in the exhibition."

The Dickens-Hatton play is an even more fascinating story and we will again let Dr. Duffield tell it in his own way.

"It was excessively difficult to get the facts concerning a dramatised version of the novel made by Charles Dickens, Jr., and Joseph Hatton. The 'Theatre Magazine,' March, 1880, announced its production, but somehow the plan fell through. In 'Dickens and the Drama' (S. J. Adair FitzGerald, 1910) the author alludes to a 'statement he had seen in print more than once' that such a version had been prepared, and adds, 'The MS of this play still exists in the family.' A note of inquiry to Sir Henry Fielding Dickens brought the response that 'he had never seen or heard of such a play.' Robertson Nicoll in his 'Problem of Edwin Drood' (1912) gives an account of the play which he said was made possible through the kindness of Miss Bessie Hatton and Mr. B. W. Matz. When written to, his secretary replied that Sir Robertson Nicoll was too ill to attend to any correspondence. Shortly after he died. A letter to Mr. Matz was replied to with the advice to write to Miss Bessie Hatton, 'whom, I believe, is in possession of the MS.' But he added, 'I am sorry to say I do not know her address.' Later, the genial Mr. Green, then Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, declared himself equally ignorant of the alleged play and of Miss Hatton's whereabouts. His kindly successor in office, Mr. Edwards, was anxious to help but could only quote Adair FitzGerald's statement that 'the MS of this play still exists in the family.' When our good friend Mr. Dexter wrote 'The Hatton-Dickens 'Drood' was in MS only and we have never been able to trace the whereabouts of the script, and I'm afraid it was destroyed long ago—before ever the mystery began to attract so much attention,' the search seemed to have ended against a blind wall. After several more futile casts the suggestion came through Miss Jane Stoddard, the secretary to Robertson Nicoll, that his daughter, Mrs. Elystan Miles, might know something of the subject. Through her courtesy the address of Miss Bessie Hatton was obtained. This good lady wrote me that she knew nothing about a 'MS,' but by a search of her father's papers she had unearthed a printed copy of the play and before considering the sale of this item she felt obliged, very properly, to consult the heirs of Charles Dickens, Jr., who did not possess the play in any form. Negotiations lagged tediously through several years, but at long-last resulted in securing the copy displayed in the exhibit. All the

circumstances indicate its extreme rarity. It is, in fact, the only known copy."

If this is not one of the high-light stories of collecting, what is?

We have had Dickens Exhibitions and Pickwick Exhibitions, and now we have had one even more highly specialised. Dr. Duffield deserves great praise for his erudition and his unbounded enthusiasm; for a man who searches the earth for a pamphlet which is not known to exist and finds it, is certainly a model collector.

MR. PICKWICK IN CATALONIA

ONE of the by-products of the recent troubles in Spain is of considerable interest to Dickensians. The people of Catalonia, whose Nationalist aspirations have received a strong stimulus, are anxious to enlarge and enrich their literature. To that end a number of the world's masterpieces have been, and are being, translated into Catalan, that peculiar dialect which partakes of both French and Spanish, and which is, in fact, most nearly akin to the beautiful Provençal tongue. Such a collection without Dickens would be unthinkable, and, accordingly, *Oliver Twist* and *Pickwick* are now in existence in yet another language, while two others are in preparation—*David Copperfield* and "Les Esperances de Pip," a highly original version of another title!

A copy of *Pickwick* has been obtained, and is now at the Dickens House. The translation has been exceedingly well done by Señor Josef Carner, and it has been a matter of much interest and amusement to observe how passages of a particularly English or Dickensian nature have been rendered.

No attempt has been made to deal with the cockney substitution of "V" for "W" as this would have been impossible, but all Count Smortkork's *lapsus lingue* are faithfully translated, with explanatory footnotes where the play on words would otherwise be missed.

Some of the Wellerisms are extremely well preserved. For example, the description of Ben Allen as the "sawbones in barnacles" becomes "serraossos de les ulleres"—literally, "sawbones in spectacles"; while Mr. Tuckle of the crimson livery, addressed by Sam as "Blazes" becomes "Senyor Flamarada." Certain untranslatable passages are omitted—"The Pickwick Papers are our New River Head" (Chapter IV.), for example, but in the course of a somewhat superficial investigation the only error I have found is the translation of the "waterman" who fetched Mr. Pickwick's cab by "barquerol del riu"—"waterman of the river"; whereas this class of individual was attached to the cab-rank to water the horses.

In concluding these notes on this latest evidence of Dickens's international place among the immortals, I should like to express my thanks to my colleague, Mr. Alphonso Carreras, of Lincoln's Inn, to whose knowledge of Catalan I am indebted for the translation of the passages which I wished to compare with the original text.

PHILIP F. SKOTTOWE.

DICKENS, BY OSBERT SITWELL*

It is easy to write a book in praise of Dickens; it is even easier to obtain a cheap notoriety by attacking and calumniating him. It is a very different matter to write a book about him, which is both enthusiastic and critical, and to base the enthusiasm on qualities in his works which many of his admirers scarcely thought he possessed. Mr. Sitwell has done this, and has produced that rare and almost impossible thing, a really new book about Dickens, with a fresh and novel outlook.

He shows that Dickens is an artist, though he says little about art; that he possesses a great style which is a help to the reader, and not, as with some great stylists, a hindrance and a difficulty; that by the intricacy of his plots and his cleverness in describing the tracking down of criminals and evil-doers he is the father of the "thriller," and that here, as in so many other instances, the father is greater than any of his children.

The book is an answer to several recent attacks on Dickens. The author points out that the spirit of abounding charity, which runs through all Dickens's works, is the best refutation of accusations of meanness, pettiness and cruelty, which have been brought against him.

To those who compare Dickens, to his disadvantage, with Dostoeffsky he says that if the great Russian novelist had written *Oliver Twist*, Fagin and Sikes would have been the heroes. Dickens loved the under-dog, so did Dostoeffsky, but he liked the under-dog to be rabid. Dickens did not. The book is, however, distinctly critical, the weaknesses and faults of Dickens are clearly pointed out, thus making the praise of greater value.

Mr. Sitwell dislikes *The Pickwick Papers* and *A Tale of Two Cities*; he says they are not typical of their author's genius. This is, undoubtedly, true of the "Tale"; it is the favourite of those who do not like Dickens. The book is that rare and perhaps unique literary phenomenon of two different styles meeting and producing something new. Just as blue and yellow mixed give green, so here the style of Dickens and Carlyle make together the very beautiful style of *A Tale of Two Cities*, which is neither Dickens nor Carlyle. *The Pickwick Papers* differs from Dickens's other works, but it is of similar material, and bears the same relation to them as an overture does to an opera.

The real value of this new essay on Dickens is that it emphasises points in the novels which from familiarity, custom, or convention are frequently overlooked, even by ardent Dickensians. It also marks another step in the reaction against the absurd modern belittlement of the great Victorian writers.

J. H. McNULTY.

* The Dolphin Books. Chatto and Windus. 2s.



THE DICKENS

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating),							
Rates and Taxes		70	5	4			
„ Printing and Stationery		65	18	8			
„ Salaries	260 0 0						
Less Contributed by Dickens House	110 10 0						
	149 10 0						
„ General Expenses and Postage	109 18 3						
	259 8 3						
Less amount charged to <i>The Dickensian</i>	92 15 10				166	12	5
							302 16 5
„ Official Visit to Branches in Canada and U.S.A.							35 12 6
„ <i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Members—Headquarters	97 12 3						
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							108 17 3
„ Meetings	47 5 10						
Less Excess of Receipts over Payments in respect							
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„ Essay Competition Prizes	5 3 6						
							23 15 4
„ Charitable and Philanthropic Expenditure—							
Donation to Cot Fund	15 15 0						
Donation to Foundling Hospital Site Fund	21 0 0						
Presentation of a Dickens letter and Portrait to							
Keats Museum	5 0 0						
Commemorative Sculpture and Tablet for "David							
Copperfield's Garden"	31 0 0						
Donation to East London Hospital (Birthday							
Recital Collection)	10 9 9						
Sundry Donations, Toys, Christmas Entertain-							
ments Account	34 8 2						
							117 12 11
„ Depreciation—Library, Pictures and Furniture							7 10 6
							£596 4 11

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	LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Sundry Creditors							
Life Membership Fund—							4 11 7
As per last Balance Sheet		168	0	0			
Subscriptions received during year		21	0	0			
							189 0 0
Income and Expenditure Account—							
Balance as at 1st April, 1931		573	11	5			
Deduct Excess of Expenditure over Income for							
the year ended 31st March, 1932		36	2	6			
							537 8 11

£731 0 6

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2. 5th May, 1932.

FELLOWSHIP

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st MARCH, 1932.

£r.

	INCOME.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Subscriptions—							
Headquarters Members		343	3	8			
Branches		123	3	9			
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (less Tax)		5	14	4			
„ Profit on <i>The Dickensian</i> for the year to 30th November, 1931		37	19	8	472	1	9
Less Income Tax		1	7	6			
„ Receipts for Charity—					36	12	2
Sundry Donations, etc.		36	4	3			
Collection at Birthday Recital on behalf of East London Hospital		10	9	9			
Interest on 4 per cent. Consols (gross)		4	14	6			
„ Balance, being Excess of Expenditure over Income carried to Balance Sheet					51	8	6
					36	2	6

NOTE.—Subscriptions due from Branches but remaining unpaid have not been brought into account.

£596 4 11

AS AT 31st MARCH, 1932.

	ASSETS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Amount due from <i>The Dickensian</i> Account					22	18	6
Balance—at Bank					346	2	4
Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—							
As last Account .. £190 12 3 4% Consols		168	0	0			
Purchased during year 23 2 9 do.		21	0	0			
					189	0	0
	213 15 0						
(Market Value at 31st March, 1932, £201 14s. 6d.)							
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—							
£118 5s. 10d. 4% Consols					105	0	0
(Market Value at 31st March, 1932, £111 12s. 9d.)							
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—							
As per last Balance Sheet		56	6	1			
Purchased during year		18	19	0			
		75	5	1			
Less Depreciation at 10%		7	10	6	67	14	7
Stock of Badges at cost					0	5	1
					£731	0	6

Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also
(Signed) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

COMPILED BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.

(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

DICKENS'S LONDON.

"If Dickens has made Fountain Court a place of pilgrimage through Ruth Pinch and her lover, Thackeray has conferred equal immortality on Lamb Building."

"Dickens speaks slightly of them (the historic green slopes of the Temple) in the *Uncommercial Traveller*, but Loftie says 'Truly there is no more pleasant garden easily accessible from the middle of our great city.'"

"Doubtless, Dickens exaggerated the defects of the old building ('Telson's'), which, however, bore little resemblance to the stately structure which now occupies the site of the old shop and the old tavern (the 'Devil')."

"Dickens is particularly severe on them [laundresses]. . . . Thackeray . . . is equally unjust. His Mrs. Flanagan is just as untrue to life as Dickens's Mrs. Sweeney. There should be a League of Laundresses which should protest to the Dickens Fellowship and the Titmarsh Club."—"Wig and Gown: the story of the Temple, Gray's and Lincoln's Inn," by Col. R. J. Blackham. (Sampson Low). (See also page 196).

* * * * *

"Of course, the conditions of a new town [Somers Town] springing up under such circumstances could not be concealed for long from the outside public, and in 1851 it attracted the attention of Charles Dickens. . . . He wrote a graphic description of this neighbourhood in *Household Words* under the title of 'An English Connemara.'—"The Face of London," by H. P. Clunn. (Simpkin Marshall).

* * * * *

IN VICTORIAN DAYS.

"If, for instance, we turn to the ever-vivid and truthful pictures [of 'Snobbism'] to be found in the pages of Dickens, which may be selected as especially typical? . . . the flashing Veneerings . . . or the pompous . . . Podsnaps; or . . . Wilfer, or the Pecksniffs, or Micawbers, or Todgers; for all these, too, were of that same extensive Victorian Middle Class. . . ."

"When we turn to an illustrated catalogue of the Great Exhibition itself and note the specimens of plate, furniture and fabrics, we realise that Dickens in no way exaggerated."

". . . his picture of Squeers's vile 'school' is no exaggeration of a state of affairs which actually did exist and which the educational reformers of the next three decades set out to abolish."

"Though the famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick* was dated ten years before Victoria came to the throne, in general tenor the conduct of it, and the legal types engaged in it, were true enough for long to come."

"That Dickens did not exaggerate the delays and deplorable effects of a Chancery suit may be gathered from actual records of such cases during the nineteenth century. Nor did he when he turned to attack the 'Circumlocution Office,' and the sordid miseries of our debtors' prison system as set out in *Little Dorrit*."

"Queen Victoria . . . warmly appreciated Dickens, whose *Christmas*

Carol so impressed her that, at the sale of Thackeray's effects after his death, she purchased the signed copy which had been presented to him by Dickens."

"Dickens's novels have a value as historical documents of our day."—"Victorian Days and Ways," by M. E. Perugini. (Jarrolds). (See also page 229).

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"The ideas held by the present generation of what Victorians were, how they lived . . . are so strange that they are difficult to account for. They seem to have their origin in the novels of Victorian authors and the libels of ignorant latter-day writers. Charles Dickens, with his caricatures, weird characters, his repulsive and melodramatic pictures of life, has something to answer for."—"Elections and Recollections," by Sir A. E. Pease. (Murray).

* * * * *

MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE.

"When I was a little girl I was given an autograph book. . . . One day my mother handed me a small bundle of letters, saying, 'These letters to your grandfather (James Muspratt) from Charles Dickens will be lovely for your book. Dickens used to stay at Seaforth Hall, and did a great deal of writing there.' There seemed an awful lot of letters on very large sheets of paper and written on both sides. They were larger than my book. They worried me, so [I] cut off a large signature to make the paper fit the book . . . and put (others) on the nursery fire. Never have I dared to acknowledge my innocent crime before, and now the Dickens Fellowship will probably strike me off the roll."—"Me and Mine," by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. (Hutchinson).

* * * * *

SANTAYANA.

"Masks are not more common in the academic world than elsewhere, but rather less; although academic training has, perhaps, made the wearing of masks more respectable and more helpful. How . . . universal is this habit, and how frequently people are unconscious of their real attitudes, has been noted . . . by Santayana. . . . 'Dickens exaggerates; I never was so sentimental as that; I never saw anything so dreadful; I don't believe there ever were any people like Quilp, or Squeers, or Sergeant Buzfuz. But the polite world is lying; there *are* such people; we are such people ourselves in our true moments . . . but we are careful to . . . hide these moments from . . . the world . . . and so simpering, we profess that it is very coarse and inartistic of Dickens to undo our life's work for us in an instant, and remind us of what we are. . . . What displeases us in Dickens is that he does not spare us; he mimics to the full; he dilates and exhausts and repents.'"—"The Wholesome Personality," by W. H. Burnham. (Appleton).

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"Scott, Thackeray and Dickens would content me were I deprived of all other fiction in the world."—"Hugh Thomson," by M. H. Spielmann and W. Jerrold. (Black).

* * * * *

ROOSEVELT.

"Charles Dickens, who had undoubtedly caricatured America in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, was a man without 'understanding of what the word gentleman meant and no appreciation of hospitality or good

treatment. . . . He was utterly incapable of seeing the high purpose and real greatness . . . around him here in America. . . . Naturally he would condemn all America because he did not have the soul to see what America was really doing.*"—"Theodore Roosevelt," by H. F. Pringle. (Cape).

* * * * *

GORKY.

"Dickens has remained with me an author before whom I bow respectfully: he has mastered amazingly the most difficult art of love for men."—"Maxim Gorky and his Russia," by A. Kaun. (Cape).

* * * * *

JANE AUSTEN.

"Macaulay, after reading . . . 'Pride and Prejudice' thought Jane Austen worth all Dickens and Pliny together."

"As Dickens took *Household Words* from Shakespeare, so did Jane Austen take 'Love and Friendship' from Garrick."

"From her multitude of sitters, Jane Austen painted her portraits with pigments drawn from familiar sources. Balzac runmaged directories, and Dickens scanned school-lists, but Jane's nomenclature is as homely as her characters."

"'Some men,' as Dickens says, 'like bats and owls, have better eyes for the darkness than for the light.' Jane was not one of these nocturnal creatures; she basked in sunshine."—"Jane Austen," by D. Rhydderch. (Cape).

* * * * *

THE GASKELLS.

"In her husband she (Mrs. Gaskell) found a wise and able critic in whom she placed complete reliance. If Charles Dickens wished to enliven with purple patches work that had passed Mr. Gaskell's critical examination, he met with nothing but firm resistance. Whenever he visited Manchester, Dickens called at the Gaskells' home in Plymouth Grove, and knew he would be a welcome guest."—"Unitarian Hymn-writers," by H. W. Stephenson. (Lindsey Press).

* * * * *

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"Respectful interlocutors headed him firmly in the direction of the Peninsula and pelted him with questions. . . . Not that his [the Duke's] topics were exclusively martial. For one day he read them the report of 'Bardell v. Pickwick.'"

". . . his later years were bright with children. Dickens once saw him at Vauxhall 'in a bright white overcoat' with two little girls and Lady Druro."—"The Duke," by P. Guedalla. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

* * * * *

THE ART OF WRITING.

"In a book, unity and contrast will be seen not only where the writer wishes to make a word picture or to depict a particular character; they will, or should, be complementary features of the whole work. Even in a book whose structure would seem to make this impossible, unity may be detected by the careful reader. In *The Pickwick Papers* there is the unselfish benevolence of the master, matched by the unselfish benevolence of the servant. . . . So the loosely connected episodes of a rambling tale are knit together by selflessness."

[* Theodore Roosevelt in a letter to Kermit Roosevelt, Feb. 29, 1908].

"All good writing is in effect an embodiment of proportion—the proportion of length to the subject. . . . In comparatively few words Dickens shows us all that is necessary of Mr. Wardle's Fat Boy, but he gives Sam Weller a full-length portrait."

"By the incurable habit of personifying all that he saw Dickens gave his pages colour and movement. . . . He seizes with unerring judgment upon all the salient features of the scene. . . . He has a keen eye for the grotesque, and loves to place a puckish emphasis upon odd features, but he does so with no patronizing air. On the contrary, he teaches that there is nothing common or unclean, but that even in a mouldering London churchyard or a devious alley beauty may lurk." —"Books and Readers," by F. H. Pritchard. (Harrap.)

* * * * *

MISCELLANEOUS.

"But a good deal of nonsense is sometimes talked about the wickedness of giving abridgments to children, as if every famous novel were a perfect work of art that could not be touched without sacrilege. To remember the conditions under which Dickens produced *The Pickwick Papers* in monthly instalments . . . is to realize the absurdity of this. . . . If we reduce . . . *The Old Curiosity Shop* to *The Story of Little Nell*, keeping all the excessive 'sob-stuff' which Dickens wove into that part of his tale, the last state is worse than the first: the 'sob stuff' has become more prominent than ever, because it is a larger proportion of the book."—"The Art of Teaching English," by J. H. Fowler. (Macmillan).

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"Since Charles Dickens made the whole world familiar with Micawber, Peckniff, Quilp and the other creations which have become part of the English language, no novelist . . . has conceived a hero like Sherlock Holmes."—"Before I Forget," by D. Williamson. (Sampson Low).

* * * * *

"Certain types of reformer bring the word reform into deserved discredit. Instead of doing hurt by spreading gossip, these achieve some good no doubt, but to the neglect of a much-needed occupation with their own affairs. Charles Dickens's pious Mrs. Jellyby was interested in converting Africans; but her own children, ferocious with discontent, were sadly in need of her ministrations."

"Moralizing is only too apt to defeat its own object. The children can feel for themselves that Sydney Carton was a drunkard and to be pitied. Rarely is it necessary, when the author has done his work well, for the teacher to emphasize the villainy of any villain."—"Lives in the Making," by H. Neumann. (Appleton).

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"The peculiarity of Dickens . . . is that his originality is confined to recapturing a child's outlook on the grown-up world, emotionally he is not only uneducated, but also immature. When he is supplying the *sine qua non* of the popular novel—the young lovers who have traditionally to be of good birth and breeding and their background of upper middle-class life—he does not merely fall back on conventional situation and character, like Scott, he produces them at the level of Sir Leicester Dedlock and Dr. Strong—the painful guesses of the uninformed and half-educated writing for the uninformed and half-educated."—"Fiction and the Reading Public," by Q. D. Leavis. (Chatto and Windus).



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

THE SONGS OF DICKENS.

SIR.—I was rather surprised to read the words of both "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" misquoted in the Winter Number. I fear my countrymen in the Embassy have need to study their country's songs. The two misquoted lines of the former are :

Be ever mindful what it cost,
Be ever grateful for the prize.

The words "Be" do not belong to the song at all.
The common stanza in "Yankee Doodle" is

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him macaroni.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy.
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

There is another set of words, too long to quote here, to which the last four lines above serve as chorus. The first verse runs :

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Goodin'
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Nutley, New Jersey.

JESSIE D. COE.

SIR.—In the interesting article "More Songs of Dickens's Day," which appears in the Spring Number, 1932, page 98, Mr. Ley says in regard to the sentiment that "the dogs love broo" in "We're a noddin," that he has versions of the song, but not one of them contained any reference to the dogs loving "broo."

Dickens is right. There is such a version of the song. I have never seen the words in print, but when I was a child I remember my father singing it to amuse us at home in Scotland. In the version he sang one of the opening verses stated :

For cats like milk,
And dogs like bray,

and then went on to say that the lads like lasses and lasses like the lads.

This version of the song, it has always seemed to me, was more logical than other versions. It described a convivial evening, and therefore explained why everyone "at our hoose at hame" should be "noddin'" or sleepy. The only verses, which have struck in my memory, apart from the couplet I have quoted, are descriptive of the entertainment enjoyed by the revellers and are as follows :

First cam' a man with a fiddle on his back,
An' he fiddled an' he fiddled till the fiddle gied a crack.

Chorus : We're a' noddin', etc.

Then cam' a wife wi' a new pair o' shoon,
An' she danced an' she danced till she danced them a' dune,

Chorus : We're a' noddin', etc.

This version of the song would, no doubt, be well known in the early part of last century, and Dickens would hear it at some of the Scottish homes where he was a welcome guest, the Hogarths, for instance.

Broo, bray, or bree are, of course, Scottish forms of broth and are descriptive of the slops prepared for a dog's supper.

ANDREW PATERSON.

Montreal.

THE FIRST LETTER TO THOMAS BEARD.

SIR.—Have my fellow readers observed in the facsimile letter reproduced on page 91 of the last number, that Dickens writes, "Wednesday next the eighth distant." Is this a slip in writing on the part of Dickens ? ; was he probing for the word "instant" and in his haste did he write "distant," or is it possible that the word "distant" was so used in the early part of the last century, as we now use "prox" to mean "next month." I should be glad to have readers' comments. *The Dickensian* is always delightfully fresh and full of red meat. Yours sincerely and gratefully.

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

Onitsha, Nigeria.

[A reference to the original letter shows that Dickens really did write "Instant," with a Capital "I," but as the next letter is partly over the "I," the illusion is formed that the initial letter is a small "d."—THE EDITOR].

MR. WOPSLE.

SIR.—Has anyone ever pointed out a likely derivation of Mr. Wopsle's stage-name. Among the London "stars" of the early nineteenth century were the following four: Wallack, Vandenhof, Woolgar and Verbruggen. The first syllable of the first, the second of the second, the second of the third and the first of the fourth, put together in that order, make Waldengarver.

GILBERT HUDSON.

Berkhamsted.



FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES



Drawn by)

[Ruth Whittaker

Branch Secretaries are kindly requested to send in interesting notes of the subject matter of only the more important of their meetings. Newspaper cuttings are not acceptable for these pages; neither is it possible to record lists of reciters, singers, entertainers, and casts of dramatic sketches.

Latest date for the Autumn Number is August 8th.

HOW HAWAII CELEBRATED THE BIRTHDAY.

The Hawaii Branch held its third annual meeting in Fuller Hall, Honolulu, on the evening of February 8th. A good old-fashioned English dinner was served to two hundred persons; and another hundred, for whom tables could not be provided, came to hear the famous "Bardell *versus* Pickwick" trial scene staged, costumed and acted by a score of clever Dickensians. It was a glorious evening. Shouts of whole-hearted laughter filled the hall as the play proceeded, under the direction of Mrs. Helen Hitchcock Maxon, daughter of the celebrated artist of the Islands, Howard Hitchcock. The jury was drawn from the audience amid much merriment, as such distinguished citizens as Bishops of the Church, Judges of the Courts, prominent members of the legal profession, financiers, university professors, and other well-known men, rose and took their places in the box. Mr. Willard Wilson, a member of the Faculty of the University of Hawaii, gave the Toast to the Immortal Memory, in a happy vein, reverently and with understanding. Mr. Gregg M. Sinclair, the founder and President of the branch, presided, and his statement that next year the Birthday must be celebrated in a place large enough to hold all those who want to attend, met with applause. "In fact," said Mr. Sinclair, "we may have to build a hall so that thousands instead of hundreds may come."

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At the November meeting at the Library of Hawaii, which was well attended, *Dombey and Son* was discussed. Bishop Henry Restarick read a paper on "The Women of *Dombey and Son*." Dr. H. L. Arnold spoke on "Dickens and Doctors." In December a large gathering, again at the Library, enjoyed a programme of "Some Dickens Proposals." These were amusingly portrayed in sketches: Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney, Jonas Chuzzlewit and Mercy, Jingle and the Spinster Aunt, Mrs. Nickleby and the Gentleman Next Door, Mr. Guppy and Esther, and Barkis and Peggotty. The Fellowship in Hawaii is flourishing and the spirit of Dickens is strong in our midst.

THE CELEBRATION IN WINNIPEG.

Following Professor Allison's toast to the Immortal Memory, the principal address at the Birthday Dinner in Winnipeg was given by Mr. W. B. Lanigan, of Victoria, B.C., who spoke in rich appreciation of the marvellous procession of characters which move through Dickens's books, pulsing with life, speaking in tones that one all but hears. His books were a veritable cross-section of English life, portraying the great and the lowly. Through reading Dickens one becomes intimately acquainted with the England of a bygone age of which traces still linger, and with the lasting English characteristics that survive all ages. But Dickens's genius did more than create a regiment of people who seem endowed with the breath of life. He exposed social abuses, bringing them before the great bar of public opinion. His genius translated grievances into word pictures that moved the English to reforms of lasting benefit. If charities now were more humane, poor laws revised and methods of chancery improved, it was because Dickens had played a great part in influencing such reforms. The power of his vigorous pen would never be forgotten. Best-loved of English writers, his simple epitaph in Westminster Abbey made it a shrine for the English-speaking world. Telegrams of greeting were received from London, New York, Los Angeles, Montreal, Edmonton, Toronto and Vancouver. An excellent selection of broadcast items was given under the direction of Mr. D. P. R. Coates.

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BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS IN NEW YORK.

The birthday of Dickens was celebrated in New York on February 6th. The dinner opened with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King" by the audience standing, after which the President, Mr. Bramer, read a number of telegrams from different branches of the Fellowship. The Toast to the memory of Dickens was then loyally observed, and, needless to say, it was drunk in plain water. Mrs. Lyman Whitney Allen then delivered the tribute to the Immortal Memory in gracious language and in a most charming manner. She stated that as long as books are read there will always glow in the hearts of man the immortal memory of Charles Dickens. The Hon. Gerald Campbell, British Consul General, followed with a witty and captivating speech on Dickens. He wished there was somebody to-day who could write as Dickens could, for what we need now is debunking; Dickens would do a wonderful lot of good in these troublesome and confused times. He thought that Englishmen were too polite to laugh at American jokes, and that Dickens himself did not understand Americans because they were so different from Englishmen. He said we should keep up the good spirit that Dickens inculcated, and we should get back to the days when a story of the length of Dickens's novels would not frighten us. Another welcome speaker was Dr. Duffield. We were dwellers in Dickens Land, he said, and anyone who travels in that enchanted country never wishes to leave it; that it was a joy to see the two flags of England and the United States hanging side by side; that Dickens had done a bigger thing than sound a drum-beat around the world; he had started a heart-beat that is felt all over the world. He hoped a new Dickens would arise to stop the brutal lunacy of war. Thus was brought to a close another of those most enjoyable dinners that are annually given all over the world in honour of the memory of Dickens.

At the January meeting of the New York Branch Mr. William Dike Reed spoke with great sorrow of the death of Mrs. Annie Kilburn Kilmer. He said there were three great loves in her life—her faithful attachment to the Rhinelander School for Crippled Children; her sublime love for her son, Joyce Kilmer, the poet; and her great devotion to the Dickens Fellowship. At his request all present stood in silence for a brief period as a tribute to her memory. A paper written by Mr. J. Hunt Stanford, President of the Toronto Branch, entitled "The Inspiration of Charles Dickens to Service," was finely read by Dr. Brice. In his paper Mr. Stanford stated that the stories he told are subsidiary to the characters he created; that our modern novels are short lived, but those of Dickens will live because they retain their pristine interest and inspiration, for he recognised the divinity that resides in every human soul. The programme concluded with a most interesting and humorous paper by Mr. Albert A. Hopkins, entitled "Some Well-known Animals of Dickens." His paper was divided into sections. In the first he gave some "Doggy Portraits." In "Cats, Pleasant and Unpleasant," he spoke of the sleek, purry, furry pussy cats in the novels, closing by quoting Sam Weller's immortal reference to them, "When fruits is in, cats is out." In "Hippology of Dickens," he quoted from *The Pickwick Papers* the unmanageable horse that insisted upon going sideways, and the donkeys that were the bane of Miss Betsey Trotwood. In "The Dickens Aviary," he spoke of the various pets in Dickens's works, closing with a fine account of the death of his first pet, Grip the First, caused by the eating of a pound or more of white lead, as narrated by Dickens in his letter to Maclise.

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At the March meeting Mr. Henry S. Sanders read a paper on Captain Cuttle, who, he said, was endowed to an unusual degree with that simple humane quality of kindness, sympathy and innate goodness—one of the most lovable characters drawn by Dickens, to know whom would warm the very cockles of your heart. The paper also told us something of Old Sol Gills and Bunsby, and of that redoubtable Mrs. MacStinger, of Florence and Walter Gay, and that most whimsical character, Toots. Miss Edith H. Smith followed with a delightful paper, "The Spinster Lady." She touched upon quite a number of old maids, including Rosa Dartle, Miss Murdstone, Merry and Cherry Pecksniff, Miss Sally Brass and Miss Lucretia Tox. Mr. Albert A. Hopkins, in his paper on *Dombey and Son*, taken from a chapter of a book which he is writing, entitled "Our Friend, Charles Dickens," said it was superior to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, but inferior to *David Copperfield*; the death of little Paul so early in the book was a mistake; that Mr. Dombey has been compared with an iceberg; that the general idea of the novel is a contest of love with pride; and that Florence was in tears no less than eighty-eight times.

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MANCHESTER NOTES.

The Birthday was again celebrated by dramatic performances, "The Battle of Life," adapted by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, being the play. Owing to the abnormal conditions the audiences were not so large as in previous years. A cheque for £40 4s. 4d. being the nett proceeds, has been sent to the Moral Welfare Association (Good Samaritan Fund). *Dombey and Son* came under review at the March meeting. Mr. A.

Humphreys described the Villa Rosemont, Lausanne, where the story was begun in 1846. Mr. F. R. Dean took Mr. Dombey for his subject; he stated that the change in his character was only caused by his altered fortune, and there is no knowing if his wealth and health had lasted whether he might not have died as hard and stern as he had lived. Mrs. H. E. Evans gave an analysis of Carker. The high lights of this character are those of the conventional villain of melodrama, if taken purely and simply at their face value. Carker was a man of great ability, who, if he had had a better master, would have proved a better servant. As it was, he had made a very clear estimate of his master's character, and was quite as good a servant as Dombey deserved; every master should be worthy of his servant. Miss E. D. Biggs gave an outline of the whole work in humorous verse. The President (Mr. S. Sutton), Messrs. Dean, Evans, Parry, Miss Mills, and Mrs. Evans took part in the discussion. At the annual meeting the retiring President paid a touching tribute to the late Mr. C. L. Browne, and the members stood in acknowledgement for a minute's silence. The Treasurer reported a slight deficit on the session, but an improvement on the previous year. Mrs. H. E. Evans has been elected President for the next session.

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‘DICKENS IN DAILY LIFE.’

This was the subject of a talk by Miss Frances Fraser when the Melbourne Branch celebrated Dickens's birthday. She alluded to Dickens's retentive memory of events in his early life, of his reading tales of adventure and imagining himself to be each of the characters in turn. He stayed with many landladies, and gave us Mrs. Raddle, Mrs. Todgers, Mrs. Bardell; he met officers of the law, Mr. Bumble, Sergeant Buzfuz, and Mr. Jaggars resulted; his acquaintance with nurses produced Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig; and with servants, the Marchioness, Mark Tapley and Sam Weller. All these are people to be met from day to day, not the great heroes that were exceptions in most people's experiences. The influence of Dickens in our daily life was seen in modern schools, and the provision of children's playgrounds; in abolition of debtors' prisons and public executions; in improved conditions of nursing the sick.

* * * * *

The March meeting was devoted to *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The first paper was "The Making of the Book," by Miss E. A. Fraser. This embraced the conception of the story and arrangements for its publication; and told of the break with the publishers, Chapman and Hall, noting Dickens's power of concentration in being able, through all his business worries, to keep on writing a great book. Mrs. Cleary, on "Widows in the Book," humorously criticised Mrs. Lupin, Mrs. Todgers and Mrs. Gamp; and Miss Berridge caused much merriment by her summing up of Mark Tapley.

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PRESENTATION TO MR. COOPER SANDS.

Numerous successful gatherings have from time to time been held by the Nottingham Branch, and to the list must be added the supper, dance and whist drive which took place on Saturday, April 2nd, at the Mikado Cafe. This was made noteworthy by a presentation to the Hon. Secretary (Mr. J. Cooper Sands), and Mrs. Sands, in appreciation of the services they have rendered to the Fellowship. The gift took

the form of a mahogany reading lamp subscribed for by the members, and was presented by Mr. F. Fisk. Warm tributes were paid to the long and valued association of Mr. and Mrs. Sands with the Fellowship. Mr. Sands has been connected with the Branch for more than 12 years, and has acted as Hon. Secretary for seven years. Mr. J. Cawthorne (Hon. Treasurer) presided at the Supper and presentation ceremony, and the general arrangements were in the hands of Mr. A. Wilson (Assistant Secretary).

* * * * *

JURISPRUDENCE.

At the April meeting of the New York Branch Mr. Frank Harvey Field gave a delightful paper on "Jurisprudence in Dickens's Day." The administration of the law in England in the early part of the last century was far from perfect he said, and Dickens had made no exaggeration in his novels. He touched upon the disasters of chancery litigation in a humorous scene from *Bleak House*, followed by extracts from several legal scenes in *Pickwick*. It was a fine paper, giving a true insight into the workings of the law in the days of Dickens. Then followed Hon. Frederick E. Crane, Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, in an extempore address, "Jurisprudence of To-day." He spoke of the conditions existing at the present time and compared them with the days of Dickens. All the abuses that existed in England existed in this country too and he wished we had a Dickens now to speak of present conditions. There was much more crime to-day than in his time. Coming from a jurist of the high standing of Judge Crane, his remarks carried much weight, and his talk was both interesting and instructive.

* * * * *

A DICKENS CORNER IN A CHICAGO CHURCH.

Mr. Hugh Miller in dedicating a Dickens Corner in Chicago's literary shrine, St. Stephen's Church, said:—

"We raise no monument to Charles Dickens, for his true monument is in our hearts. His art endures and by his works we know and do remember him.

"But here, in this House of God, which is a shrine of literature and art, we pay tribute to his ever-living spirit.

"As the years go by in a changing world—a world more cursed with creeds than firm with faith—the simple faith of Dickens the more clearly shines. For the cause of the oppressed and of the suffering were nearest his heart and for the poor he had a boundless love.

"If we be simple we may find his heart; it is not hidden; it is open on every page. We may find it at the crests of his genius, within the echoing caverns of his laughter, in all his magical creations. It is the heart of a child and to know it is to become 'as one who, gazing on a painted window, sees not the world's hate and lust and travingling, but the pure joy of sunlit queens and kings in jewelled armour all ablaze.'

"For beauty and for love, for truth and the gift of laughter, we set these things to the glory of God and to the spirit of His servant, Charles Dickens."

* * * * *

Instead of the usual birthday dinner, the Chicago Branch presented Mr. Frank Speaight in one of his inimitable Dickens Recitals the night of February 6th. Several hundred attended the meeting. Mr.

Speaight's rendering of the great wreck scene from *David Copperfield* greatly moved his audience ; a few moments later a scene from *Pickwick* had everyone laughing again.

* * * * *

THE FAULTS OF DICKENS.

"The Faults of Dickens" was the title of Mr. Rust's lecture to the Leyton Branch in February. He dealt with the so-called faults people seek to find in Dickens's writings, and quickly proved that after careful examination they were really non-existent, and that the good qualities of Dickens's works far outweighed any faults that existed. Mr. J. C. Robinson's sketch adapted from *The Tugges at Ramsgate* was given with the greatest success at the March meeting by Mr. Stanley Bryant and his company. Mr. E. W. Brown, one of the original members of the Fellowship, has been elected chairman of the branch in succession to Mr. Wintersgill, who has filled the post for ten years. Mr. Brown will still act as Hon. Treasurer. It is satisfactory to know that the finances of the branch are excellent, and that help has been given to local charity.

* * * * *

THE FIRST REGIONAL GROUP CONFERENCE.

This was held in Manchester on April 30th. Representatives from Blackpool, Blackburn, Liverpool, and Manchester were present. The Chairman (Mr. S. Sutton) in extending a hearty welcome to the visitors, remarked on the happy feeling that had been created between the branches by the formation of the Group. Mr. P. T. Carden, Chairman of the Council, brought greetings and best wishes for the success of the Group and stated that very little in the way of Regional Groups had been done in the south, and he thought they were looking to the north for a lead. Greetings were sent to the Regional Group then meeting at St. Albans.

The Secretary in his report of the work of the Group Council spoke of the excellent progress that had been made in the four months that it had been functioning. The suggestion of a joint picnic to Samlesbury Hall on June 11th was received with enthusiasm. The various representatives gave interesting accounts of the work in their branches.

The evening programme was arranged by the Manchester Branch. Community singing was an item much to the liking of the members.

Mr. T. H. Moffett, in character sketches, gave many excellent impersonations. A short lecture was given by Mr. A. Humphreys on "Charles Dickens's Letters to his Schoolmaster," which was highly appreciated. Many other members contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

* * * * *

REGIONAL GROUP, No. 6

The meeting of this group was held at St. Albans on April 30th. After an interesting ramble conducted by Mr. Rust, the members of Bedford, Hatfield, Wellingborough and St. Pancras (Convening Branch) met for tea, after which a conference took place.

Mr. A. W. Edwards, Hon. Secretary, opened the meeting. Mr. Rust was elected Chairman, Mr. W. C. Day (Hatfield), Vice-Chairman, and Mrs. Newcombe, Secretary. The group system was admirably explained by Mr. Rust, and cordially endorsed by all present.

A meeting of the Council of each branch will be held at Bedford on July 16th to discuss future fixtures.

The invitation of Hatfield Branch that the next Group Conference be held there was accepted.

During the meeting it was proposed and carried that the Council of the Fellowship be asked to grant a charter to form a new branch at Edgware, Mrs. Baylis to be Hon. Secretary.

* * * * *

A large audience of the St. Pancras Branch gave Mr. Rowland Hill, J.P., an enthusiastic hearing when he so ably recalled his personal recollections of Dickens. At the annual meeting the branch was proved to be in a sound financial position. Mr. B. C. Wouldham was elected President for the coming year, and Mrs. Bacon, Vice-President.

* * * * *

On March 11th a most appreciative audience of the Whitstable Branch had the pleasure of hearing Col. Gadd deliver a lecture, illustrated by his own slides, upon the country of *Great Expectations*. Later in the month the branch gave an entertainment to the Young People's Guild at the Congregational Hall, which was much enjoyed by all present. The April meeting was one of readings from Dickens. The President, Mr. H. K. Daniels, was particularly happy in his interpretation of the Snagsby tea-party, and so was Mr. Lincoln Taylor, Chairman, in his amusing portrayal of Mrs. Varden and her attendant, Miss Miggs.

* * * * *

Mr. F. J. Hansor has been elected President of the Eastbourne Branch, which reports a good attendance at the fortnightly study circles and social afternoons. An attractive list of motor drives had been prepared for the summer. Any members visiting Eastbourne will be welcomed on these drives. Full particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary of the branch.

* * * * *

The winter season of the Bromley Branch, No. 98, ended with an examination paper on *Martin Chuzzlewit*; the prizes were won by Miss Gore Davids and Miss Davis—the latter commended specially for her essay on Charity Pecksniff. The Annual Dinner of the Branch took place at the "George and Culture" in December when members welcomed Dr. T. B. Layton, F.R.C.S., and the Matron of Guy's Hospital, who expressed the appreciation of the Hospital for the Branch's work for Guy's. Miss Gore Davids, the Hon. Secretary, read a most interesting paper on Chaucer entitled "A Fourteenth Century Dickens."

In addition to the two excellent lectures of Mr. J. H. McNulty and Major General H. S. Neville White, the branch has been happy in having a visit from Mr. A. W. Edwards, who recounted some of his experiences in Canada and America.

* * * * *

At the annual meeting of the Southampton Branch the chairman (Mr. A. C. Hallett) submitted a very favourable report of the year's work; the membership had been maintained and the financial position was a good one. The study of *Dombey and Son* had proved very successful, and there was increasing interest taken by the younger members. The financial success of the whist drive for local charities enabled the committee to add the Rotary Fund for Christmas Good Cheer to the charities usually supported. The death of Lieut.-Commander Humby was recorded with sincere regret. As a real Dickensian

(Continued on page 252)

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he worked for the good of the Society and his passing will be a serious loss. The officers were re-elected, the new Committee formed and out-going members thanked for their services.

* * * *



Mrs. Kenneth Gordon

President of the Auckland Branch

The young branch in Auckland has certainly made an excellent beginning. A report just to hand tells how they have raised there the magnificent sum of £117 for the purpose of endowing a Dickens Cot in the Public Hospital. A series of efforts, including a Dickens Fair and a Garden Fête were, naturally, necessary to achieve this, and although the idea originated with a past President of the branch, Mr. A. B. Chappell, the success is largely due to the enthusiasm of the present President, Mrs. Kenneth Gordon, whose photograph is reproduced here.

* * * *

The Plymouth Branch has sustained a great loss in the death of their President, Mrs. W. H. Crews, who, unfortunately, was taken ill very shortly after her election. A silent tribute to her memory was paid at the annual meeting on April 5th, the new President, Lt.-Com. J. Hoskin, R.N., presiding. During the year this branch has collected over £120 for distribution among local charities, and the dramatic work has received acclamation from audiences in several parts of Devon; for this Mr. W. G. Hit and his band of performers are to be congratulated. The Secretary reported an increase in membership, especially in the Junior Section. The annual outing on 29th June will be to Dartmoor.

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Talks on Children in Dickens. By Rev. W. Bridgwood. 1s. The Author, Blythe Bridge Vicarage, Stoke-on-Trent.

(The "Newspaper and Magazine" list of Dickensiana is crowded out, but will appear in the Autumn number.)

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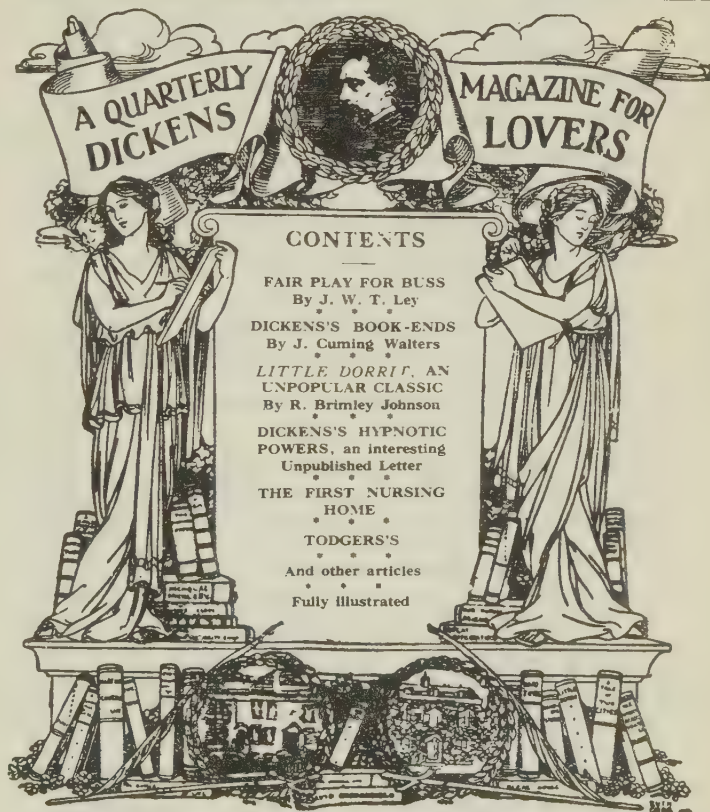
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WHEN



FOUND

*Drawn by]**[Ruth Whittaker*

June the
Ninth.

The usual ceremony took place at Westminster Abbey on the ninth of June, when wreaths and flowers were placed upon the grave from Headquarters, The Honolulu Branch, Sir Henry and Lady Dickens, Mrs. Alec Waley (granddaughter), and Miss Florence Dickens (niece).

A large party of representatives from Honolulu, New York, Philadelphia, and Balham Branches and Headquarters, was in attendance and was met by Canon Carnegie and Canon Donaldson, at the grave, where a short tribute was given by the Hon. Secretary.

* * * * *

The
American
Conference.

The Conference of American Branches planned to be held this year in Boston once again, was unavoidably postponed owing to the death of the father of the President of the Boston branch, Mr. Edward F. Payne.

Coming, as this sad event did, on the very anniversary of the tragic death of Mrs. Payne, to which we made reference last year, it was quite impossible for the Boston branch to entertain the other American branches, and all plans had to be cancelled at the last moment. We extend to Mr. Payne our deepest sympathy in his further sad bereavement.

* * * * *

Another
Landmark
Going.

It is sad to have to record that the David Copperfield Library in the house of Dickens's boyhood in Johnson Street is no more. It was an oasis in the desert of Camden Town and much appreciated by the youngsters of the neighbourhood. When the Fellowship heard that the trustees

were giving up the place they tried hard to save it, but without success. The house is in a condemned area and will shortly be demolished. It is to be hoped that the tablet recording Dickens's association with the house will be preserved and incorporated in any new building to be erected on the site.

* * * * *

Not by Dickens. "The Students' Gazette" of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester (Part I. for 1932) reprints an article on "Farm and College" from *All the Year Round* of October 10th, 1868, and ascribes its authorship to Dickens. It is a very poor piece of writing, of a somewhat dry-as-dust composition, utterly unlike any work of Dickens; in fact, Dickens could have had no hand in it at all, not even in adding a few inimitable touches to the proof, as he often did. The late F. G. Kitton identified, by means of the "office set" of the journal, all the articles written by Dickens, and this was not one of them.

* * * * *

Wanted! By the way, where is that "office set" now, I wonder? In the case of *Household Words* there was a "contributors' book" in which was set down the names of the authors of each article that appeared, and the payment made for same. A copy of this is often placed at my disposal for identification of certain articles, and has proved most useful. I wish we could have similar access to the "office set" of *All the Year Round* to which Kitton referred, or to a "contributors' book," if it exists.

* * * * *

It is some long time since I made an appeal in these pages for further financial assistance for the Dickens House; and in spite of the somewhat straitened times, I do appeal with all the earnestness I can command, because the Balance Sheet which is printed on the opposite page shows how magnificently the trustees are working with the somewhat scanty funds at their command.

With one exception the House has always had an excess of income over expenditure, but this year there is a deficit occasioned by charges which, I believe, are non-recurrent. Fifty pounds will put the finances right again in this respect, and any further sums which readers may send me will help to repay the five hundred pounds which have been spent in improvements and additions to the House during the past twelve months. I notice with pleasure that nearly half the income of the House is derived from profits on sales, for which the energetic Assistant Secretary, Miss Minards, is to be highly congratulated. I hope all readers will bear in mind that many articles of Dickensian interest and books of every description are on sale at the House, or can be forwarded post free to friends unable to make a personal visit. By supporting the sales section of the House every reader of this magazine can help the funds. The goods cost no more at the Dickens House than elsewhere; in some cases the prices are even lower. So please bear this in mind.

The Names of Dickens's Characters. The verger of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, one of the landmarks of Dickens's London, has been searching the registers from 1735 to 1859 and has found no less than forty uncommon names of people who were living in the district when Dickens was writing near by. Boffin, Chadband, Dorrit, Higden, Krook, Mold, Pell, are among them. Among more common names he finds Dawkins, who may well have been an Artful Dodger; he was born in Gray's Inn Workhouse.

But we need not have recourse to registers a century old for the names Dickens gave to his characters. In the London Telephone Directory of to-day we can find Boffin, Bucket, Chadband, Guppy, Marley, Pell, Tigg, Tupman, Varden, and Weller. Possibly there are more, but my search was not a prolonged one. Looking for Dorrit which I could only find as Dorrett, I came across a Dorrity, and strange to say she lives in Doughty Street.

* * * * *

The last of a Claimant. I am glad Mr. Ley has definitely scotched the lie which has been repeated at intervals during the past twenty years, that an unacknowledged son of Dickens was still living. In the course of a letter to "The Western Mail" he says: "This man who has died at Bournemouth is said to have been named Hector Charles Bulwer Lytton Dickens. According to his marriage certificate (in Queensland, 1900) he was born in Hull in 1854. Dickens's youngest son was named Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens. He was born in London on March 13th, 1852. He went to Australia in October, 1868, to join his brother, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, who was sheep farming. He eventually became a member of the State Parliament, and died there in 1902. There is no question whatsoever about these facts. The newspaper statement regarding this claimant represents him as a son of Charles Dickens, author, and Catherine Hogarth. Now Catherine Hogarth *was* Charles Dickens's wife, and the mother of all his children. They parted in 1858, six years after the birth of the last child. It will be seen how preposterous is the suggestion that a legitimate son was born at Hull whom neither the father nor the mother ever acknowledged. Obviously, if the marriage certificate contains the entry alleged, that entry was a false one, and the only possible assumption is that the individual concerned suffered from an obsession. One is always chasing absurdities in connection with Dickens. Claims of intimacy with the novelist by people who were not born at the time about which they talk are common."

* * * * *

Dickens's Children. It may be worth while giving particulars of all Dickens's children. They were:—

Charles Culliford Boz Dickens, born 1837, died 1896.

Mary Dickens, born 1838, died (unmarried) 1896.

Kate Macready Dickens, born 1839, married first Charles Alston Collins, second C. E. Perugini, died 1929.

Walter Landor Dickens, born 1841, died suddenly at Calcutta, 1863.

Francis Jeffrey Dickens, born 1844, died at Illinois, 1886.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens, born 1845, lived in Australia many years, returned to this country 1910, died in New York, 1912.

Sydney Smith Haldimand Dickens, born 1847, died and was buried at sea, 1872.

Henry Fielding Dickens, born 1849, still living.

Dora Annie Dickens, born 1850, died 1851.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, born 1852, died in Australia 1902.

* * * * *

Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., the only surviving son of Dickens, is retiring from the post of Common Serjeant of the City of London, which he has held for so many years. He is a few months short of eighty-four years of age. May he have good health and many more useful years to fully enjoy this well-earned rest.

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Dickens and Denmark. Among the attractions of the British Exhibition, to be opened in Copenhagen in September, are several items which prove the interest the Danish people take in

Dickens. The English Garden will be reached through a gateway copied from Cobham Hall; there will be a Dickens Inn, and a representation of the study at Gad's Hill, with Dickens and Hans Andersen—who visited the "little Kentish freehold" in 1857—seated side by side.

* * * * *

The late Mr. Brimley Johnson. There is a melancholy interest attaching to the criticism of *Little Dorrit* in this issue. It gave me great pleasure when Mr. R. Brimley Johnson sent me this contribution.

He had written much of Jane Austen and other Victorian authors, and I was pleased to find him turning his attention to Dickens. A few weeks later I heard he had passed away.

* * * * *

A new word from Dickens. "The Times" Literary Supplement has coined a new word. It is "Bilstumpshi," which is the title given to the principal review in its issue of August 4th of "Les Fraudes en Archéologie Préhistorique. Par. A. Vayson de Pradenne" (Paris: Emile Nourry, 75f.). The opening words of the review state—"Dickens presents with forgivable complaisance a magnificent English contempt for scientific societies and all who belong to them."

* * * * *

Another Dickensian Tablet. On the new premises of the Co-operative Society in Rochester High Street is a tablet reading "Joe Specks lived here (*Uncommercial Traveller*)."

You will find out all about him in the chapter devoted to "Dullborough." Mr. Henry Smetham has sent me a copy of his highly entertaining article in the local paper identifying Joe Specks with John Dan Brown, a very worthy and much beloved Doctor of Rochester.

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A copy of the first issue of *The Battle of Life* was sold at Sothebys in July last for the record price of £200.

WALTER DEXTER.

FAIR PLAY FOR BUSS

BY J. W. T. LEY

I HAVE been asked for an article on Robert William Buss. I gladly comply, because I have felt for many years that Buss's memory has been shabbily treated. Many people who know their *Pickwick* well have no notion as to who Buss was, and most of those who have any knowledge on the subject think of him only as the man who had the chance of immortality and lost it by reason of more or less incompetent work. In the summer issue of this magazine a reviewer was taking the author of a new book on Dickens to task for his light dismissal of Buss as a poor draughtsman. Let us admit that Buss failed as the illustrator of *Pickwick*—though the whole purpose of this article is to qualify that admission—why should this one unimportant incident in his life (for at the time it certainly was of no importance at all) obscure the facts that he was a competent portrait painter, a successful book illustrator, for a generation a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy and other Institutions, a painter of pictures, some of which are quite well known even to this generation, an authoritative lecturer and writer on art, a successful art teacher, and a pioneer in photography? All this is overlooked. He is remembered as the man who missed a unique opportunity; the man who might have obtained immortality as the illustrator of *Pickwick*.

This is his unhappy fate because of two pictures which he undertook to do against his wishes, and at real personal sacrifice, for an unimportant work by a practically unknown young newspaper reporter whose name he did not even know. What surprises me is that no authoritative writer has ever seriously attempted to do justice to Buss. Beyond a few magazine articles, the last of which was my own in this magazine exactly twenty-two years ago, and a reference to the matter in one edition of *Pickwick*, no attempt has been made to give him fair play. I am no authority on art, but it does seem to me absurd to say that the man who illustrated many books, exhibited at the Royal Academy for many years, painted many popular pictures, and taught art successfully for many years was a poor draughtsman. Maybe the two *Pickwick* pictures are superficially suggestive of poor draughtsmanship, but it is my purpose in this article to protest against the habit of judging Buss by those works.

I propose to relate the story of Buss's association with *Pickwick*. He himself is my authority for most of what I shall write. When the first volume of Forster's book appeared with its almost slighting reference to him Buss realised what his fate was to be, and determined that he would at least see to it that his own children should know the truth. In 1907 his eldest son, the late Rev. A. J. Buss, came to see me at the *Pickwick* exhibition. He was greatly concerned with a statement in a leading newspaper to the effect that after Seymour's death "a man named Buss" was engaged, but proved a failure. Subsequently I visited his home in North London, and he showed me

his father's version of the unhappy business, and permitted me to make extracts from it. That was the origin of my article of twenty-two years ago. When the Rev. A. J. Buss died this original statement was lost, but, fortunately, others of the artist's children had made copies, and one of these is now in the possession of a grandson, the Rev. F. Fleetwood Buss. He has loaned it to me and authorised me to make any use of it which I may think proper. I do not propose to quote from it extensively, but rather to tell the story in my own way, but I thought it as well to make it clear that I am writing with the full cognisance and approval of the Buss family.

I do not want to be discursive, but I think we must begin with an effort to get the right perspective. It is not easy, but it is important that the effort should be made. We must try to forget the birth of Sam Weller and all that ensued from that epoch-marking event. Buss was not offered a splendid opportunity. He was not offered the chance of illustrating an immortal book by the most popular author of his time. He was pressed to help a young firm of publishers out of a dilemma by doing some illustrations for a book that was almost unknown, which nobody in all the world accounted as of any unusual importance. This commission really meant no more to him than commissions he had already carried out for Charles Knight. He had already done an illustration for a little work by this same writer, whom he knew only as Boz, called "The First of May." He was now asked to illustrate a longer work by the same writer. There was nothing very much to be said for the commission, and there was a great deal to be said against it. Such kudos as there might be in it lay in the fact that he would be following Robert Seymour, but we must not exaggerate that. We Dickensians are apt to overrate the popularity of Seymour. I do not want to be so foolish as to go to the other extreme, but if he had never been associated with the *Pickwick Papers* it is questionable whether he would have been known to this generation. He had a certain amount of popularity, but he was known only to London as a worker in one line—as the illustrator of certain comic features of cockneydom. This is shown by the fact that while the publishers of *Pickwick* relied absolutely on his reputation, the first number had positively no sale in the provinces. Moreover, for all his popularity he was little more than a publishers' hack, and worked all his life very hard for very poor pay—for a carpenter's wages, Buss declares.

Many people have wondered why Chapman and Hall did not turn to Cruikshank. Buss suggests that George would not have consented to follow Seymour. My own suggestion is that he would have been too expensive. Chapman and Hall did not know that they had launched a great work; they had, indeed, never been particularly enthusiastic about it. They were not likely to be prepared to pay the fee that Cruikshank could command. They had actually decided to economise on the illustrations. As to Buss, he may not have been so well known to the general public as Seymour had been, but he was not an obscure youngster. He had painted portraits of many of the leading actors and actresses of the day, he had often exhibited, he had

painted such pictures as "The Biter Bit," "Time and Tide Wait for No Man," "Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking his First Pipe," "The Musical Bore," and he had done much book illustrating for Charles Knight. Therefore, the proposal made to him by Chapman and Hall had nothing particularly attractive about it.

I have written all this because I want to insist that it is grossly unfair to regard Buss as a man who failed to grasp a great opportunity. He did not want the commission. He was busy, and he was anxious to finish a picture for exhibition. But apart from and above all that, he knew no more about etching than Dickens himself. He had never in his life used an etching tool. It seems extraordinary that despite this fact Chapman and Hall should have persisted, but Buss says that there were practically no competent book illustrators at this time who could etch, Cruikshank being almost the only exception. Chapman and Hall had asked Jackson, the best known engraver of the day, to recommend somebody. He had been at a loss, because etchings were wanted, and it was only when they told him that they were in a very anxious position that he suggested Buss as the man most likely to be able to serve them. Buss had a high character for application and conscientiousness. In Jackson's opinion he was the most likely man to succeed. And so Chapman and Hall pleaded with him to help them out of their difficulty, and he, largely because he valued Jackson's high opinion of him, at length yielded. He put aside his exhibition picture, which was not shown until the following year, purchased the necessary materials, and settled down to try to master the difficult art. He tells us that he worked almost day and night.

The statement that he wrote for his children he illustrated with specimens of his work at every stage. These show that he made remarkable progress, a progress that certainly justified Jackson's opinion of him. But time was against him. Seymour had died on April 20th, and in the worry of getting the second number ready for publication by the end of the month it is not likely that Buss was approached before the beginning of May. Thus he had not more than three weeks in which to master an intricate and somewhat treacherous process and produce his illustrations. He designed a picture of Mr. Pickwick at the review, but ultimately decided that the subjects of his illustrations should be the cricket match and the harbour scene. His sketches for these were submitted to Chapman and Hall and definitely approved by them. Thus, there was no question of his ability to satisfy them as illustrator. The etching was the only snag.

Buss laid the etching ground for the two pictures on one large steel plate, and proceeded to use the needle. But he found his lack of experience against him. The etching ground broke up under the needle. Time was almost exhausted. The plates must be ready at once. There was no time for further practice. He was nervous, too, about the biting-in, the use of the nitric acid. A failure with that would be fatal, and make it impossible for the plates to be ready in time. In short, he had failed to achieve the impossible. He had found that with all his application and desire to be of service, he could

not master the art in the time vouchsafed him. And so he took the plate to an experienced engraver to be etched and bitten in. Of the arbour scene Buss says, "This work he did very well indeed, but as might have been expected, had I had time for thought, the free touch of the original work was entirely wanting. The etching itself failed, but the biting-in was admirably done. Time was up . . . and *thus my name appeared to designs, no tone touch of mine being on the plates.*" Of the cricket match he says, "This was, I think, unnecessarily and unjustly, the cause of my discontinuance." The engraver, he says, "lost the freedom and touch required on the figures; the landscape portion is nicely touched in, and the biting-in is well done."

Nobody would suggest that these two illustrations as they finally appeared were successes, but how unfair it is to look at them and decide that Buss was a poor draughtsman. As a matter of fact, the landscape in the cricket match picture *is* well done. The figures in the foreground are very poor, but might it not occur to anybody that there must have been some reason for an artist who had a definite reputation as a portrait painter doing such poor figures? Now we know the reason. They were not in actual fact his work at all. He was shown no consideration. He never saw Chapman or Hall again. He received from them the curt information that his services were no longer required and a cheque for 30s.—15s. per plate. Surely such payment was in itself an insult? It could no more than have covered his out-of-pocket expenses. Surely he was entitled to more courteous treatment than this? I do not think that Chapman and Hall acted on their own volition in dismissing him, but it does seem to me that they might have said, "Thank You." He had not wanted the work. He had been perfectly frank with them. They had pressed him to help them out of their difficulty with the full knowledge that he had never done any etching. They knew that he had sacrificed for a year his exhibition picture. Their approval of his original sketches for these illustrations proved that they were satisfied that artistically he was equal to the task. He had merely failed to master in three weeks an art which really demanded a period of apprenticeship. They might easily have satisfied themselves that he had made such progress that given another month he would be able to do quite satisfactory work. This is not speculation. We shall see in a few moments that he did justify himself within that time. But they made no inquiries. Their only communication with him was this curt dismissal. I believe with the late George Somes Layard that it was not they but Dickens who was responsible for the dismissal, but be that as it may surely they might have said, "Thank You"? Is it any wonder that Buss never lost his sense of resentment?

What had happened seems to me perfectly clear. All who know anything of Dickens know what his relations with his illustrators always were. The artists were always subservient to him. It was his criticism of the picture for "The Stroller's Tale" that had been "the last straw" with Seymour. George Cruikshank had to alter at least one design for *Oliver Twist*. He had at the very first interview with

Hall declined to undertake the *Pickwick* work except more or less on his own terms. That is to say, he had definitely objected to being subservient to the artist although it was the artist's own scheme, and he had partially got his own way. Hall, indeed, had been willing to let him have his own way entirely, so greatly had he been impressed by the supreme self-confidence and force of character of this young man, but out of deference to Seymour, who showed bitter resentment, the original plan was partially retained. Chapman and Hall had made the mistake of appointing Buss without reference to Dickens. That is my opinion, at any rate. Buss never in all his life had any sort of communication with the novelist, despite the fact that he was an intimate friend of Clarkson Stanfield. When Dickens saw these unfortunate illustrations he protested. Following Seymour's death he had taken command of the enterprise. He had insisted that he should now have the free hand that he had asked for in the beginning, he had insisted that the amount of letterpress should be doubled, and the number of illustrations halved, that, in short, the work should be his and not the artist's. Therefore he had left it to Chapman and Hall to find an adequate illustrator. And this was the result. He knew nothing of the circumstances, he knew nothing of the sacrifice that Buss had made or of the handicap under which he had, against his own wishes, laboured. All he knew was that these illustrations were unsatisfactory, and he insisted that another artist must be found at once. There is no doubt at all but that from the very beginning Dickens was all influential with Chapman and Hall. They may have explained the circumstances to him. All they said might be true, but what guarantee had they that this artist would master this difficult art in time for the next number? There must be no more risk.

Let it be admitted frankly that there is no evidence of this. As a matter of fact, it is stated in "Pictorial Pickwickiana" that Buss's original sketches were submitted to both publishers and author, and that Dickens himself rejected the review picture and also the picture of the break-down. I have been unable to find any corroboration of this, and I know of no authority for it. I find it very difficult, indeed impossible, to believe that Dickens approved the sketches for the illustrations which ultimately appeared. For this is what that would imply. It would imply that he had all along been aware of all the facts and therefore that he acted most unjustly. For if he knew the facts and had approved the sketches he must have been fully aware that the failure of the illustrations was not due to any fault in Buss. Therefore if, in such circumstances, he acquiesced in the artist's so abrupt dismissal he was guilty of an act of injustice to which I know of no parallel in his life. The editors of "Pictorial Pickwickiana" also suggest that the mastery of the process of etching was no difficult task to an artist-engraver of experience. I do not profess to know, but Buss says it *was* difficult. It is right to say that Buss never had any idea that Dickens was blameworthy in the matter. All his resentment was with Chapman and Hall, and whatever happened it was

they who had engaged him and it was they who dismissed him without one word of thanks or any sort of expression of regret.

It is not suggested that Buss would ever have done such work as Phiz did. He had not the younger man's lightness of touch or of fancy, and I do not think he had what I will call the exuberance that was so valuable a quality in an illustrator of Dickens. But I do believe that if he had been allowed to carry on for one more number there would have been no more thought of seeking another illustrator. His original sketches for these two plates had given satisfaction, and that is all the more to be emphasised if it be true that Dickens himself had approved them. Another month, and his etching would have been all right. And this, as I have said already, is not a mere speculation. His etching *was* all right within the next month. He threw his etching tools aside when he received his dismissal. All the specimens of the work he had done were thrown aside also, and these he never saw again for a quarter of a century. But the drawer which contained the tools was unlocked.

Buss was friendly with a Mr. Harrison, who was chief clerk at the printing house of Mr. Lahee, and he told him of his "shabby treatment by Chapman and Hall." Harrison introduced him to Colburn, the publisher, who forthwith gave him the commission to illustrate Mrs. Trollop's "The Widow Married." Colburn was a leading publisher. Mrs. Trollop was a very popular writer. Colburn did not give Buss that commission without full reflection and inquiry, we may be quite sure. He is certain to have seen the work the artist had done for *Pickwick*, he is bound to have known all about the *Pickwick* "failure," because it was that which brought about the introduction. He must have known all about the lack of experience at etching. Nevertheless, he was satisfied that Buss was competent to do this work for a novel by so popular a writer as Mrs. Trollop. In short, Buss began to work for Colburn—a publisher of higher standing than Chapman and Hall—on a book by an author far better known than Dickens, at exactly the point at which he would have been if he had been allowed to illustrate the fourth number of *Pickwick*. This commission was a much more important one than the one he had lost. The obtaining of it was at the time ample compensation for his treatment in the other case. Very soon *Pickwick* was to be the rage of London, and then and for the rest of his life the might-have-been was a painful reflection, but as I said in the beginning it is important that we should put away from our minds all our knowledge of the ultimate success of the book.

Buss was not petty minded. He never got over his resentment against Chapman and Hall, and the success of *Pickwick* not unnaturally deepened it, but he was free from jealousy, and it is pleasing to read his unqualified tributes to the work of his successful rival. On the other hand, he does say that when Phiz began to work for *Pickwick* he was no more skilled in etching than he himself was. He says that Phiz in the beginning did poor thin work, but that he was given consideration and facilities that had not been given to him. He goes

into detail as to the kind of practical assistance that Phiz was given and he is so circumstantial that he cannot conceivably have invented it. And he says that while Phiz was receiving this help—while Phiz was floundering about, he says—he himself was illustrating “The Widow Married” absolutely without assistance. And he was doing good work. He did better work later on, but the etchings for this book are quite good, and that it satisfied Colburn is proved by the fact that immediately it was finished he gave Buss a still more important commission.

I am confirmed in my opinion of the illustrations for “The Widow Married” by such an authority as the late George Somes Layard, who wrote, “I do not hesitate to affirm that they are better pictures, better illustrations, and better etchings than those done for its sequel “The Widow Wedded, or Adventures of the Barnabys in America,” by John Leech, in which that great artist has shown his wisdom by adopting and carrying on in the most conscientious manner the types introduced by Buss.”

A year or so later, while *Pickwick* was still running its course in monthly parts, Buss was illustrating no less a book than “Peter Simple” for the same publisher, and of his work for this book George Somes Layard wrote “They are elaborate etched pictures, not merely the pot-boilers of a professional book ‘embellisher’.” This judgment can hardly be challenged. It was very good work indeed.

Thus we have this striking fact, that while *Pickwick* was still appearing in parts, the man who had not been deemed good enough to illustrate it when it was an unknown and unimportant work, was illustrating, by the etching process, two books by two of the most popular novelists of the time—one of them an immortal book. Surely it is time that justice was done to Buss? He would never have proved the ideal illustrator for Dickens that Phiz did, but the discovery of Phiz was an amazing and almost unique piece of luck. Buss was not dismissed because his illustrations as such were unsatisfactory. These had been approved by the publishers, and some say by the author, so that no question of his ability as an illustrator arose. The trouble lay solely in the etching, which was a more or less mechanical process for which practice alone was necessary. He mastered it as quickly as Phiz mastered it. The illustrations as they finally appeared were not his work at all. The publishers knew that quite well, and they knew the reason. But he was condemned nevertheless, with the result that for all time his name lives as the man who failed at a great opportunity. It is a most unjust fate. One can almost see the wry smile with which he wrote “I am after all sometimes amused to think how in time to come futile bibliomaniacs will rave over a scarce copy of *Pickwick* having in it my two unfortunate etchings.” And sadly he ends his statement—“I have now done with the whole affair, and with its unpleasant associations. I leave the matter with the quotation—

‘The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones!’”

DICKENS'S DREAM

THE LAST PICTURE OF R. W. BUSS

THIS picture was painted by my grandfather, R. W. Buss, shortly before his death in February, 1875.



Dickens's Dream

It was left partially completed, only the figure of Dickens himself being entirely finished. The novelist is represented seated in his

library at Gads Hill, dreaming of his works, the walls being covered with all the notable Dickens characters from *Pickwick* to *Edwin Drood*.

The setting is carefully modelled on Fildes' picture of "The Empty Chair," the actual figure of Dickens being copied from the well-known photograph by Watkins.

In the picture the chair has been drawn back to show the life-like figure of Dickens, asleep and dreaming. On his knee sits Little Dorrit, while to his immediate right are to be seen the child figures, now celebrated throughout the world, of Paul Dombey and Little Nell.

The characters drawn from the earlier novels are to be found on the top left-hand side of the picture; those of the middle period are placed nearer to the novelist about the centre, while to the right are the groups selected from the later novels.

A plan now in my possession was prepared by R. W. Buss, shewing the proposed position of each group, and this arrangement, with some modifications, was adhered to in the actual picture.

It is noticeable that the figure of Dickens himself, and a few groups from the later novels, were alone completed. No doubt my grandfather, whose health was failing at the time, was anxious to complete the principal figure, having, perhaps, a presentiment that the picture would never be finished. The rest of the figures were only outlined, and this, though no doubt unintentional on his part, adds considerably to the dreamlike appearance of the picture.

At his death the picture passed to his daughter, Miss F. M. Buss, the well-known educationist, and by her it was bequeathed to myself in 1894, and has remained in my possession ever since.

In 1898 it was lent to the late Mr. F. G. Kitton to be engraved, and appeared later in "Dickens and His Illustrators," published in 1899. The engraving was again made use of by Mr. Ley when he published a series of two interesting articles on R. W. Buss in *The Dickensian* during the year 1910.

In 1928 it was offered to The Dickens House and accepted by the Trustees; and in 1931 it was forwarded there to take its place among the other interesting souvenirs of our great novelist.

F. FLEETWOOD BUSS.

WHO SAID THIS?

(Answers to Questions on page 204)

1, Mr. Squeers; 2, Dirty-faced man; 3, Miss Murdstone; 4, Montague Tigg; 5, Miss Wardle; 6, Mark Tapley; 7, Sampson Brass; 8, Esther Summerson; 9, Uriah Heep; 10, Mr. Perker; 11, Henry Gowan; 12, Mrs. Boffin; 13, Mr. Dick; 14, Mrs. Skewton; 15, Sampson Brass; 16, Mr. Pecksniff; 17, Dick Swiveller; 18, Tony Weller; 19, Tilly Price; 20, Traddles; 21, Trotty Veck; 22, Daniel Doyce; 23, Joe Gargery; 24, Montague Tigg; 25, Old Martin Chuzzlewit; 26, Mrs. Markleham; 27, Eugene Wrayburn; 28, Tony Weller; 29, Nicholas Nickleby; 30, Fledgeby; 31, Bertha; 32, Mr. Jagers; 33, Miss Mowcher; 34, Sampson Brass; 35, Henry Gowan; 36, Mr. Murdstone; 37, Richard Carstone; 38, Dick Swiveller; 39, Mrs. Gamp.

DICKENS'S BOOK-ENDS

BY J. CUMING WALTERS

THE early fashion of concluding a story was usually satisfying to human sentiment but absurdly erroneous as art. It was crude, mechanical, false to life. The old dramatists had a notion that all must end happily or all must end tragically; there was to be universal joy or universal misery; but no medium between the extremes. It never occurred to them that they would have been nearer to truth had things ended doubtfully, or, rather, that there might be no real ending at all, but still much to do, to work for, to aim at, and to endure; for life leaves many broken arcs, many unfinished designs.

Need the writer of fiction ignore fact? Need the weaver of romance depart from nature?

Many of Shakespeare's plots are terribly faulty. Who believes that Angelo would make a good husband, that Bertram and Helena could settle down to comfort, that Beatrice never again rasped Benedick with her tongue, or that the miserable intriguers in *The Merchant of Venice* lived together contentedly and faithful? No one admires Thackeray's *Esmond* more than I. But the finish brings no conviction to my mind. That elderly wife with all her charm would not have a lasting hold on the sprightly and chivalrous young hero.

It is worse when we come to the early novelists, Smollett and Fielding in particular. Tom Jones and Roderick Random are fobbed off on us in a few concluding words as model husbands, but we need a good many grains of salt to make so improbable an assertion digestible. The fact is, the majority of novelists are, and always have been, cravens. They are afraid to disappoint their readers—not the studious and reflective readers, but the masses who do not think, cannot reason, and are cajoled by any cheap and shallow sentimentality which leaves them fatuously smiling. So Edwin must marry Angelina; Darkbrow must repent; Hardup must be left a fortune; and Jasper Blackheart must be hanged. "All's well that ends well." These are the crude and foolish concessions to weak natures.

How illogical and how uninteresting it all is can be found abundantly demonstrated by the manner in which novelists have been moved to dispose of their characters in a few brief final remarks. After telling their stories at length, after developing their heroes and villains with the utmost care, they bring everything to a sudden arrest when wedding bells ring or the executioner's axe falls, and leave us to suppose that nothing happened afterwards. At the age of twenty or thereabout, Edwin and Angelina were wed, and the rest was to be a blank. Or their after-life is summed up in a paragraph, and then a rude catalogue, like an auctioneer's list, is made of all the persons who were around them, and their destinies (without argument or explanation) set forth—"George died young," "Aunt Mary married the tailor," "Squire Grimthorpe broke his neck," "Harry Maydew went to India and became a Nabob," And that is "Finis." It is trivial, inadequate, all out of perspective, and utterly unreal. In effect it is injurious also,

for it makes youth the all-important part of life, crowded with experience and event ; and middle age, maturity, the years of real possibility and attainment, of no account. The opening of the drama was deemed the whole drama. These romances set up incongruous and worthless ideals, perversions of truth, glamorous mirages which led to sad disillusion.

And what, it may be asked, has all this to do with Charles Dickens ? It has so much to do with him that, to treat it fully, would require a small volume. It leads us to a study of his style at various periods, and it leads us to a boundless admiration for him in one respect—that, beginning badly and adopting wrong models, he proceeded to enormous improvement, that he boldly accepted correction and established a new tradition, and that he taught us the old artifices would not suffice and that life must be looked at as it is and not through coloured or distorting glasses.

I say he began badly. That is excusable. He was under the spell of Fielding and Smollett. Turn to the last pages of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist* and you will see from his bold and unconvincing catalogues of "What happened to them all" how he slavishly followed tradition. Nor did Dickens wholly overcome the weakness. He had relapses. He weakly yielded to inferior counsel, and put aside his own good judgment, when he mated that impossible pair, Pip and Estella, in *Great Expectations*. It is a patched-up conclusion. It may please a schoolgirl, but it leaves the rest of us bewildered. We do not want beautiful nonsense, but the common sense of nature. We do not want momentary pleasure, but a permanent satisfaction. The novelist should not work to pattern, but strike out bravely for honest ends. His picture may not always be attractive. But is that necessary ? Is life nothing but one unending whirl of pleasure, with ambitions satisfied, and dreams fulfilled ? I rather share the pessimism of Matthew Arnold—

"We, in some unknown Power's employ
Move, in a rigorous line ;
Can neither when we will, enjoy,
Nor, when we will, resign."

Fate does not take an unalterable course, and that is what the novelist has to understand. Did Dickens recognise it ? Not always. He had glimmerings. His superb bit of satire in telling us of Josiah Bounderby's fate and his after-death legacy of troubles shows that he realised that life is full of anomalies, that there is no such thing as inevitability. Fraud may be left a peerage, and Honesty goes to the poor-house ; that is not poetic justice, but it happens to be true. Why should a novelist suggest otherwise ? He fails in a public duty when he falsifies life for the sake of whim or sentiment. We can trace in Dickens's works his growing appreciation of this idea. His conclusion of the episode of Stephen Blackpool, with all his frustrated designs, and with all the muddles of his tragic life unremedied, is one of the grandest of his efforts—he preferred the sheer naked truth to a mean surrender to

sentimentality, and thus gave us an ethical lesson worth a thousand happy endings. This was great art, although the schoolgirl may shudder at it. It is not what Fielding would have done, and perhaps not what Dickens himself would have done in the earlier stage of his career. I can imagine the conventional conclusion—"Poor Stephen Blackpool, after much suffering patiently borne, recovered; and his drunken wife dying soon afterwards, he married the woman he loved, and a happier home than his could not have been seen in all Lancashire." O, heaven!

Dickens got away from all this cheapness. Probably he risked popularity in doing so. He never won such a round of cheers as when he inserted his parenthetical remark about Tiny Tim who did NOT die—and never deserved it less. I forgive him because it really produces a glad thrill. It is not art, but it is intensely human. I forgive him, I say, but I do not justify him. To the critical sense it is banal.

If we would see Dickens at the height of his power in bringing his stories to a conclusion that accords with literary canons and meets the demand of the realist and the idealist alike, we must turn to those masterpieces—*David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*. These are perfect. They are infinitely separated from the makeshifts of the early novels. They do not "clear everything up"—why should they? They do not dismiss in a few short phrases the various personages who have acted their parts and can, as it were, be parcelled up, put in a box, and the lid closed down on them. Something is left to the imagination. We speculate on the fate of Mr. Murdstone, we wonder what became of the little son of Ada and Richard. We do not hear of rich uncles dropping out of the clouds to scatter fortunes unexpectedly upon surprised relations. But all the same, an end is achieved which is beautiful. Tom Pinch is at his organ conjuring up visions, and as they form wraith-like, we get a perception of future happenings—it is all suggested, rather than revealed. Peggotty brings a newspaper, and it serves the magic purpose of enabling us to read as much as we want to know, and ought to know, of people who have flitted through the drama. Louisa Bounderby gazes into the fire and pictures of the future are fashioned before her eyes. Sydney Carton passes to his rest with sounds of prophecy in his ears. Could it be better done? Was any ending more poetically conceived? And is it not all true to life? This was Dickens's triumph—to break away from the wrong tradition and create a precedent that was right. I am sorry he did not keep steadfastly to this. He had some relapses, a "knocking down" process which was supposed to be dramatically fitting, and a "polishing off" which was supposed to solve all problems. I shall not dilate on these now; I merely indicate them to show that I know, and some day I may elaborate the subject. My present purpose is only to prove that Dickens could, and did, rise superior to the early models, that he recognised what was requisite, and that he left us magnificent specimens of how novels should be brought to admirable conclusions. No more catalogues, no more namby-pamby concessions to bad taste, no more

artifice and convention and pattern-made roundings-off, but potent suggestion, literary art, and, above all, sincerity. It was a marvellous development. It was a glorious heresy, a revolt from the orthodox, a stroke for freedom from slavish tradition. Dickens was a pioneer, and though we see him in diverse aspects, we can acclaim him as one who triumphed.



A CHALLENGE TO MR. WALTERS

Mr. W. B. Warren, who reads the proofs of *The Dickensian*, has sent me the following note concerning one of the statements made by Mr. Walters in the preceding article.—EDITOR.

It takes some temerity to try and break a lance with such an experienced and accomplished *litterateur* as Mr. Cuming Walters, but I feel that I cannot let his delightful article on "Dickens's Book-ends" pass without challenging one of the opinions expressed therein.

I refer to his statement on page 269 of the current number, that when Dickens wrote that Tiny Tim "did NOT die" it was "banal" and "not art."

By what standard can such an opinion be measured? Just as "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," so, surely, are opinions in the mind of the thinker. It is true there are more or less accepted canons of beauty, and presumably of literary art also, though the latter necessarily must be rather vague and variable.

But does this criticised phrase transgress any such canons?

Mr. Walters justly says that one of the essential qualities of true art is fidelity to nature. Where is that departed from in this case? He admits that the reference touched innumerable hearts, his own included. Was not that a touch of true art?

In finishing off this story, Dickens had three courses open to him. He could say that Tiny Tim did die, or that he did not die, or he could leave it an open question. The last alternative would appear to be the only one Mr. Walters would pass as being good art.

But surely when the whole moral and symbolic meaning of the story had been worked up to such a fine finish, anything which emphasised that meaning and added strength to that moral could not be bad art. Unless, indeed, one was prepared to argue that Scrooge's whole reformation was bad art. And he would be a bold man who would dare do that!

But perhaps it is the printing of that little word "NOT" in capitals which transgresses those canons aforesaid. Over-emphasis is *so* inartistic!

Now, had that little word been printed in delicate, shrinking italics, thus—"not"—it might then have escaped the critic's eye and his condemnation also!

DICKENS, SOUTHWOOD SMITH AND THE FIRST NURSING HOME

BY MARY A. MACEY

EIGHTEEN months ago, I came across a book which had been published in 1895 by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons. The book was a biographical sketch of a distinguished physician who also had been a member of that early Victorian band of philanthropists who made mankind their "business." Mrs. Charles Lewes wrote the book; the distinguished physician, Doctor Southwood Smith, was her maternal grandfather. And it is through the kindness of Mrs. Ouvry, Mrs. Lewes's daughter, that I am able to offer some letters which appeared in the sketch. They are part of a correspondence between Dickens and Doctor Southwood Smith; they are seven in number; and six of the seven were written by Dickens. It is fortunate that the Doctor kept a copy of the letter he wrote, for his original script must have perished in that Gad's Hill conflagration of 1860, when Dickens destroyed all letters received by him. In his "Life of Dickens," Forster has little to say of Doctor Southwood Smith, but in these six letters Dickens makes it clear that he had a warm regard for one to whom he subscribed himself friend.

Dickens and Doctor Southwood Smith must first have met in the year 1840. What drew them together was their mutual interest in the Children's Employment Commission. And when Dickens wrote the following letter, this Commission, which had been set up by Lord Ashley (he was afterwards Lord Shaftesbury) to enquire into the conditions under which children worked in the coal mines, had only just been established. There were four Commissioners—Doctor Southwood Smith, Mr. Thomas Tooke, and two factory inspectors.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate,
Fifteenth December, 1840.

My dear Sir,—I am greatly obliged to you for your kind note and enclosure of to-day. I had never seen the Sanatorium pamphlet, and have been greatly pleased with it. The reasons for such an Institution and the advantages likely to result from it, could not have been more forcibly or eloquently put. I have read it twice with extreme satisfaction.

You have given me hardly less pleasure by sending me the Instructions of the Children's Employment Commission, which seems to me to have been devised in a most worthy spirit, and to comprehend every point on which humanity and forethought could have desired to lay stress. The little book reaches me very opportunely, for Lord Ashley sent me his speech on moving the Commission only the day before yesterday; and I could not forbear, in writing to him in acknowledgement of its receipt, cursing the present system and its fatal effects in keeping down thousands upon thousands of God's images, with all my heart and soul.

It must be a great comfort and happiness to you to be instrumental in bringing about so much good. I am proud to be remembered

by one who is pursuing such ends, and heartily hope that we shall know each other better.—My dear Sir, faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

Dr. Southwood Smith.

In his next letter Dickens regrets that he cannot accompany Doctor Southwood Smith on some expedition to a mine in which children are at work.

Devonshire Terrace,

Wednesday, June the Second, 1841.

My dear Dr. Smith,—I find it can't be done. The artists, engravers, printers, and every one engaged have so depended on my promises, and so fashioned their engagements by them, that I cannot with any regard to their comfort or convenience leave town before the nineteenth. At any other time I would have gone with you to John-o-Groat's for such a purpose; and I don't thank you any the less heartily for not being able to go now.

If you should see one place which you would like me to behold of all others, and should find that I could get easy access to it, tell me when you come back, and I'll see it on my way to Scotland, please God.

I will send your papers home by hand to-morrow.—In haste, believe me, with true regards, faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

Dr. Southwood Smith.

The blue-book to which Dickens refers in the following letter was published after the Commissioners had presented their First Report. This Report contained pictures of women and children at their work; the pictures had been drawn in the pits at the instigation of Doctor Southwood Smith. And that Dickens was overwhelmed by the Report one cannot wonder; amidst kindred horrors he had had to read of four and five-year-old children—their occupation the opening and closing of air-doors—who were forced to work underground in damp, darkness and solitude for twelve hours at a time.

Devonshire Terrace, Sixth March, 1843.

My dear Dr. Smith,—I sent a message across the way to-day, urging you, in case you should come to the Sanatorium, to call on me if convenient. My reason was this:

I am so perfectly stricken down by the blue-book you have sent me, that I think (as soon as I shall have done my month's work)* of writing and bringing out a very cheap pamphlet called "An Appeal to the People of England on behalf of the Poor Man's Child," with my name attached, of course.

I should be very glad to take counsel with you in the matter, and to receive any suggestions from you in reference to it. Suppose I were to call on you one evening in the course of ten days or so? What would be the most likely hour to find you at home? In haste, always faithfully your friend,

Charles Dickens.

Dr. Southwood Smith.

* Dickens had *Martin Chuzzlewit* in hand.

Next we find that Dickens altered, or was induced to alter, his tactics. What the "sledge-hammer" was to have been we are not told, nor have I been able to find out. Possibly Dickens never employed it or any other weapon; he found that their use was unnecessary. For the Bill for the overthrow of the detestable evils, presented to Parliament three months after the date of this next letter, became law the same year.

Devonshire Terrace, Tenth March, 1843.

My dear Dr. Smith,—Don't be frightened when I tell you that, since I wrote to you last, reasons have presented themselves for deferring the production of that pamphlet till the end of the year. I am not at liberty to explain them further just now; but rest assured that when you know them, and see what I do, and where, and how, you will certainly feel that a sledge-hammer has come down with twenty times the force—twenty thousand times the force I could exert by following out my first idea. Even so recently as when I wrote to you the other day I had not contemplated the means I shall now, please God, use. But they have been suggested to me; and I have girded myself for their seizure—as you shall see in due time.

If you will allow our tête-a-tête and projected conversation on the subject still to come off, I will write to you as soon as I see my way to the end of my month's work.—Always faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

Dr. Southwood Smith.

The rest of the correspondence has to do with the "Cornish trip"—that excursion into Cornwall which Dickens took in the autumn of 1842 with Forster, Maclise and Stanfield six months after his first triumphant visit to America. He had begun to consider this home-journey "by way of challenge to what he had seen abroad" as soon as he was back in England; and we find him in July of the same year replying to some letter of Forster's on the subject: "... I have never been in Cornwall either. A mine certainly; and a letter for that purpose shall be got from Southwood Smith."

Now Doctor Southwood Smith's enthusiasm for Cornwall generally, and Tintagel especially (an enthusiasm which his grand-daughter, Miss Octavia Hill, inherited), must have been known to his friends. And Dickens naturally turned for information and advice on the subject to the best-informed quarter. This is what he wrote:

Devonshire Terrace,

Saturday, October twenty-second, 1842.

My dear Sir,—I have an expedition afoot in which I think you can assist me. I want to see the very dreariest and most desolate portion of the sea-coast of Cornwall; and start next Thursday, with a couple of friends, for St. Michael's Mount. Can you tell me of your own knowledge, or through the information of any of the mining Sub-Commissioners, what is the next best bleak and barren part? And can you, furthermore, while I am in those regions, help me down a mine?

I ought to make many apologies for troubling you, but somehow

or other I don't—which is your fault and not mine—Always believe me faithfully your friend,

Charles Dickens.

Dr. Southwood Smith.

Dr. Southwood Smith replied as follows :

36 New Broad Street, October 25, 1842.

My dear Sir, —I do not think you will find St. Michael's Mount particularly desolate, but it is nevertheless a very remarkable and interesting place. The coast about Land's End, I am told, is incomparably more dreary and presents a fine specimen of wrecken scenery. But the place above all others for dreariness is Tintagel (King Arthur's) Castle, near Camelford. There shall you see nothing but bleak-looking rocks and an everlastingly boisterous sea, both in much the same state as when good King Arthur reigned.

You must go through Truro to get to either place. Your best plan will be to call on Doctor Charles Barham. He is the physician of those parts and a most intelligent man, thoroughly acquainted with every nook in Cornwall and known to every mine. He was one of our best Sub-Commissioners ; and he will tell you where best to go for your immediate object, and will take you without the least loss of time to the best specimen of a mine. But pray do not forget that a Cornish mine is quite different from a coal-mine : while much less disagreeable to the senses, far more fatal in its effects upon the men and boys (they have no women).

I send you herewith a letter of introduction to Dr. Barham, whom you will find both able and willing to give you all the information and assistance you may require.—Faithfully yours,

Southwood Smith.

Then comes Dickens's reply.

1 Devonshire Terrace,

York Gate, Eighth November, 1842.

My dear Sir,—I have just come back from Cornwall. I did not, after all, deliver your letter. Having Stanfield and Maclise and another friend* with me, I determined not to do so, unless I found it absolutely necessary : lest the unfortunate Doctor should consider himself in a state of siege.

I saw all I wanted to see, and a noble coast it is. I have sent your letter to Dr. Barham with a line or two from myself : and am as much obliged to you as though I had driven him wild with trouble.—Always faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

Dr. Southwood Smith.

This is all that there is of the correspondence. But the friendship between Dickens and Doctor Southwood Smith did not end here. And in 1854, when the Doctor retired from public life, Dickens was one of the many subscribers to that tablet (it now stands in the National Portrait Gallery) which was set up by the Doctor's colleagues as their tribute to the valued services of an honoured co-partner.

* Forster.

II.

The Sanatorium referred to in the first letter was the pioneer nursing home ; it was described in an advertisement as “ a home in sickness for students, clerks, governesses and the middle classes generally, but more especially for those persons of both sexes who are liable in illness to be thrown upon the mercy of strangers, coupling the greatest comforts and first medical advice with the lowest possible weekly expense.”

In 1842 “ The Sanatorium ” was in actual being at Devonshire Place House opposite to Devonshire Terrace where Dickens resided, which fact is referred to in the letter of the 6th March, 1843. Dickens was soon working heart and soul for it, and although there are no further letters available, doubtless a considerable correspondence with Dr. Southwood Smith ensued. He interested Miss Burdett-Coutts in the scheme, writing to her : “ There is not in England an institution whose design is more noble, useful and excellent. I know some little histories connected with that place, and the blessing it has proved in sickness and Death, which are among the most affecting incidents that have ever come within my observation.”

On June 4th, 1844, a dinner was held at the London Tavern in aid of the Sanatorium. Dickens presided, and was supported by Clarkson Stanfield, who replied for Art, Harrison Ainsworth for Literature, and J. P. Harley for the Stage. There were 200 guests, and ladies were included among the diners ; according to the advertisement this was in the nature of an innovation. It is curious that neither this function nor the Sanatorium is referred to in Forster’s *Life* ; nor does the speech appear among the published speeches of Dickens. It was reported in full in “ The Morning Herald,” and does not call for much comment. The most striking passage is that in which Dickens made a special reference to the splendidly restful position which the Sanatorium occupied.

“ That never-ceasing restlessness, that incessant tread of feet wearing the rough stones smooth and glossy, is it not a wonder, how the dwellers in narrow ways can bear it ? Think of a sick man in such a place as St. Martin’s Court, listening to the footsteps, and in the midst of pain and weariness obliged, despite himself (as though it were a task he must perform), to detect the child’s step from the man’s ; the slipshod beggar from the hooded exquisite ; the lounging from the busy. Think of the hum and noise always present to his senses, and of the stream of life that will not stop, pouring on, on, on through all his troubled dreams, as if he were condemned to lie dead, but conscious, in a noisy churchyard, and had no hope of rest for centuries to come.”

Later it was found that a specially constructed building, with many small separate rooms, would be more suitable and less expensive than Devonshire Place House. To erect this it was necessary to raise a building fund. By this time the Institution was supported by a powerful list of patrons ; and more than a hundred members of the medical profession had visited it, and had signed a statement expressing their belief in the need of such an establishment.

In support of this fund Dickens produced and played in Ben Jonson's "Every Man In His Humour" at St. James's Theatre, on November 15th, 1845.

"The Sanatorium did not, from a money point of view, succeed; but it was, nevertheless, the forerunner of all those 'Home Hospitals' and Nursing Homes which have since proved so great a boon to the public. So that in this, also, my grandfather was a pioneer," adds Mrs. C. L. Lewes.

MEET MR. PICKWICK AT TEA

AT No. 2 Whitcomb Court, Coventry Street, London, W., the Pickwick Inn Tea Rooms were opened on Saturday, the 23rd July, and heralded by a housewarming on the evening previous.

The Editor, with his many engagements, was unable to be present, so sent a "Deputy." Nothing extraordinary in that—quite in the Dickens spirit. So Deputy duly arrived, and having admired the outside of the Inn, smelt the flowers on the sills, sat on the rustic seat and peeped through the tiny panes of glass, was ushered inside by a bowing young Joe Willet, transferred to a charming waiting maid—Mary from Ipswich, I believe—who preceded him up a narrow wooden staircase, reminiscent of Brick Lane, and in a room crowded with oaken furniture and with hams suspended from oak beams, Mr. Pickwick received him. Mr. Pickwick to the very life. And to think that but a few years ago this Mr. Pickwick was playing the Artful Dodger at His Majesty's Theatre with Mr. Herbert Tree as Fagin.

"Deputy" was able to remind him that he too played "The Artful" at about that period, and Mr. Bransby Williams was Fagin.

Mr. Pickwick was busily engaged, between introductions, in dispensing cold punch. You were asked whether you desired it with or without lemon peel, but whatever the answer it made no difference, for the punch was served from one large bowl to the many notabilities present, and the notabilities who were not enamoured of the cold punch had a choice of a dozen other beverages equally delightful.

Later, a tour of inspection was made of the tea rooms. Old prints are displayed on the walls, together with playbills of the past; also items of Dickensiana, Shakespearean characters, highly coloured and in impossible attitudes.

Then espying a tiny exhibit, so small as to necessitate Deputy producing his spectacles—shades of Montague Tigg and David Crimble—a pawnbroker's voucher dated 1833, "set of fireirons a shilling,"

There is a repose about Whitcomb Court reminiscent of Lant Street and Goswell Street (now Goswell Road), and its peace and repose must be experienced to be believed.

One exhibit, however, must not be overlooked, as it is a proof of the magnanimity and largeness of heart of Mr. Pickwick; over the bar hangs a large oil painting of,—guess—Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Frank Stanmore (Mr. Pickwick of the tea-rooms) is an earnest Dickens student, and Dickensians will wish him the best of good fortune in his venture.

THE INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN TRAVEL ON DICKENS'S NOVELS

BY EVA I. L. WILKINS

DURING the course of his life Charles Dickens travelled very widely in both America and Europe, and in the latter continent he made his home for a year or more at a time, residing in Italy, Switzerland and France. Considering the number of books he wrote, and the fact that his periods of living abroad were always employed in writing, it is notable that foreign scenes and habits leave very little mark in his novels. With the exception of *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Little Dorrit*, where the scenes for part of the narrative are laid in France and Italy, and the one brief episode in *Dombey and Son* of Edith Dombey and Mr. Carker's flight to France, these are quite subsidiary to the plot, and save for the sake of dramatic colour and veracity, might quite well have been placed in England or any other country, as they give no lasting impression of the towns or places which they mention, or any idea of the customs of the people thereof.

Martin Chuzzlewit is the one exception perhaps to this, as the scenes of the "Garden of Eden" could not, of course, have applied to anywhere else, but this novel was written almost immediately after Dickens's return from the first American visit, and even then it was not in the original conception of the book. Dickens had no idea when he commenced, of introducing America, and it was only when he found himself rather at a loss for narrative, and also when the sale of his instalments were decreasing, that he decided to send Mark and Martin to America.

Pictures from Italy and *American Notes* are, of course, apart from Dickens's actual novels, and hardly enter into the present subject, as they were entirely from a descriptive standpoint, and were probably only written because the author thought it would be expected of him that he should put on record some of the impressions he had received from his foreign travel, and his articles on foreign scenes and places that occur in the *Reprinted Pieces* and *The Uncommercial Traveller* likewise cannot come under the category of his actual novels.

One gathers, however, from these short essays that Dickens had quite an admiration for French thrift and methods and had spent many happy hours in the less restricted seaside resorts of that country. No doubt, too, the simple patriotism shown by the old landlord in whose house he stayed (and whom he mentions in "Our French Watering Place") brought recollections of his own hard youth, when the man told him that he and his family shared their meagre supper with the troops that were billeted on them by the Government, and when Dickens asked him what remuneration he received for this, was told "nothing," it was "for France."

Again, in another essay to which he gave the title of "A Monument of French Folly," he compares the French cattle market and slaughter

houses to our Smithfield Market, much to the detriment of the latter, and one wonders how much of the present modern efficiency and hygiene (of which our own contemporary writer, Arnold Bennett, gives us such an interesting picture in the early parts of his "Imperial Palace") was the direct result of Dickens's appeal in the first instance, for a more wholesome atmosphere and cleaner methods.

Foreign travel is generally supposed to broaden the mind. Englishmen, at the time when Dickens was writing, went abroad very little in comparison with more recent years, and his own excursions into foreign countries therefore increased his gift of delineating character, and gave him the opportunity of seeing the too obvious self-satisfaction of so many Englishmen of his day. His description in *Our Mutual Friend* of Mr. Podsnap's patronising attempts at conversation with the bewildered Frenchmen, at a dinner given by the former gentleman, is a fine piece of subtle humour, and Mr. Podsnap's firm conviction not to consider anything foreign any good at all, for the simple reason that it was not English, is one of the best pictures of Victorian self-sufficiency that we have, and is typical of the class of people Mr. Disraeli was to come up against in later years when he suggested making a Queen of England also Empress of India !

Not that Dickens was any the less a loyal subject at heart ; no one was more so, but experience had taught him that for a nation to increase in prosperity, it must consider its poorer classes, and he realised that the wealthier Englishmen (like the French of half a century previous) were too much inclined to treat them with the intolerance they had for foreigners. They would not see what it was unpleasant for them to see, and he brings out this characteristic again in that same chapter on "Podsnappery," when Mr. Podsnap refuses to believe that several people have died of hunger in the London streets. He dismisses it from his mind with the one remark, "I don't believe it, sir." This example of Dickens's insight into character brings one back again to the reason why English scenes and customs were so predominant in all his works, for considered briefly, it seems extraordinary that foreign countries and customs should have played so small a part in the writings of an observant man such as Dickens was, and who had a keen insight into human character, since he wrote all his books when his fancy was free to roam entirely unbounded. The probable explanation is that Dickens's fame depends chiefly on the characters in his novels and not on the plots. If the characters of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle and the Wellers, for example, were eliminated from the pages of *The Pickwick Papers* and others substituted, the book would fall to pieces, for it *has* no plot to hold it together and to sustain the interest once the characters are gone. *Pickwick* is made up of the somewhat prosy adventures of a small band of very ordinary Englishmen of the middle nineteenth century, and the fact that they are immensely interesting and lovable is due to their creator's genius in delineating character, and not to any adventure or actions in which they take part.

Since, then, the books were to be made up of personalities only, he

had more than sufficient material to study in his own country without going abroad, and as most of his books were written to satirise defects in the government or social evils of the time with a view to getting them remedied, it was necessary that he should use Englishmen and England for his literary "copy." He had no time to consider the idiosyncrasies of foreign countries, with the possible exception of the French Revolution and even in that case he was writing about an event that was past and therefore beyond the reach of any remedy.

So essential was the English atmosphere to him that when he was abroad we are told he *craved* for the London streets, and while he was living in Genoa engaged in writing *The Chimes*, he says of the bells :—

"Let them clash upon me now from all the churches and convents in Genoa, I see nothing but the old London belfry that I have set them in."

No doubt he appreciated the calm repose of the Swiss Alps for writing purposes, and there is little doubt that the scenery he saw there left impressions that influenced his writing, although it is not perhaps materially evident, but the London atmosphere was the best tonic and incentive to him, so that even when he was residing in another country he was living, metaphorically speaking, in England, and from her alone he drew his scenes and characters.

The greatest source of his inspirations was London and her interminable streets which he tramped so often, and of which he writes :—

"After a week or fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place and a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and labour of writing day after day without that magic lantern (London) is immense."

There is no other fiction writer probably who has written so much about London from all aspects as Dickens, and no one knew more than he did of the inner life, more particularly the life of the underworld which he introduces with so much pathos into almost all his books. It is known that he walked for miles after dark through the streets of London, sometimes accompanying a night watchman on his rounds, and he left no stone unturned to study the subject upon which he was writing at its closest quarters. The commencement of *Edwin Drood* took him into an opium den, and the incidents he describes in *Our Mutual Friend* around the Thames were all the result of his own investigations. The river, with its victims, seemed to have had some strange fascination for him at all times, and when he was in Paris he never failed to pay a visit to the gloomy Morgue, and in his article on that city in *The Uncommercial Traveller* he dwells on the extraordinary magnetism that drew him there to gaze (not with morbid curiosity, but with a great pity of which a man with a nature such as his was alone capable) on the lifeless bodies that lay there awaiting identification.

London by night was as familiar to him as by day, and he knew the

Rochester, St. Pancras, Toronto, Tabard Dickensian Players, Wellingborough, Whitstable.

Once again branches are reminded of Rule VII. and *every* branch is urged, where direct representation cannot be made, to avail itself of the privilege, under that rule, of appointing a London member as deputy. So far only one branch (Toronto) is so represented. The Council desires to have the co-operation and help of all branches possible in its deliberations, and hopes that during the coming year other branches may follow the example set by Toronto, as it is convinced that the influence and prestige of the Fellowship would be greatly enhanced by a larger number of branches taking an active interest in its Quarterly Meetings.

We note with satisfaction that many branches made a special feature of the 120th anniversary of the Birth of Dickens. Greetings were sent from Headquarters to each and were much appreciated. At Headquarters the celebration dinner touched high-water mark with a record of 320 guests who, under the presidency of Mr. H. A. Vachell, heartily enjoyed the speech from the guest of the evening, Mr. J. B. Priestley.

The activities of the Fellowship along charitable lines are being well sustained. We note that our young branch in Auckland, New Zealand, held a Dickens Fair, at which enough money was raised to purchase and endow a Charles Dickens Cot. In London, among other schemes, support has been given to that for the purchase of the Foundling Site as a playground for children. It is, however, impossible to indicate *all* that has been done during the past year, but the pages of *The Dickensian* bear eloquent testimony to the fine work carried out by the branches in establishing and maintaining Tiny Tim Cots, distributing toys, caring for crippled children, and many other things done for the sacred cause of charity in the name of the Fellowship.

The Conference at Eastbourne last year was well attended; 22 Home and 5 Overseas branches being represented by 140 delegates. The outstanding feature of the business session was the discussion on Branch Methods and Policies, the outcome of which has been the attempt to institute a Regional Group scheme, and the establishment of a Junior Section in the Plymouth Branch.

The social amenities of the Conference were exceedingly well carried out, and trips and informal gatherings afforded a high degree of pleasure to the delegates and reflected the greatest credit on the organisers.

It is noted that branch programmes are increasingly devoted to subjects allied to Dickens, and that the book for the year selected by Conference is adopted by a larger majority of the branches. We shall not rest content, however, till all branches fall into line on this matter.

Then, again, attention is drawn to the desirability of all branches using the *number* that was given them under the resolution at the Bath Conference. There are still a number of branches who have hitherto failed to put this practice into operation and it is earnestly hoped that this omission may be immediately rectified.

One other matter calling for attention is that the request from Headquarters sent out to branches last September asking whether the charter issued to the branch is still in existence, has only been responded to by 34 branches. We are anxious to issue duplicate charters to such branches as may not be in possession of the original charter, but this cannot be done until the full returns are in hand.

A notable bit of work in London of which the Executive Committee is justly proud, was the placing of "a foolish image blowing a dry shell" in the recently-opened David Copperfield Garden in the New Kent Road. The garden was so named by the Southwark Borough Council at the suggestion of the Executive Committee, and in placing the figure there with the tablet recording the incident of David resting near the spot after the loss of his trunk and half-guinea, we have added one more permanent testimonial to the fame of Dickens, and of lasting credit to the work of the Fellowship.

It is with much regret we have to record the loss by death of a number of prominent Dickensians during the year:—Mr. A. S. Hearn, one of the original members; Alderman John Easter, President of the Eastbourne Branch; as a token of his interest he left £300 to the Eastbourne Branch; Mr. C. L. Browne, of the Manchester Branch; Mr. Sidney Keith, Headquarters; Mrs. Kilburn-Kilmer, New York Branch; Miss K. Roper, Blackpool Branch; Mrs. C. W. H. Crews, President of the Plymouth Branch; Mr. H. Mills, Past President and Chairman of the Hackney Branch; and—whilst preparing this report—comes the news of the passing of Mr. W. J. Fisher, our Hon. Treasurer, who has held that position for five years. He was held in the highest esteem by his colleagues for his genial personality and for the scrupulous care he exercised in guarding the financial interests of the Fellowship. His cautious counsel in the difficult period through which Headquarters has passed during the changes that have recently been effected at the Dickens House, was most valuable and he will be greatly missed. The Fellowship is decidedly the poorer for these losses, and to the branches affected we extend our deepest sympathy.

In concluding this report your Council rejoices in the growing spirit of unity in the Fellowship and is convinced that fidelity to the ideals for which we stand will do much to help us in the difficult times through which we are passing. It rejoices also in the ever-extending influence of the Fellowship and looks forward in the steadfast hope of ultimately binding all lovers of Dickens into one great brotherhood under its auspices.

So we take courage and urge all to go forward in the endeavour to spread the teachings of the man whose books we love to read and whose name we delight to honour.

On behalf of the Council,

A. W. EDWARDS,

Hon. Secretary.

LITTLE DORRIT, AN UNPOPULAR CLASSIC

BY R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON



I WONDER whether any novel of real importance was ever so crowded with exaggeration as *Little Dorrit*, or presented so many divergent groups of characters worked up to type, with a consistency altogether beyond nature. Macaulay's famous account of the "humours" drawn by Fanny Burney in her society types, can be applied with even greater force to much of Dickens's work, and pre-eminently to this novel. His characters are not only associated with, or built upon, a phrase, a gesture, or an idea, so

continually repeated, as almost to hide the personality behind the single quality by which it was first introduced. The label, of course, has its dramatic force, but when thus emphasised and reiterated may defeat its purpose by the creation of a freak.

There is scarcely a normal character, without a label, in *Little Dorrit*, and the groups similarly drawn to type—which have been forcibly dragged into an unnatural alliance—to elaborate the plot, are legion.

For centre or main theme we have the Dorrits and Mrs. General; around them, the Barnacles and "The Bosom"; Henry Gowan and "Pet"; Tattycoram and Miss Wade; Rigaud and Cavalletto; Flora and Mr. F.'s Aunt; the Pancks and the Patriarch; the Clennams and Flintwinch, tied by hate; with isolated figures closely wound into one or other of these: Maggie, Daniel Doyce, Rugg, John Chivery, and plasterer Plornish.

Can we say of anyone here, group or individual, that he or she is kept down, so to speak, to the mixed and varying impulses and expressions thereof which make up human nature?

Yet how magnificently Dickens has conquered this obvious weakness, or falsity, in characterisation. For these people are most veritably real and alive. We accept their artificial nature and feel for them with all the excitement and intensity that is aroused by our own personal experience for our own intimate friends and chosen comrades.

By what magic of art or artlessness has the miracle been achieved ?

The startling contrast between the "Father of the Marshalsea" and his brother without the walls is obviously forced beyond reason, never relaxed and in no single particular proved by an exception ; and everything said or done by Dorrit just oversteps the limits of self-deception, unconscious selfishness, and complacency in disgrace, which were possible to man. He is rather more blind to realities—in or out of prison, rather more set on his own way and convinced of his own wisdom ; rather more condescending to his inferiors and more pathetic than real life. Yet he convinces us against our reason, we have no doubts of his existence, and we have taken the poor creature to our hearts, well-nigh as sensitive to any criticism as Little Dorrit herself.

Fanny and Tip are perfectly natural, almost commonplace, alike when prosperous or poor ; and the novelists have so long accustomed us to recognize a heroine by her remarkable superiority to all her family, that we seldom question the improbable contrast with Amy.

Amy herself, of course, is shockingly sentimental and has all the tiresome virtues under the sun ; but, by some subtle touch of intense sincerity in characterisation, does not rouse our impatience so much as Little Nell, or even Paul Dombey. It is, probably, her devotion to her father—in no way exaggerated or unnatural—which secures our affection and respect. There is, moreover, an unexpected touch of humour in her letters to Arthur Clennam about the Pet. Mrs. General is but a crude exemplification of propriety.

For the surrounding groups, it is natural, and legitimate, to take a somewhat different standard. Persons less important, or less closely allied to the centre, may be excused from absolute reality ; though everywhere truth means greater art. At any rate, we are comparatively indifferent to the Barnacles and only concerned—in a subsidiary sense—with the Merdles. The first have no pretensions to personality and the second scarcely concern us save for the comic—and tragic—episodes, which might very well occur, with slight variations, to such an ordinary type of girl as Fanny Dorrit.

Though Arthur Clennam himself is perhaps the most natural and ordinary character in the book, his mother and Flintwinch are no less forced and worked up, in quite a different way, than the Dorrits. Here, the presiding influences are specifically melodramatic, derived from mystery and sin. One would say that Dickens is not attempting truth to nature, only determined to involve his hero in the darkest possible shadow of such gloom and suspicion as an untrammelled imagination could invent. The reader, probably, is not much interested in the actual details of past or present in the lives of this egregious pair. Here, indeed, is the only exception to Dickens's triumph over exaggeration. We do *not* accept Mrs. Clennam or Flintwinch as real persons and have no feeling about them either way. They create atmosphere, but even that is, in many cases, described at undue length, becoming a boring interruption to the progress of the tale. It actually absorbs Rigaud, of whom the same may be said, and less directly or fully, Miss Wade.

Arthur is powerless against them, though indirectly guided to the

discovery of the Dorrit fortune ; and the reader is too much in sympathy with the hero to derive any kind of satisfaction from her defeat. Elsewhere Dickens has used "Horror" with great dramatic effect, but here the material is far too elaborate and prolonged. The actual scenes and dialogue are, frankly, dull.

And when we turn to the groups surrounding the hero Clennam, the mechanical structure of the plot leaps to the eye. For whereas everyone introduced—as it were—from the heroine-group increases the influence of evil, the hero's friends and acquaintances (outside his evil home) are one and all on the side of the angels.

We have, first, two minor heroines—as one may call them—Flora, Arthur's schoolboy love, and Pet, to whom he imagines himself devoted for the greater part of the story—both of the Dora type. Flora, indeed, provides almost the only humour of the book, quite unintentionally, but with a naive and innocent silliness so simply sincere as to be attractive. To be so sincerely affected is an achievement for which we readily forgive the exaggerations Dickens makes no attempt to conceal. Her incoherent babble is a kind of game—and, as with all the good people in this novel, she conquers us by real sweetness of disposition. Once more the sentiment we should expect to disgust is real and strong enough to attract.

Pet, on the other hand, is the most shadowy character ever given a "lead" in fiction. She scarcely ever speaks or acts in her own person. All we know of her we are told by others, and that all is little enough. Her resolution in marrying the selfish and conceited artist, Henry Gowan, against her parents' wishes, proves something in her of which we know nothing ; Arthur's affections, no doubt, were based on something Dickens has not troubled to disclose. There is no explanation of such negative characterisation but carelessness, which has often led the author astray in smaller parts. Her function in the plot, however, is clear. By occupying Clennam's mind with an imaginary love, she makes it natural for the friendship with Little Dorrit to develop without any suspicion of where it is leading, an almost necessary condition for the climax Dickens had in mind.

Mrs. Meagles, indeed, is more invisible than her daughter, even when present she is not specifically introduced. She scarcely ever opens her mouth. But hers is so minor a rôle to play that we have no desire to know more. For there is no subtlety about the Meagles. Mr. Meagles is just an ordinary good fellow—except for his catchword reference to Tattycoram ; perfectly adapted for his position as efficient and sincere friend of the hero, herein coupled with the excellent Daniel Doyce, existing to provide the hero with an occupation.

We close our list with the few isolated attendants—faithful friends of Sancho Panzas to the hero—Plornish (transferred from devotion to the heroine) ; Pancho, pretended adherent of the arch-humbag Casby, with his comrade Rugg, and the boyish Cavalletto, brought in tow by hatred of Rigaud—himself, like Miss Wade, altogether outside the normal daily life of anyone in the whole book, dragged in for the sake of the plot—by accident and coincidence.

It is, indeed, a wild and unmanageable crew, brought to life for us by the intensity of Dickens's own conviction. He makes them real by believing in them; sweeping us with him by sheer magnetism of vivid emotion, which overrides all question and criticism. This is, of course, a necessary and fundamental characteristic of all sound art, but where the characterisation itself is natural and true to life, the influence of the author's personal emotion may be less obviously exerted. It has no defect to conquer.

There is, finally, an aspect from which such exaggerations and creation of "humours" are not entirely false or untrue. It has been explained, by subtle critics, that whereas no one human being could illustrate his type by so many appropriate gestures, nor remain so absolutely consistent throughout, he could have said or done everyone of the things attributed to him; whence it follows that all are "in character" so to speak and, in that way, true. Without question, this fact contributes largely to the reader's acceptance of the Dickens folk. At no given point (considered on its own merits) do they outrage humanity.

On the surface Dickens depends upon close and detailed observation (not always restrained by any severe sense of proportion), but the spirit or inner reality is inspired by an intuitive impetuosity in emotional conviction that has immense dramatic force. He visualises all that his imagination so rapidly conceives; so that the image created in his brain is carried forward to materialisation by the excited vigour of his pen. Though not trained in any respect of style, often guilty, indeed, of shocking lapses from good taste or other formula, his early experience as a reporter gave him a flow of words with a rough and ready flair for story-telling and the picturesque, which often stumble upon really powerful phrases and a practically effective manner of narration. He does not worry us with abstractions, either of thought or phrase.

Little Dorrit will never be accepted as one of Dickens's great novels (such as *David Copperfield* or—in a different sense—*The Pickwick Papers*); but I am inclined to think that it meant a good deal to him and that we are justified in forgetting (or answering) the obvious criticism of technique, to enjoy and care for the scenes he created with so much undoubted zeal.

Much of Dickens's zeal for social reform and sympathy with the underdog is here in full force. He had unique power over public opinion and was thus able to actually remove more than one rampant abuse. The cases, here, against the Circumlocution Office, financial corruption in high places, and imprisonment for debt, are weighty enough in all conscience, and have, at least, contributed to such improvements as our conservative indolence and dislike of change will permit.

Dickens was never afraid of speaking of his mind, never deceived by appearances, or drugged by cant. He never forgot what he had learnt in youth—about the sufferings of the poor. Here there is no false sentiment, no working up of the picture, no exaggeration. But a plain, practical, statement of the issue, with often a clear exposition of what needs doing and can be done.

THE TECHNIQUE OF EDWIN DROOD

A REJOINDER TO A REJOINDER

BY EDWARD FRANCIS RINES

IN his rejoinder to my article *The Technique of Edwin Drood*, Mr. E. L. Sanders argues that Jasper may be an impostor after all, since Dickens made similar errors in technique in other books. Of course, this is quite true, but it is not judging the book from the standpoint of mystery story technique, as a link in a chain, but from the standpoint of a lack of such technique.

While such an oversight is not necessarily fatal in a book like *Barnaby Rudge*, which is not strictly a mystery story, and no fault at all in *David Copperfield* since the story is told in the first person (to David, the-teller-of-the-tale, Miss Trotwood's marriage was unknown) it classes as much more than mere *pedantry* in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* which is a mystery story.

In commenting upon my Datchery theory, Mr. Sanders offers as evidence "The Moonstone" in which he states that the man who solves the mystery is not introduced until page 358 of his 522 page copy. As a matter of fact, Ezra Jennings, the character referred to, is first mentioned to the reader on page 172 of my copy of 520 pages, in the third paragraph of Chapter XVII counting from the end of the chapter. However, this point is not important and the two characters, Jennings and Datchery, have nothing in common.

In my article I said, "The identity of the *villain* (and the same rule would apply in *this* case to the identity of the unknown detective-like Datchery) ought to come as a surprise but the reader should in a sense be prepared for it. Rank outsiders, lay characters and so on should not be dragged in to cover a multitude of sins." There is nothing in this to indicate that I mean the *detective* must be introduced at the beginning of a mystery story. In some of the best of them he enters the book in the last few chapters, and, *presto!* his magic work is done!

What I did say was that the villain must be in plain sight all the time even though his identity is hidden, and before this I offered my opinion that in this book Dickens intended to depart from this in letting the reader sense more than is usually the case the fact that Jasper is guilty and then to make the identity of Datchery the main mystery to be solved at the last. In this case, since the detective-like Datchery is plainly in disguise, and not simply because he is playing detective, he must be some one already introduced in the story, just as the villain, hidden from the reader, must not be revealed as a rank outsider at the end.

Harking back to "The Moonstone," if instead of mentioning Ezra Jennings on Page 172, a mysterious and obviously disguised person had been mentioned and later this unknown person solved the mystery and then revealed himself as one Ezra Jennings a person entirely unknown in the book and an unmentioned uncle or cousin or brother of the heroine, or perhaps even the *real* Franklyn Blake, the one before

introduced being but an impostor, the case would be more in point. In this event the obvious unfairness of the device would fall upon the reader with a dull thud and "The Moonstone" would have been forgotten these many years.

Actually, however, the construction of "The Moonstone," agrees with modern mystery story technique in every respect. Who, in reading the book the first time, would ever dream that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, in view from the very first, was guilty of the theft? Yet even the ground work for the sleepwalking is laid right at the beginning when the conversation between Franklyn Blake and Dr. Candy is given at length—the reader is fooled and fairly. He should be able to guess Mr. Ablewhite but he usually fails to do so.

Mr. Sanders asks where there is ground for the assertion that Dickens made a serious error in allowing Chapter XVIII to appear before its proper time in the scheme of things and that we cannot regard as evidence of misplaced chapters Forster's statement relative to Dickens's misgivings about having plunged too soon into certain incidents, "such as the Datchery assumption in the fifth number (a misgiving he had certainly expressed to his sister-in-law)."

This is, I think, purely a matter of opinion and I further think this statement *can* refer to events introduced before their time, specifically to the introduction of Datchery and tends to show that Dickens originally planned to introduce Datchery somewhat later in the tale—not that I think he was at that time aware of the error in chronology but simply tending to show very conclusively that there was some confusion in his mind. As to the actual switching of the chapters, it seems just as likely, in my opinion, that these chapters were switched for some reason having to do with the monthly parts—it was not the first time Dickens apparently switched chapters for some mysterious unknown reason as readers of *The Dickensian* well know. Therefore, when Mr. Sanders says, "Mr. Rines seems to have overlooked or to be unaware of the direct evidence that Chapter XVIII is in the place intended by the author *after due consideration*," he is drawing an inference for which, so far as I know, there is no direct evidence to support. If it was placed in its present position *after due consideration as to its proper place*, this still indicates confusion in the mind of the author, otherwise he would not have had to switch Chapter XVIII at all. As originally penned and as it appeared, the time element at this point is incorrect but I think we can attribute this to the great pressure under which Dickens had to work, having his books issued in parts and being forced to split them up into instalments.

I have not read Aubrey Boyd's "A New Angle on the Drood Mystery" and the volume not being available at any of the libraries here, I am unable to go into any detailed discussion of the point raised in regard to the way Datchery is introduced to the reader soon after Tartar is introduced, but, in my opinion, it would seem that this, instead of helping the Tartar theory, is the one thing in the book that is against it, unless we take the time element as being incorrect. Motivation in a mystery story must be perfect or the whole structure will fall; it is

not merely a question of the author's outguessing the reader—it is a case of outguessing him *fairly*. Tartar would become Datchery for one and only one reason: Rosa Bud, yet Tartar does not meet Rosa until Chapter XXI while Datchery appears in Chapter XVIII.

Mr. Percy T. Carden, in his *The Murder of Edwin Drood* which is the best book I have ever read on the Drood tangle, explains this by suggesting that Dickens, in marshalling his chapters, departed from strict chronology. "He jumps from place to place, and not from time to time. Authors often do." This, in my mind, is not fair, for while Chapter XVIII starts off "At about this time," there is no such limiting statement at the beginning of Chapter XIX and I believe Dickens, had he lived, would have been tempted to run Chapter XVIII immediately following Chapter XXI when the work appeared in book form, or at least would have made such limiting statements as were necessary at the beginning of Chapter XIX and later. I might add that Mr. Carden, in his book, also places especial emphasis upon the mention of the moonlight shadows throughout Chapter XII and he very brilliantly figures out, through them, the exact time the murder took place that evening!

The fact that Datchery may be some unknown person merits no consideration from me since I think such a course strictly against the principles of art which Dickens apparently adopted in building his *Edwin Drood*. As long ago as 1906 George F. Gadd wrote in *The Dickensian* that the supposition that Datchery is a "personage wholly new to the story is artistically inadmissible," and since then no one has been able to seriously challenge that statement.

I rather think the new and curious idea Dickens had in mind for his story was in planning to have the last chapters penned by the condemned man, Jasper, in his cell while awaiting execution (more of a novelty at that time than now) and I also think Forster's outline of the plot essentially correct. After all, it is the only definite outline we have and it fits in with the first portion of the book and also, what is more important, it is in accord with mystery story technique.

Admittedly though, this is merely an opinion. Through the method of mystery story technique "we may approach the work from a new angle and attempt to reason out many points necessary for a complete solution" but we can never reach that *complete solution*. The real charm of *Edwin Drood* is that it will never be finished happily the real truth will ever remain unknown. Droodites can go on playing detective from now until kingdom come and each has the satisfaction of knowing that his or her solution can never be proved definitely incorrect.



FAME OF THE FAT BOY

“WELL, young twenty stun, you’re a nice specimen of a prize boy, you are !” It was Sam Weller who first addressed those words to Joe, the Fat Boy already famed for all time in the pages of Dickens. But Julian Huxley has, in more recent days, chosen to flatter him in a more subtle way. In “What Dare I Think ?” he wanted an illustration for his remarks on the effects of disturbances in the ductless glands, and whom should he select to place in the limelight of his biological study, but Joe, the Fat Boy himself ! “You ain’t got nothin’ on your mind as makes you fret yourself have you ?” was Sam’s suggestive question. But Julian Huxley attaches other significance to his bulky symptoms. He finds in him an example of the “various pathological extremes of temperament due to disturbances of the ductless gland function.” If, “under the exciting influence” of a certain morning in *The Pickwick Papers*, he “did not appear to be more than three parts and a fraction asleep,” what would be the awakening effects upon him, we wonder, of this news in the year 1932 ? Surely it would be Joe, and not Miss Wardle, who would exclaim, “We are observed ! We are discovered !”

In “The Dry Pickwick,” the Fat Boy has undergone a process of metamorphosis at the hands of Stephen Leacock, in the cause of American prohibition. A tall thin boy, he now appears, his long legs having, in their growth, left behind his scanty trousers and inadequate stockings. The Thin Boy he is indeed ! No wonder that the jovial Mr. Pickwick, newly arrived at Dingley Dell, for Christmas at Manor Farm, is described as bestowing upon him “a glance of renewed wonder and partial recognition !” No wonder that he repeats the exclamation, “Joe ! Joe ! Is that Joe ? Why Joe was—”, and Mr. Wardle, their affable host, takes up, “was the Fat Boy. Exactly so !”

To what have we to impute this great change ? Has Joe been caught up by the late craze for slimming ? Have the disturbances in the functioning of his ductless glands undergone some radical regulations ? Set your minds at rest. ’Tis but a terrible dream, invented, the author tells, in response to the insistent demands from America for a revised edition of *Pickwick*, to meet the changing times and remove from its pages those features of social life not in harmony with conditions now operative in America. In the original Dickens version, it is pointed out, enough laws are broken—had America been the scene—to send all its characters to the penitentiary for life ! Joe, therefore, has been deprived, in this revised version, of his beer. Witness the result ! He began to grow.

“Does he still sleep as much as ever ?” asks Mr. Tupman. “Never,” is the reply. No more shall Sam observe, “Oh you’ve woke up at last, have you ?” Must it be so ? Nay, only till we open again our *Pickwick Papers*. There is the Fat Boy—asleep again !

LILY TITMAN.

HOW ROCHESTER KEPT THE MEMORY GREEN

THE CONFERENCE OF 1932

THE City of Rochester commanded all its forces in honour of Dickens and the Fellowship for the twenty-sixth annual conference at Whitsuntide. The result was a most successful four days, reflecting great credit on all concerned, but especially on Mr. Henry Brown, the City Treasurer, and Mr. Louis I'Anson Cobb, the Hon. Secretary of the Rochester Branch, on whom devolved the labours of organisation.



Mr. Louis Cobb



Mr. Henry Brown

The resources of the hotels of both Rochester and Chatham were taxed to their utmost to accommodate the large number of delegates from all parts of the world; and the afternoon of Friday witnessed many happy meetings among the members in the long straggling High Street. The official reception by the Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. G. Jenner) was the first of a long and interesting series of events planned by the organisers. It took place in the New Corn Exchange (with the old Exchange as an annexe for refreshments), and for nearly three hours there was happy intercourse among the delegates and the members of the local branch, interspersed with an admirable programme of music.

THE BUSINESS MEETING

of the Conference took place on the Saturday morning at the Castle Theatre. The following representatives were present :—Headquarters, 46; Balham, 7; Hackney, 1; St. Pancras, 12; Dickensian Tabard Players, 2; Bath, 1; Bedford, 1; Birmingham, 5; Blackpool, 4; Brighton, 3; Bromley, 5; Canterbury, 2; Cheltenham, 3; Eastbourne, 14; Edinburgh, 3; Gloucester, 4; Liverpool, 10; Manchester, 19; Newcastle, 2; Nottingham, 34; Plymouth, 1; Redditch, 4; Rochester, 18; Sheffield, 3; Southend, 4; Wellingboro', 1; Whitstable, 2; Toronto, 1; New York City, 1; Copenhagen, 1; Total, 211.

After an official welcome by the Mayor, the Chairman of the Council (Mr. Percy Carden) took the Chair and gave an address entitled :—

DICKENS AND FELLOWSHIP.

“Dickens and Fellowship—two household words if ever there were any—combine to form the name of this society which has flourished now for some thirty years. The modern dictionary definition of fellowship is ‘participation, sharing, community of interest, companionship, intercourse, brotherhood, fraternity, friendliness.’ To me fellowship means nothing other than friendship. It is the friendship of those who feel the mutual attraction of a common tie. All those who are associated in joint action, who chance to be companions at work or at play, in business, in pleasure, in travel or in suffering, are fellows in the widest sense of the term ; in a stricter sense, however, such associates may have fellowship one with another or they may not. If they keep together of choice and not of necessity, if they enjoy their association and desire to preserve and to perpetuate it, then they are true fellows and friends—bound each to the other by attractive ties of mutual sympathy. What have I to say of our own special tie—the bright tie of the love of Dickens ? To judge from the narrow field of my own observation, from the report of the Council and from the reports from branches which are listened to with so much interest at council meetings, the bright tie of the love of Dickens has been increasingly worn of late. The red geranium has come into fashion once more. Should we then be pleased, contented, complacent about our progress ? No, emphatically not. Have we such a great deal to boast about, after all ? Suppose that we take down from the wall a map of England and mark it with a Fellowship flag for every city, town and village to which we lay claim ; there are Rochester, Whitstable and Canterbury, but I see no Fellowship flag floating over Dover, Deal, Sandwich, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Margate, Herne Bay, Sheerness, Chatham, Folkestone, Ashford, Faversham, Maidstone, Tonbridge, ‘The Wells,’ Sevenoaks, Gravesend—to name a few places more or less at random. I need not labour the point. Not until we have stretched out hands of fellowship to all our neighbours and are able to link arms in a chain-pattern from Land’s End to Berwick-on-Tweed and from Dover to Gretna Green shall we have cause for complacency or have achieved the aim of the Fellowship to foster the love of Dickens throughout our land. Even then the rest of the world will still remain ! The huge Continent of Europe is solely represented by the brave little branch, No. 105, at Copenhagen ! You cannot tell me that Dickens has no readers in France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Norway, Sweden and so on. I know better. No friendly conference like this was intended by the patriotic toast—

When the French come over,
May we meet them in Dover,

but the jingle has put into my head the idea of a joint conference, at Dover, of Fellowship representatives from branches at, let us say,

London and Paris, Bath and Berlin, Manchester and Madrid, Hackney and Havre, Blackpool and Bruges, Cambridge and Cambrai, Rochester and Rouen, and a few score of other cities and places in these islands and the Continent of Europe. What an *entente cordiale* between the nations such a meeting would foster! The spirit of Locarno would fade into insignificance beside the spirit of fellowship generated at the Dover conference!"

In the absence of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. W. Edwards, through illness, the Assistant Secretary, Miss Doris Minards, read the Annual Report of the Council (printed on page 280).

Before further business was proceeded with, sympathetic reference to the death of Mr. W. J. Fisher, the Hon. Treasurer, was made by Mr. S. J. Rust, who said that no one strove more loyally to maintain the high ideals of the Dickens Fellowship than Mr. Fisher. His death had been a very great loss to all of them.

In memory of the dead Dickensians, the delegates stood in silence for one minute.

Presenting the accounts and balance sheet for 1931, Mr. T. W. Hill, the acting Hon. Treasurer, said they were £30 odd down on the year, but they had given £21 to the Foundling Hospital Site Fund, £5 for a Dickens Exhibit for the Keats Museum, Hampstead, and £31 for the Commemorative Sculpture and Tablet for "David Copperfield's Garden," which sufficiently explained the deficit.

The report and accounts of the Secretary and Acting Treasurer were adopted.

The Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship were re-elected *en bloc*, the other officers re-elected being: Mr. A. W. Edwards (Hon. Secretary), and Mr. Walter Dexter (Hon. Editor, *The Dickensian*). Mr. T. W. Hill was elected Hon. Treasurer.

The invitation of the Blackpool Branch to hold the Conference there next year was accepted, the Blackpool delegate assuring the members of a "reight good time."

Barnaby Rudge was adopted as the book for the session 1933-34.

Mr. Rust reported upon the year's work at the Dickens House.

Mr. Frank Johnson expressed the thanks of the Conference to the Rochester Branch for their efficient arrangements and hospitality, and particularly to Councillor Louis Cobb, its Secretary, who had worked so hard to make the Conference a success.

In reply, Councillor Cobb thanked the delegates for their expression of appreciation, and spoke of the splendid support he had received from the officers and members of the Rochester Branch, and also from Mr. Henry Brown, the City Treasurer.

The Chairman voiced the thanks of the Conference to the Mayor and Corporation, for the warm and kindly greeting that they had extended to the visitors, and also thanked the proprietors of the Castle Theatre for placing the building at their disposal.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Mr. Svend Aggerholm (Copenhagen) concluded the meeting.

In the afternoon the delegates took that most delightful journey to

Cobham ; but not exactly in the Pickwickians' footsteps, for they first stopped at Gad's Hill Place, and later had the privilege of roaming over Cobham Park and inspecting the Chalet. A refreshing and enjoyable tea was served in the garden of "The Leather Bottle," after which the party returned to Rochester for

THE CONFERENCE DINNER

in the New Corn Exchange, where nearly three hundred guests sat down under the chairmanship of the Life President, Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., who was accorded a hearty welcome to his first Dickens Fellowship Conference.

Proposing "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," the Lord Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Linton Smith) said : "No Englishman could deem it anything but a great honour to be allowed to propose the toast of the 'Immortal Memory' of him, honour and respect for whom has drawn us together this evening. I will ask you to think for a moment what it is that gives Charles Dickens his hold upon the English-speaking race. I think it is among other things that he stands in the line of succession of the great English authors who have been distinguished by one feature in their work. Whether you take Chaucer or Shakespeare or Thackeray, you will find that the Englishman has always been interested in character and personality, not so much in speculation or in plot, and Charles Dickens lives by the characters he has created. Those who had the privilege of seeing the Pageant the city produced last year will remember that striking final scene. Few writers could have been represented by the multiplicity of characters and recognised by every one of the crowd who looked on as was the writer, honour to whom they wished to do that night.

"Dickens's affection for Rochester cannot be doubted, in spite of the fact that in his earlier works he was not always complimentary to it, calling it Mudfog, Dulborough Town, and Great Winglebury.

"This city owes a great debt to Charles Dickens. But I am not sure that he did not owe it a debt too. For what place, with its many historical associations and extraordinary relics of antiquity and picturesque corners, could be more relied upon to fire the imagination of a young, impressionable child than this city of Rochester ?

"Right away through Dickens we find the associations of this place seize hold of him and are reproduced as backgrounds of those novels which are the pride and delight of the English world.

"From those early days, when it was his ambition to live to own Gads Hill Place, as he tells us in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, to those last days when he was writing *Edwin Drood*, his love for Rochester is revealed.

"Almost the last words he penned were about Rochester. '... a brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with a lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island

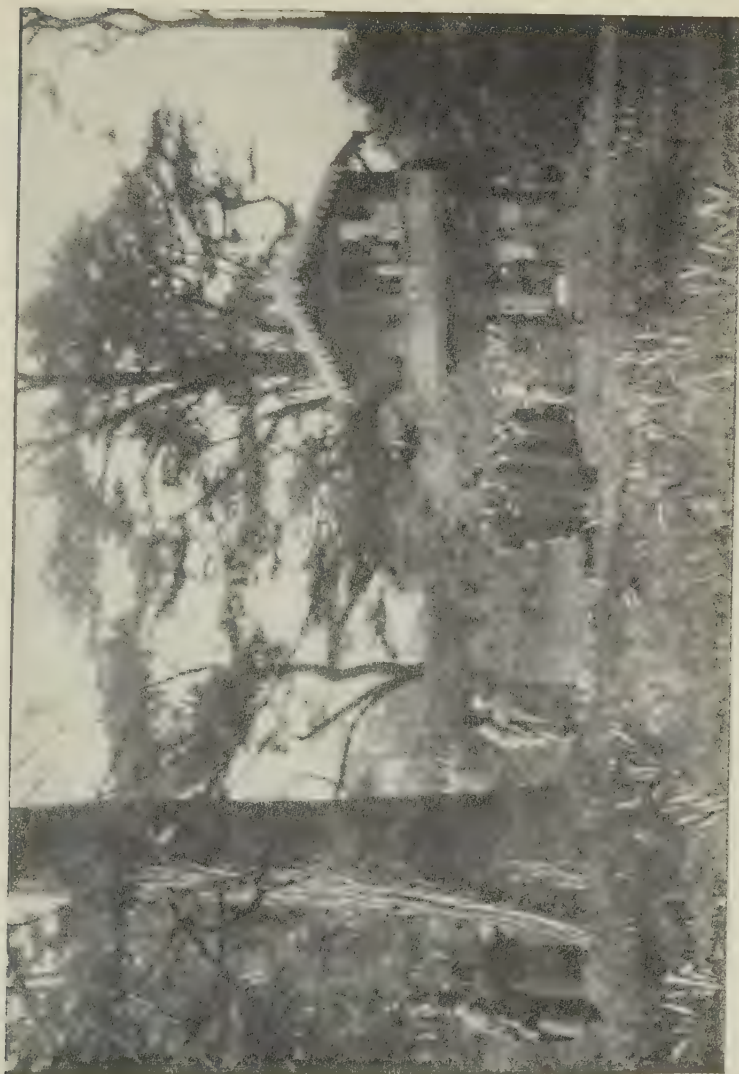


Photo by]

A Group of Conference Delegates in Cobham Park

[J. Cooper Sands

in its yielding time—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life.’

“We honour Dickens as a great Victorian, a great humanitarian, and a great writer—the heritage of the English-speaking race, and, indeed, of all who love great literature, and who love their fellows.”

“The Mayor and City of Rochester” was proposed by Mr. S. J. Rust, who pointed out how Rochester had been immortalised by Dickens. No one thought of the Bull Hotel as the place where Queen Victoria stayed half so much as they did as the hotel where Mr. Pickwick stayed. It might be an interesting fact that James II stayed in Rochester when running away from a great revolution, but that was not half so important as to know the house from which Rosa Bud ran away. They might be shown the house where Charles II sat down and meditated upon a rather merry if risky future, but that was not half so startling as to know that that was the same house where Miss Havisham sat down and meditated. In fact, Dickens had populated Rochester with its most interesting people and inhabitants. Rochester owed much to Dickens, and, as the Bishop had pointed out, Dickens owed much to Rochester. Dickens loved Rochester very much because he liked to contrast the two cities—the Rochester he knew as a boy and the Rochester he discovered when he came back a man. He would have liked to have shown Dickens a third Rochester. He would have liked him to have been with some of them on the 27th June last in the Castle Gardens when they saw the citizens of Rochester taking pride in their city. He could imagine him turning to his youngest son, their chairman that evening, and saying, “Can this be Pip’s town? Can this be the city I portrayed as a haggard old lady wasting away in her bridal finery and making no progress?” Rochester had made progress, and he wished the city a prosperous future.

The Mayor, responding, said it was not entirely right to say that Rochester owed much to Charles Dickens and Charles Dickens owed much to Rochester. The whole country owed a debt to the great master. Eighty years ago the parochial system of this country was a blot on civilisation, and it was entirely due to Charles Dickens that that blot had been cleaned away.

Mrs. Evans Prall presented Sir Henry Dickens, on behalf of the Rochester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, with a silver rosebowl, expressing the hope that the inscription on it would keep them green in his memory.

In expressing his great sense of gratitude for the gift, Sir Henry said that beautiful as was the actual gift he valued still more the terms of the inscription upon it. Sir Henry went on to say:—

“Being here calls back memories of long happy days, and you will, of course, expect me to talk about my great and beloved father.

“When I talk about him I make no apology for talking in terms of adoration. My whole life has been bound up in him, and to say I am proud of my parentage would be saying little of what I feel. Here you are, gathered together from all parts of the country and from lands

outside our land, and I say 'Welcome' to every one of you, because you and I have come to bear witness of love and affection to my father. In that respect I welcome you in two capacities, as the life president of the Society, and in more close and intimate terms I welcome you as his son. You will appreciate that it is a very difficult thing for a son to live up to such a father. I knew him, I believe, better than anybody in the world knew him. I was twenty-one when he died, and I knew him on terms of the closest affection between father and son. I came to the conclusion that all I could do in life was to try not to be wholly unworthy of him. Any success I have attained in life I am sure was attained by following the advice given to me by my father. He said to me 'Whatever you do, my boy, remember this—give it your very best, throw your whole heart and soul into it,' and he added, 'I can assure you that in the smallest thing I have ever done in life I have taken the greatest pains, as with the biggest things.' And I have known that to be true."

"When we went to Gad's Hill," continued Sir Henry, "I was eight years old and when my father died I was 21. Throughout those years Rochester was almost my home. I knew every place."

"When I came down to the Pageant I was glad to see the old clock—'the moon-faced clock' as my father described it—still going strong. I felt I could say 'my foot is on my native heath.'"

"I suppose the name of Dickens was never known until the early thirties when a young man arose and electrified the world, went to the top at once and kept there till the end—and will remain there in the future."

"The Dickens Fellowship" was proposed by Sir Robert Gower, who said that listening to Sir Henry recalled his childhood days when his father used to imitate Charles Dickens's readings. He congratulated Sir Henry on his youthful appearance and trusted that that would not be the last time he would honour the Medway towns with his presence.

Mr. F. R. Dean, responding, said the very great ideal of Dickens was the amelioration of social evils, and help for the poor and oppressed. Many of the branches of the Fellowship did valuable charitable work, and he appealed that others would take up work in that direction.

Mr. Svend Aggerholm (Copenhagen) also replied, reminding the assembly that it was Denmark which gave England Queen Alexandra.

A feature of the entertainment with which the dinner speeches were interspersed was selections from the music of "Hail Rochester," rendered by a portion of the Pageant Choir, and the recital of the ode, "The Spirit of Rochester"—by the author of the works of the Pageant, Mr. R. E. Rigg. This was followed by the singing by Lord Darnley of the love song which he, as the Earl of Leicester, then sang to Queen Elizabeth.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

At the Sunday morning service, the Vice-Dean (the Ven. Donald Tait) preached a sermon on the texts: "The spirit of God moved

upon the face of the waters " (Genesis I, 2) and " God has sent forth the spirit of His Son into your hearts " (Galatians IV, 6).

" There are no endowments of the mind and body that are worth anything to a man, unless they are actuated by a desire to fulfil God's rules. Gifts of leadership and martial prowess are an evil thing, unless they are accompanied by a sense of holiness.

" All of us are products of the age in which we live ; we are influenced by the heritage of our fathers. We catch unconsciously the spirit and the ideals that are in the very air we breathe. The advance in spiritual and material things is not made by treading a solitary path. When we think of that, we think of him whom you are here to commemorate in this House of God that we love so much.

" He gained much, as he gave much, to the times in which he lived.

" There is a fashion to some degree to decry that mid-Victorian age which was drawing to a close in the childhood of us who are old. It was a great creative age, and above all things, it was an age of social awakening to the needs of social reform.

" The man who, in stirring and vivid colours, painted the life of the workhouse child ; the misery of the unwanted boy brought up in what should certainly never be dignified by the name " School " ; the slum life of the underworld—the man who made known these things took no small part in the work that began then, and is not finished now, the need of which, perhaps, will not ever be finished while the world lasts.

" An able critic, in his estimate of Charles Dickens's work and influence, laid special stress upon this point. Dickens has always, by method and instinct, tried to show good in everything, for are not some of his most beautiful, generous, and self-sacrificing characters taken from the very humblest and most unpromising surroundings ? "

In the afternoon the Bishop, the Dean, the Archdeacon and other dignitaries of the Cathedral welcomed the delegates in their inspection of the edifice.

The Archdeacon gave a brief account of the history of the Cathedral, following which the Dean addressed the visitors as " Dear lovers of Dickens," and said " We are very glad to see you here because we know for what you stand. We are right glad to see you, and we feel a great honour was conferred on us in your choosing not Rochester but Cloisterham as the centre of your anniversary meetings under the guidance of your honoured chief, the honourable son of an honourable father. It seems that we know you all, simply because we know some of you very well. The Fellowship in Cloisterham are always doing works of mercy and spreading the good news of God in a very practical way. They love to do it, not because they learnt it from Dickens—though he was a tutor in the Divine school—but because they have it in the recesses of their hearts to do kindness. This is Cloisterham, and it has much changed since 1870. Outside you will find the Dean's garden, which is as much yours as his, and there you will see the rooks and hear their raucous chanting in the trees. Dickens noticed them and said there were rooks in the trees and black rooks in the church

—me and my fellows. He loved the place and often visited it, and in the last days of his life, looking through the western door from light into gloom, saw the secrets of the sacred place. Then suddenly and swiftly the human glory departed : he passed from earth to that which lies beyond. We would have buried him where he wished to lie in the little cemetery beneath the Castle wall, but there could not be a finer place to lay him than that which represented the feeling of the whole English world ; so, quite willingly, we gave up such provincial honours as his being buried here, and his remains are where all the world knows. To-day, under skilled guidance, you pass through the place he knew so well and whose wretched dean he made live for all time in literature. Such a man needs no monument : it is in our hearts. He who unlocked the fount of pity and broke the seals of laughter—the two great matchless cleansers of the world—was second only to Shakespeare and did as much as that great poet for the race of whom we are heirs, with lives enriched by theirs. For these great benefits thank the God who allowed him to give and us to receive.”

Tours to other parts of Dickensian Rochester followed the visit to the Cathedral, and the day concluded with a lecture at the Guildhall by Ald. F. F. Smith, the modern historian of Rochester, on “ The Rochester of Dickens,” which naturally struck a new line and was greatly appreciated.

MANY DIVERSIONS.

On the Monday there were most enjoyable excursions into other parts of Dickensian Kent, and the Conference was successfully wound up by the Mayor's kind invitation to a Dickensian Costume Dance at the Corn Exchange, where a delightful surprise was in store for the visitors—no less than the presentation of the Dickens episode of the Pageant, which had been specially adapted for the occasion by the author, Mr. R. E. Rigg, and produced by Mrs. H. Oswald Foster, who spared no efforts to make the presentation an artistic success. The scene showed Dickens (impersonated by Mr. J. T. Hawes) dreaming and, in his dream, seeing characters from his books come to life at Dingley Dell.

There was some brief speech-making at the end of the very successful and enjoyable evening. Mr. Frank Johnson said they were nearing the end of four perfect days ; they could all imagine Rochester had worked hard to make that conference such a triumph. It would be wrong for them to part without expressing what was in their hearts and without thanking in particular Mr. Cobb, who had worked indefatigably and had been ably supported by the City Treasurer, Mr. Brown, and members of the branch. They thanked Rochester from their hearts and they would feel those thanks were sincere. Delegates from all parts of the world said they had enjoyed a happy, merry and instructive time.



PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXIII.—DICKENS AND TOOLE

By CUTHBERT BEDE (The Rev. Edward Bradley)

From "The London Figaro," April 15th, 1874



IT is shown in the third volume of Mr. Forster's "Life," how great an interest was taken by Charles Dickens in the career of Mr. J. L. Toole, at that time a young and almost unknown actor; and, as will be seen, I am able, of my knowledge, to corroborate Mr. Forster's statement. The London season of 1858 was over, and Dickens had given his first "Readings" of *A Christmas Carol* with triumphant success. They were to be repeated in the provinces, and Wolverhampton was almost the first (if not the very first) town in which he gave his Readings, after the conclusion of his first London season. The date was Wednesday, August 11th, 1858, and the scene was the Corn Exchange, Wolverhampton. I went there specially for the occasion, to hear the Reading, and to see my friend, Arthur Smith, who accompanied Dickens on his tour, and made the needful arrangements for him in the various towns that he visited. He introduced me to the great novelist, whom I had so often longed to meet, and who, punctual to a minute, at eight o'clock that evening began to enchant a crowded room, for

the space of two hours, with the recital of his famous *Carol*. At his request, and, of course, with the concurrence of the proprietor of the paper, I wrote the report of the Reading for the chief local paper, the "Wolverhampton Chronicle." The Reading was a grand success. I well remember that, in its earliest portion, where mention is made of Scrooge's clerk occupying a dismal little cell—"a sort of tank"—there was an irrepressible shout of laughter from an occupant of the back-seats, who doubtless had an everyday experience of a similar "tank." If the audience had required "unthawing"—and I think they did not—this guffaw helped to unfreeze them, and tears and plaudits greeted the reader for the remainder of the evening.

Dickens was delighted. He specially referred, in conversation with me, to that appreciative laugh at the mention of the "tank," and said that he instinctively blessed the person for his applause. He told me that, up to that time, he had never read before to so quick and sympathetic an audience; and that, during his London season's Readings, he had sometimes been scarcely able to continue his readings, for the "genteel" frigidity of his audience. I remember quoting to him the sensible Mrs. Siddons's remarks as to the value of applause, that it not only gave the performer encouragement and confidence, but that it did more—it gave him breath. He said that it was a most true remark, though he could thank God that he had good lungs and plenty of breath, and it was the spontaneous appreciation of his reading, either by tears or laughter, that he so greatly looked for, and the absence of which almost "froze the words in his mouth." He seemed, as it were, to retaliate the treatment of his aristocratic hearers, notwithstanding that he had been so well received by them.

According to his custom, he had refused all invitations—including that to the hospitable "Deanery," where I myself was a guest—and preferred to stay with Arthur Smith at an inn. He wrote a capital article for *Household Words*, concerning his sojourn there; and did full justice to the waiter who had been to the fishmonger's for a sole, and returned, slapping the sole over his thigh. After breakfast the next morning, I went to his inn, and had the pleasure of being with him for nearly three hours; and here, again, I have often regretted that I did not "make a note on" some of the many good things that he said. He gave me a very vivid picture of his experiences of "the Black Country"; but his article in *Household Words*, "Fire and Snow" (I think that was its title), contains the substance of his remarks. He spoke of preparing fresh Readings from "Mrs. Gamp" and "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," the authorship of which had been freely ascribed to Mr. G. A. Sala; and I suggested that the trial-scene from *Pickwick* would do famously for a Reading. We had some talk on this point, but Mr. Dickens seemed to think that the characters in the scene were too numerous to be sustained successfully by one reader. It is one of my regrets that I never heard him read this famous trial. In the course of our conversation, he told me that there was a clever young actor, in whom he was much interested, coming to perform that evening (August 12th, 1858), at the Wolverhampton Theatre, for one night; and he recommended me to go and see him, if I desired to witness a perfectly artistic performance. I promised to go, and kept my promise. The name of Mr. J. L. Toole was, apparently, as unknown to the inhabitants of Wolverhampton as he was to myself. There were six or eight people in the boxes of the pretty theatre, about twenty-five in the pit, and a sprinkling in the gallery, and even when the time for "half-price" came, there was no great addition to the audience. The two pieces in which Mr. Toole made his bow to this most depressing audience were "Good for Nothing," and "Boots at the Swan," but the young actor played with as much care and force as though he were

performing before a crowded and enthusiastic house, instead of to well-nigh empty benches. If he sees this, he may possibly recall that evening; and if he does, he may be pleased to know that there was at least one among the scanty spectators who thoroughly agreed with the high estimation that had been placed that morning on the young actor's talents by so great an authority as Charles Dickens.



Captain Cuttle and Sol Gills

One of a Special Series of Drawings by "Phiz"

CAPTAIN CUTTLE'S QUOTATIONS

BY ALFRED H. HOLT

Captain Cuttle



Tom Browne

From an Original Drawing by Tom Browne
in the Dickens House

THOUGH we take with a grain of salt our mariner friend's assertion, "I never wanted two or three words in my life that I didn't know where to lay my hand upon 'em, Gills," we must nevertheless give him credit for a remarkable memory and unusual powers of synthesis. It was indeed his combinations of quotations and his preposterous ascriptions that gave Captain Cuttle his place in the Hall of Fame, and not so much his misquotations; there had been misquoters in fiction before Dickens, but never a Captain Cuttle.

The thorniest part of the road to a knowledge of the Captain's "sources" had already been cleared for us by Mr. J. W. T. Ley's article on "The Sea Songs of Dickens," in a

recent "Dickensian," to which we acknowledge full indebtedness. Let us look first at these allusions.

"And with regard to old Sol Gills," says the Captain, "who I'll stand by, and not desert until death doe us part, and when the stormy winds do blow, do blow, do blow—overhaul the Catechism, and there you'll find them expressions." Of course, the marriage ceremony is not so far from the Catechism, and there may have been a sly dig at marriage in the Captain's being suddenly reminded of "stormy winds"—but the latter part of the double quotation is from Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England."

Again, he promises to think about sailors "when night comes on a hurricane and seas is mountains rowling, for which overhaul your Dr. Watts, brother, and when found make a note on." Captain Cuttle knew his Dr. Watts, as later quotations testify, but this bit is from

"The Sailor's Consolation," by one William Pitt. Another passage from the first verse of this poem is incorporated into the Captain's conversation with Florence, just after he speaks of "driving head on, to the world without end, evermore, amen, and when found making a note of." This phrase is used, with slight variations, by almost all denominations, in the "Glory be to the Father" response. He goes on, "Them's the times, my beauty, when a man may say to his messmate (previously overhauling of the wollume) 'A stiff nor-wester's blowing, Bill; hark, don't you hear it roar now! Lord help 'em, how I pitys all unhappy folk ashore now!'" The Captain's pet name for Florence, by the way, was "Heart's Delight," which occurred in "The Saturday Night at Sea," long a popular favourite.

A familiar folk-song, given in its entirety by Mr. Ley, was the source of this quotation: "Give me the lad with the tarry trousers as shines to me like di'monds bright, for which you'll overhaul the Stanfell's Budget, and when found make a note." We suspect that the above-mentioned Budget was a sort of World Almanac of statistics for mariners, but have not been able to confirm this. At any rate, it is a ludicrous ascription.

Sorrowfully meditating on the disappearance of Sol Gills, the Captain bursts unconsciously into poetic reminiscence, with "There he lays, all his days"—which is immediately capped by the half-baked Bunsby with "In the Bays of Biscay, O." The former then continues: "Affliction sore, long time he bore, and let us overhaul the wolium and there find it." The title of the song was "The Bay of Biscay," by another almost forgotten author. The second couplet does not, however, appear in the version we have seen.

This concludes, we believe, Captain Cuttle's allusions to sea songs. We shall now look at his other quotations, arranged in the order of their appearance in the book.

"Love! Honour! And Obey! Overhaul your catechism till you find that passage, and when found turn the leaf down." Not quite in the catechism, but *somewhere* in the Book of Common Prayer he could have turned that leaf down.

"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, and when you are old you will never depart from it. . . . Overhaul the book, my lad." The legendary remarks of the Bow Bells can *not* be found in the same book as the "never depart from it" phrase, which appears in Proverbs xxii, 6.

"Walk fast, Wal'r, my lad, and walk the same all the days of your life. Overhaul the catechism for that advice, and keep it!" Captain Cuttle's creator may have slipped a little on this one. If he had realized that the biblical sounding monition, "walk (in) the same all the days of my life," *was* in the catechism, would he have directed us to it? In his defence, however, it can be said that the emphasis on the joke is here on the absurdity of having the catechism recommend constant fast walking.

"If there is a lad of promise—one flowing with milk and honey—it's his nevy." Overhaul Exodus iii, 8, but notice that it is *land*, not *lad*.

"In the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!' When found, make a note of." *A friend in need* is a proverbial phrase, but one that is not found in Solomon's Proverbs; nor is there any reference to a bottle in that ingenious book. In fact, the bottle half of this quotation shows some evidence of being original with our hero. We are told, however, that he "felt proud of the accuracy and pointed application" of this particular quotation.*

"Wal'r is what you may call a out'ard and visible sign of a in'ard and spirited grasp, and when found make a note of." With the slight amendment of "spiritual grace" for "spirited grasp," this glorious passage shines forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

"... being a man of science, which is the mother of inwention, and knows no law." *Necessity*, rather than *science*, is the link which should bind these two sayings. The former is Elizabethan, while the latter goes back to the Latin, and appears in most languages. The German, using the word *kennt*, comes closest to Captain Cuttle's *knows*, the other proverbs commonly employing the equivalent for *has*, a familiar English form being "Necessity has no law."

"Cap'en Cuttle is my name, and England is my nation, this here is my dwelling-place, and blessed be creation—Job." In spite of the helpful ascription to Job, we have found no trace of this delightful stanza. Byron expressed a pious wish that the desert might be his dwelling-place, but the resemblance is far-fetched. Perhaps some of our readers can point out a quatrain rhyming *nation* and *creation*.

"What can't be cured must be endoored—for which, as a scholar (to Carker), you'll overhaul the book it's in, and thereof make a note." An everyday saying, but which appeared in print, early, in Rabelais, and again in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. We have no intention of proving that the Captain had read either of these bulky volumes.

"Clemency is the brightest jewel in the crown of a Briton's head, for which you'll overhaul the constitution, as laid down in Rule Britannia, and, when found, *that* is the charter as them garden angels was a singing of, so many times over." This magnificent foolery is what we in America call Cuckoo Humour—a form of amiable idiocy which dissection usually spoils. But let us look for a moment at this remarkable specimen. The close propinquity of *clemency* and *constitution* makes us suspect that the Captain, or his originator, had heard somewhere that phrase of Hallam's, "Clemency is the standing policy of constitutional governments." "Brightest jewel in the crown" sounds like something from a hymn, but we have not located a specific illustration—anyway, the joyous thing about this "quotation" is that the crown in question is the crown of the Briton's head. "Rule Britannia," upon being overhauled, yields references to a charter, and to *guardian* angels addicted to the last of the Three Vices.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear, and England, Home and Beauty." An exact quotation from Linley—until we get to "England," after which we confess to being completely at a loss.

* (Refer Mr. Ley's article on page 320 of this issue—EDITOR.)

"And as to giving of you up, or reporting where you are, yes verily, and by God's help, so I won't, Church catechism, make a note on."



From an Original Drawing by W. Rainey, R.I., in the Dickens House

The source of these solemn reinforcements to the old mariner's vow to Florence, will be found on the first page of the Catechism in the Prayer Book.

"Sleep is what you want, afore all other things, and may you be

able to show yourself smart with that there balsam for the still small voice of a wounded mind!" In *Macbeth*, of course, sleep is called the "balm of hurt minds." The association between *balm* and *balsam* is close, but the Captain may also have been familiar with Moore's "Anacreon," in which *balsam* is used in somewhat this sense. Elijah was the one who heard the "still small voice" (1 Kings xix, 12), but "wounded minds" escapes us—the closest parallel we have run into being "wounded hearts," in another poem by Moore, "Come ye disconsolate."

"The wery planks she walked on was as high esteemed by Wal'r, as the water brooks is by the hart which never rejices. I see him now, the wery day as he was rated on them Dombey books, a speaking of her with his face a glistening with doo—leastways with his modest sentiments—like a new blowed rose, at dinner." Psalm xlii, 1 tells us of the enthusiasm with which the hart regards the water brooks but we have to change the spelling slightly to find in the Psalms a reference to a *heart* which rejoices. Nowhere have we met with "a hart which never rejoices." Though Milton speaks of various vegetables "glistening with dew," we do not recall any well-known passage in which "glistening with dew" occurs, and certainly not in connection with the forehead of an embarrassed young lover. Nor have we ever seen in poetry the startling conjunction of "a new-blowed rose" and "dinner." Jefferys has a "dew-drop clinging to the rose just newly born," but other famous allusions to the blowing of a rose are seemingly non-existent, if we except Captain Cuttle's own, later in the book, "No flower as blows is like the rose." Perhaps this is because the "blowing of a rose" bears a certain similarity in sound to the performance of a bodily function, non-poetical at best, ordinarily carried out with the aid of a pocket-handkerchief.

"Hope is a buoy, for which you overhaul your Little Warbler, sentimental diwision." If we could have found a copy of the Little Warbler, we should certainly have overhauled the sentimental division for we have been unable to find elsewhere a definite statement to the effect that hope is a buoy. In one of his sermons, Whitefield refers to love as a buoy. One trouble with placing Captain Cuttle's quotations is that they all sound so familiar that we are sure we are going to happen on them any minute. Probably because we have read *Dombey* more than once.

"Prowiding as there is any just cause or impediment why two persons should not be jined together in the house of bondage, for which you'll overhaul the place and make a note. . . ." Here we are convulsed by the joining together, in the holy bonds of sentence-structure, of the marriage ceremony and the land of Egypt, which is referred to a number of times in Exodus and Deuteronomy as the "house of bondage."

The origin of "Them as should have loved and fended of her, treated of her like the beasts as perish," will be found in Psalm xlix, 12.

"'Tis *the* voice of the sluggard, I heerd him com-plain, you have woke me too soon, I must slumber again." This, with very slight

adjustment for dialect, is an exact quotation from Dr. Watts. We warned you before that the Captain was a Watts enthusiast.

"Lay to, my lad, upon your own wines and fig-trees." *Vines and fig-trees* are common enough in the Old Testament; one reference is Micah iv, 4.

"'Tis woman as seduces all mankind. For which you'll overhaul your Adam and Eve, brother." Whether or not the Captain really thought this was to be found in Genesis, it appears, with the substitution of *that* for *as*, in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*.

"Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner, of England, as lives at home at ease and doth improve each shining hour." There is an echo again of "Ye Mariners of England," and possibly one of Tennyson's "Palace of Art," concluding with a famous phrase from Dr. Watts, relative to the busy bee. The next quotation is also from the great rhyming moralist: "But see her when her angry passions rise—and make a note on."

Mr. Toots remarks, "When Mrs. Toots and myself first began to talk of—in short, of the tender passion, you know, Captain Gills," whereupon the Captain seconds him heartily, "Ay, ay, my lad . . . as makes us all slue round—for which you'll overhaul the book." Toots, with great earnestness, agrees to do this. We hope he had better luck than we have had, for not only are famous allusions to *tender passion* extremely rare, but are practically never found in books on the handling of a ship. We consider this problem insoluble.

In point of fact, every "problem" we have discussed in this learned dissertation has been either insoluble or hardly worth solving. Preparing it has been fun for the writer, and if reading it has been fun for other Dickensians its purpose has been fulfilled.

After all, Dickens himself was not much concerned about the sources or the accuracy of Captain Ned's quotations. In one of the few places where the novelist introduced the immortal mariner without arousing a genial chuckle at his expense, he wrote: "On Sunday nights, the captain always read for himself, before going to bed, a certain Divine Sermon once delivered on a Mount; and although he was accustomed to quote the text, without book, after his own manner, he appeared to read it with as reverent an understanding of its heavenly spirit, as if he had got it all by heart in Greek, and had been able to write any number of fierce theological disquisitions on its every phrase." We quote thus frankly, lest anyone should take this, our own fierce disquisition, too seriously.

FICTIONAL REALITIES

The Rev. G. H. McNeal recently gave a lecture on "The Fascination of London," with particular reference to the neighbourhood in which he was speaking, viz. Wesley's Chapel in City Road, London. Referring to the great men who have lived and died there, he gave prominence to two fictitious characters, Mr. Pickwick, who lived in Goswell Street, and Mr. Micawber, of Windsor Terrace. This recalls that in Knut Hagberg's "Personalities and Powers," a chapter is devoted to Mr. Pickwick, side by side with actual personalities.

TODGERS'S

BY GWEN MAJOR

IN "Relics and Memorials of London City," published in 1910, Mr. J. S. Ogilvy makes a definite statement as to the whereabouts of Todgers's which either escaped the attention of Dickensians or was not credited. Speaking of the neighbourhood of the Monument he says :—

"The finest of the houses here after the Fire was that between Love Lane and Botolph Lane, long known as 'Wren's House'; unsuccessful efforts were made to preserve it, but it is now pulled down. Almost certainly designed by Wren, there is no proof that he had ever lived there, and, as he had a house in Walbrook, a short distance away, it was unlikely. It was a fine old house and there is little doubt it was the place described by Dickens as 'Todgers'; every detail fitted his description. The difficulty in finding it was no exaggeration: built on the slope, there were stables under part of it; the door opening on to the flat roof where the Monument loomed above, and the parapet over Love Lane, on which young 'Bailey' executed some of his acrobatic feats, were all there while the old house was standing. . . .

"From Botolph Lane it was reached by a large courtyard with fruit warehouses on three sides, the house occupying the fourth. . . . A small stair led on to the flat, lead-covered roof. There was a back entrance in Love Lane; and altogether it was a type of house few, if any, of which remain in the city."

Two charming illustrations accompany the above description, one taken from the entrance to the courtyard (a door or archway), and the other showing the back entrance from Love Lane.

Philip Norman, in his "London, Vanished and Vanishing," published in 1905, also refers to this house, although not to the possibility of its being the original of Todgers's. He says there was an old house, built in the time of Charles II. and ascribed to Wren, which "stood in a quiet courtyard opening into Botolph Lane," with a second entrance on the West side of Love Lane. He describes the house as "approached by a double flight of steps," and refers to a massive staircase dated 1670. An interesting point is that he, like J. S. Ogilvy, mentions this old house alone of the many which must once have abounded in that quarter.

Referring to Horwood's map of London in 1800, a courtyard is shown north of No. 32 Botolph Lane, which runs through to the north of No. 13 Love Lane. Monument Street did not exist in those days, so that both of these lanes running from Lower Thames Street to Eastcheap were longer than now, adding something to the distance from the Monument to the courtyard, though close enough for the shadow of the Monument nearly, if not quite, to have touched the flat roof of Todgers's!

The blocks in Horwood's map indicating houses amply bear out the description given by J. S. Ogilvy as to the situation of the Wren

house, while the drawing of the house which the latter made from the courtyard entrance shows the figures 32 on the right-hand side, leaving no doubt that this is the spot he meant. In the days of *Martin Chuzzlewit* fruit merchants were there. Local people to-day, notably the verger at St. Mary-at-Hill, refer to "Wren's house at the bottom of Love Lane," which they remember.

Touching the possibility of the courtyard as shown by Horwood's map not being inaccessible enough to be Todgers's, I would point out that even now one can feel very lost in this neighbourhood, so many twisting and odd corners as well as the hilly nature of the ground adding much confusion to the principal lanes.

Moreover, here I would charge Dickens with some exaggeration of fact, since after his amusing description of Todgers's as a place which no one ever found the first time by himself, he allows old Mr. Chuzzlewit (presumably upon his first visit) to alight from a coach in Monument Yard, where he "dismissed the vehicle and walked towards Todgers's"; unconcernedly to delay his arrival by pondering matters in a churchyard (St. George's, Botolph Lane?), then to walk "rapidly to the house and knock at the door." Not much circumlocution there!

Often as we comment on our changing London, it is yet difficult for us to realise the very different landmarks of Dickens's day. But the study of Horwood's map alone is a revelation. The exodus of the substantial city dwellers was at its climax; while they spread over the suburbs their old city houses, often relics of fine estates, were utilised until demolished in the growing need for office and warehouse accommodation. Those houses with a history or picturesque appearance, or brought into prominence by plans for demolition, would certainly have caught the attention of one who knew and tramped the London streets as Dickens did. In the changes brought by the extensive re-building from period to period since his day, large areas have been swept away, skylines changed and new streets—wide and ugly—have boldly marched over the twisting lanes that joined the main thoroughfares laid down by the Romans. Nowadays one block will occupy the site of a whole maze of alleys, in which old taverns and houses nodded themselves into oblivion. Visualise all this, note the accuracy of description we can trace in those spots still before our eyes of which Dickens wrote and the keen attention he paid to everything around him, and I think it will seem probable that he saw nearly everything which he described. His very accuracy and that complete change in so much of London, make us too prone to say of a missing site: "He must have imagined that."

Much could be brought to prove that Dickens appeared ever more apt to embellish the real than to invent the purely fanciful, especially when he goes into minute description as in the case of Todgers's. I feel it pleasanter therefore even to view the altered site of a likely spot, if enough data is forthcoming to connect it with Dickens's intention, than to believe "no such a place" existed.



Wren's House, Love Lane

Reproduced from "Relics and Memorials of London City," by S. J. Ogilvy
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GEMS

We may be happy and good without riches.—*The Old Curiosity Shop.*
* * * * *

The plain rule is, to do nothing in the dark, to be a party to nothing underhand or mysterious, and never to put foot where you cannot see the ground.—*Bleak House.*
* * * * *

You have my word, and how you can have that, without my honour too, I don't know. I've sorted a lot of dust in my time, but I never knew the two things go into a separate heap.—*Our Mutual Friend.*
* * * * *

Mere empty-headed conceit excites our pity, but ostentatious hypocrisy awakens our disgust.—*Sketches of Young Couples.*
* * * * *

It's a pleasant world we live in, sir, a very pleasant world. There are bad people in it, Mr. Richard, but if there were no bad people, there would be no good lawyers.—*The Old Curiosity Shop.*
* * * * *

If ever you gets to uppards o' fifty and feels disposed to go a marrying of anybody, no matter who—jist you shut yourself up in your room and pison yourself straight off, and you'll be glad on it arterwards.—*Pickwick Papers.*
* * * * *

I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mother shall, occasionally, be visited on the children, as well as the sins of the fathers.—*Bleak House.*
* * * * *

Repining is of no use. Of all fruitless errands, sending a tear to look after a day that is gone is the most fruitless.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*
* * * * *

Popular rumour, unlike the rolling stone of the proverb, is one which gathers a deal of moss in its wanderings up and down.—*The Old Curiosity Shop.*
* * * * *

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts.—*Great Expectations.*
* * * * *

Humanity is indeed a happy lot, when we can repeat ourselves in others, and still be young as they.—*Barnaby Rudge.*
* * * * *

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins : but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*
* * * * *

I wish I could collect all the facts we hear so much about, and all the figures, and all the people who found them out ; and I wish I could put a thousand barrels of gunpowder under them, and blow them all up together.—*Hard Times.*
* * * * *

All good things perverted to evil purposes, are worse than those which are naturally bad. A thoroughly wicked woman is wicked indeed. When religion goes wrong, she is very wrong, for the same reason.—*Barnaby Rudge.*

SENTIMENTAL SONGS IN DICKENS

By J. W. T. LEY

BY way of concluding this series of articles, I propose to deal with some of the sentimental songs that are quoted or alluded to by Dickens, omitting, of course, those already referred to in the articles on Dick Swiveller and Silas Wegg. Some of these are still well known, others are almost forgotten. Tom Moore predominates among the authors. There are various reasons for this. First, he was writing when Dickens was young, and his songs were "the craze"; second, Dickens must have been specially interested in them by reason of the fact that they had been illustrated by one of his greatest friends, Daniel Maclise; third, they were favourites of his sister, Fanny, when she was a pupil at the Academy of Music. All of Moore's songs are known to most people to-day, but that is not because they are often sung—with just a few exceptions—but because they are preserved in all editions of his works, which are as easily obtainable as Byron's.

I do not propose to follow any method in dealing with these songs, but will take them just as they occur to me.

At the party before the holidays Paul lay on his pillow and observed and wondered. This was one of the things that he observed:

Mr. Feeder, after imbibing several custard-cups of negus, began to enjoy himself. The dancing in general was ceremonious, and the music rather solemn—a little like church music, in fact—but after the custard-cups, Mr. Feeder told Mr. Toots that he was going to throw a little spirit into the thing. After that, Mr. Feeder not only began to dance as if he meant dancing and nothing else, but secretly to stimulate the music to perform wild tunes. Further, he became particular in his attention to the ladies; and dancing with Miss Blimber, whispered to her—whispered to her!—though not so softly but that Paul heard him say this remarkable poetry,

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure YOU!

This, Paul heard him repeat to four young ladies in succession. Well might Mr. Feeder say to Mr. Toots, that he was afraid he should be the worse for it to-morrow!

Mr. Feeder, B.A., was quoting Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This song, set to the air which Tom Moore calls "Gramachree" and which he adapted for "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," was sung by Mr. Leoni in "The Duenna" in 1775.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er would injure you:
For though your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true;

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

When the curtain rises on the first scene of *The Lamplighter*—written in 1838 for Macready, but not produced, and subsequently converted into a story, *The Lamplighter's Story*, for "The Pic-Nic Papers"—Tom Grig enters singing—

Day has gone down o'er the Baltic's proud bil-ler ;
 Evening has sigh'd, alas ! to the lone wil-ler ;
 Night hurries on, night hurries on, earth and ocean to kivver ;
 Rise, gentle moon, rise, gentle moon, and guide me to my——

"That ain't a rhyme, that ain't," says Tom, "kiv-ver and lover ! I ain't much of a poet ; but if I couldn't make better verse than that, I'd undertake to set fire to, and put up, instead of the lamp, before Alderman Waithman's obstayle in Fleet Street. Biller, wil-ler ; kiv-ver, shiver, obviously. That's what I call poetry.

(Sings) : Day has gone down o'er the Baltic's proud bil-ler——

(During the speech, he has been occupied in lighting one of the two street lamps. As he is about to light the other, Mr. Stargazer appears at windows with a telescope).

Mr. Stargazer : (after spying most intently at the clouds) : Holloa !

Tom : (on ladder) : Sir to you ! and holloa if you come to that.

This little song, "Rise, gentle moon," was very popular in its day. It was written by Planché, and sung by Miss Love, in the drama "Charles V." Its full words are—

Day has gone down o'er the Baltic's bright billow ;
 Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow ;
 The Baltic's broad billow ;
 Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow,
 Night hurries on, earth and ocean to cover,
 Rise ! gentle moon, and light me to my lover.

'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo me ;
 Brighter since then hast thou ever seem'd to me ;
 First stole forth to woo me ;
 Brighter since then hast thou ever seem'd to me,
 Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over,
 Thine is the light of all lights to a lover.

It will be recalled how the little party at the Nicklebys' home at Bow was disturbed by weird noises proceeding, as the servant girl affirmed, "right down" the chimney of the adjoining room. The noise persisting, "Frank Cheeryble caught up a candle, and Tim Linkinwater the tongs," and "advancing to the door of the mysterious apartment, they were not a little surprised to hear a mysterious voice, chanting with a highly elaborated expression of melancholy, and in tones of suffocation which a human voice might have produced from under five or six feather

beds of the best quality, the once popular air of 'Has she then failed in her truth, the beautiful maid I adore !' "

This was a sentimental song which had a great vogue. The author of the words is unknown, but the music was composed by Sir Henry Bishop.

And has she then failed in her truth ?
The beautiful maid I adore ;
Shall I never again hear her voice
Nor see her loved form any more ?

No, no, no, I never shall see her more.

The last of the four verses is

And since hatred alone I inspire,
Life henceforth is not worth my care ;
Death now is my only desire—
I give myself up to despair.

"Oh miss !" exclaims Miss Miggs, "There's Mr. Edward Chester a-standing in the workshop among the rusty locks and keys like love among the roses." There were two songs entitled "Love among the roses," but they were not quite contemporary, and the one Dickens had in mind must have been that by J. C. Doyle—

Young Love flew to the Paphian bow'r,
And gather'd sweets from many a flow'r ;
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.
The Graces there were culling posies,
The Graces there were culling posies,
And found young Love among the roses,
 young Love among the roses
 Love among the roses ;
The Graces there were culling posies,
And found young Love among the roses.

O ! happy day, O ! joyous hour !
Compose a wreath of every flow'r ;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever—
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal Spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses !
 Young Love among the roses, etc.

The later song was sung by the Christy Minstrels. It was written by W. H. Delihanti, and composed by E. N. Catlin. I give the first verse—

It was on one summer's evening,
In the merry month of June,
I beheld a damsel sitting
'Mid flowers' sweet perfume ;
She had a novel reading.

Just as I was passing by,
 And as she turn'd another page,
 I saw the brightest eyes.
 A bewitching smile was on her face,
 As charming as the posies,
 I felt the smart of Cupid's dart,
 'Twas love among the roses.

Now I hate to tell, but then I must,
 Within her heart I place my trust.
 She was sitting in the garden
 Where the little butterfly reposes,
 And how we met I'll ne'er forget,
 'Twas love among the roses.

There are not many more delightful chapters in Dickens than the fourth in the concluding book of *Our Mutual Friend*. He never rose to greater heights (or should it be depths ?) of sweet tenderness than when he told us about that wedding at Greenwich and the breakfast that followed. The chapter ends with a tender adieu to Pa, and, writes Dickens :

So, she leaning on her husband's arm, they turned homeward by a rosy path which the gracious sun struck out for them in its setting. And O, there are days in this life, worth life, and worth death, and O what a bright old song it is, that, O 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round !

Thus, at the age of 53, Dickens recalled a most popular song of his childhood—

O 'tis love, O 'tis love, O 'tis love
 That makes the world go round

are the opening words of the prelude to what was probably the most popular song of the days when he was attending Wellington House Academy. A long but friendly controversy centred on this song, there being about a score of imitations of it from many pens, and there being argument as to which was the original. The earlier poems in the series were of the definitely sentimental kind, strenuously affirming the omnipotence of love ; the later ones were in more humorous vein, often "take-off" parodies. Nearly all were sung to the French air "C'est L'Amour." Here are the first two verses of the original—

O ! 'tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, that makes the world go round .
 Every day beneath his sway, fools old and young abound.
 Love often turns young ladies brains, at which Mamma will scold,
 So in revenge Love thinks it fair to shoot sometimes the old.
 With love some folks go mad, 'Tis love makes some folks thin,
 Some find themselves so bad, the sea they must jump in.

O ! 'tis Love, etc.

Love rules alike both high and low, great people and the small,
 Excepting always married pairs, which love can't rule at all.
 Yet angels men will see in those dear forms they wed ;
 What angels those must be who crack a husband's head !

H. Hance perpetrated the following—

Oh ! this love, this love, this love, to me's a funny thing,
It smites the heart of every cove, from beggar up to king.
It never is found absent from the breast of anyone,
But like a cruel stab sent—one touch, and you're undone !
The cure, too, is so hard, that very few will try,
Then, girls be on your guard, when love approaches nigh.
For, this love, etc.

Another effort was—

O ! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, that rules us so completely,
O ! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, commands, and we obey.
Love is the sweetest, dearest pleasure ; love rivals every other charm ;
Love makes the miser yield his treasure ; love e'en the stoic's heart can
warm.
In deserts the wildest, o'er mountains or in plains,
Where summer is mildest, or winter ever reigns.
O ! 'tis love, etc.

W. Ball wrote—

'Twas love, 'twas love, that made the world, and hence—as sages say'
The grateful world in turn, makes love, makes love now every day.
What prompts the wife's desire to please, and heightens every soft
caress ?
What lightly draws where pleasure strays, excusing still the sweet
caress ?
What soothes the road where Power and Grandeur keep the gate ?
And who, in Lucky hour, pops in—while others wait ?
'Tis love, etc.

T. Bruton wrote—

O ! this love, this love, this love, has smuggled away my heart,
O ! this love, this love, this love, at me has shot his dart.
Sly Cupid, with his arrow, has at me let fly,
And pierced me through the marrow, and kill'd me very nigh :
Then pray on me take pity, nor let me longer fret,
And I'll treat you in the city to buns and heavy wet.
O ! this love, etc.

H. Phillips's effort was as follows—

O ! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, of which I feel the smart,
High and low can ne'er forego the power of Cupid's dart.
When love's first thought by Miss in 'teens, she feels, but can't tell how ;
It pictures to her blissful scenes of all who kindly bow—
The heart that's made to feel its sympathetic charms,
To others can reveal a cure for love's alarms.
O ! 'tis love, etc.

The following parody was signed "B.M."—

Oh ! 'tis wine, 'tis wine, 'tis wine, in crystal vases gleaming,
Oh ! 'tis wine, 'tis wine, 'tis wine, from our bright goblets streaming,
What yields to mortals pleasure, what quick dispels their gloom,
Obscures each lucid treasure, when placed beside its bloom ?—
Oh ! 'tis wine, etc.

And this one was signed "Beular"—

O ! 'tis gold, 'tis gold, 'tis gold, that rules us all completely,
 O, with gold we soon get bold, make friends and conquer foes.
 What is't that makes people civil, though they wish us every spite ?
 What makes men known to be evil, seem pure as angels in white ?
 What makes one stare at London's Lord Mayor's Show ?
 What makes the Mayor, and what the *mare* to go ?
 O ! 'tis gold, etc.

Jessie Hammond sang the praises of woman, wealth and wine—

O ! 'tis love, 'tis love, we hear, that beams in woman's eye,
 That trembles in her pearly tear, and floats upon her sigh.
 'Tis love that sparkles in her smiles and blushes on her cheeks,
 That ev'ry gen'rous heart beguiles with rapture when she speaks,
 But love does more for mortals to lift them into bliss,
 Her lips he makes the portals, and heaven is her kiss—
 O ! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes us half divine ;
 Then what bold wish can soar above—Woman, Wealth, and Wine ?

There are two more verses, one singing the praises of wine, the other those of gold.

Just one more. Henry Russell, the popular entertainer of the middle of the century, had a repertory of some 200 songs, but a favourite introduction to his miscellaneous programme was a parody of this "O ! 'tis Love" song. His version was—

O ! this love ! this love !
 I once the passion slighted ;
 But hearts that truly love
 Must break or be united.
 O ! this love, etc.

When first he came to woo,
 I little car'd about him ;
 But soon I felt as though
 I could not live without him !

He gave to me the ring,
 My hand ask'd of my mother ;—
 I could not bear the thought
 That he should wed another.

And now I'm all his own—
 In all his joys I mingle ;
 Not for the wealth of worlds,
 Would I again be single !

Which were the songs that did *not* solace Dora ? It will be remembered how in her grief after her father's death she was inconsolable, despite the efforts of Miss Mills. All the world knows that the story of David and Dora is autobiographical, but not all the world knows that in the story of Dickens and Maria Beadnell a part was played by a Mary Leigh. If was not a very worthy part. Perhaps

she was jealous of Maria, but in any case she does not come very well out of the story. If, in recalling so vividly the story of other days, Dickens had manifested some bitterness in regard to Mary Leigh he might surely have been forgiven, but there was no bitterness in the man when he wrote of those years of misery. In this case he acted chivalrously. He placed Miss Mills in the same relation to Dora as Mary Leigh had stood to Maria, but he made her loyal and likeable, if a little laughable. Julia was the go-between when Mr. Spenslow died, and the extracts from her diary are precious—

Wednesday. D. comparatively cheerful. Sang to her, as congenial melody, Evening Bells. Effect not soothing, but the reverse. D. inexpressibly affected. Found sobbing afterwards in own room. Quoted verses respecting self and young Gazelle. Ineffectually. Also referred to Patience on a Monument. (Qy. Why on Monument? J.M.).

On Friday the diary recorded the loss and eventual recovery of Jip.—“D. weeping bitterly and inconsolable. Renewed reference to young Gazelle. Appropriate, but unavailing.”

Two of these references are obvious enough, but which was the song about Evening Bells? In those days a song so entitled was being sung by such artists as Miss Shirreff, Miss Romer, Madame Vestris, George Crouch, and Mr. Wilson. The composer was F. W. Crouch.

Hark ! the tuneful peal goes round,
On balmy breezes how it swells,
The purest chords the harp can sound,
Are not so sweet as Evening Bells.
Now they fall, and now they rise,
Harmony floats o'er the dells ;
'Tis but the music of the skies
Can soothe the heart like Evening Bells.
Chime on, sweet Evening Bells,
Chime on, sweet Evening Bells.

Scarcely now fond echo's cave
Of the soft vibration tells ;
Like murm'ring of some distant wave
Sound those dear enchanting Bells.
Fan once more the list'ning plain,
Zephyrs quit your mystic cells,
Bearing on your wings again
Raptures from those dulcet Bells ;
Chime on, sweet Evening Bells,
Chime on, sweet Evening Bells.

There was also current a duet with the same title by G. Alexander Lee, the burden of which was—

Come away, come away, evening bells are ringing,
Sweetly, sweetly, 'tis the vesper hour.

Then, of course, there was Tom Moore's well-known

Those Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet Evening Bells.

On the whole, I incline to think that this was the song Dickens had in mind. It was exactly the sort of thing that Julia would imagine likely to console Dora, especially the second verse!

The reference to the young Gazelle is obvious enough. The lines are to be found in Tom Moore's "Lalla Rookh"—

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

Dick Swiveller also alludes to these lines. The reference to Patience on a Monument is also obvious—

..... She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
Sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

Captain Cuttle's maxims and sentiments are so characteristic that we have come to regard them as original. True, he generally informs us that they are quotations, but the closest search of his references usually fails to reveal them, and so we assume that it is just his individual way of talking. So it is! but a little further investigation will show as a rule that he was only a little confused as to the source. Here is a typical case:—"Wal'r, my boy, in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!' When found, make a note of." We may search the Proverbs of Solomon from now until Domesday, and we shall not find that sentiment, excellent though it is. Where shall we find it, then? It seems a hopeless quest at this time of day, but a little patience and—here it is!—the burden of a song by Thomas Dibdin, which was set to music by John Davy. The title of the song is "May

we never want a friend in need." There are two verses, the first is as follows :—

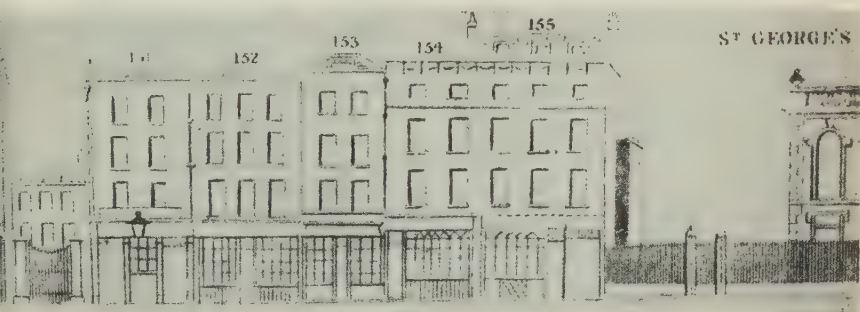
Since the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind,
 And taught me how favour'd by fortune my lot,
 To share that good fortune I still was inclined,
 And impart to who wanted what I wanted not.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to ev'ry one's praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him ;
 And my motto, though simple, means more than it says —
 " May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him ! "

(To be continued)

THE MARSHALSEA

Mr. George F. Young, the writer of the interesting article on the Marshalsea Prison in the last number, sends me the following letter :—

May I, through "The Dickensian," thank those correspondents who have sent kindly references to my article on the Marshalsea, which appeared in the June number. From these letters three points emerge which may be of interest. Colonel Brooks sent me a century-old print of the Borough High Street showing the old numbering. It is reproduced here because it proves No. 150 (now 211) to be the courtyard



entrance to the prison when Dickens knew it, and before the butter shop was built. At the far end can be seen the turnkey's house, which, as already stated, is still standing. Another writer says that out of curiosity he has visited No. 211 and found that the fireplace in the lodge is own brother to the one shown on p. 73 of Dexter's cheap edition of the "Life," depicting Arthur Clennam in the Marshalsea. To a third correspondent I must say No! St. George's Churchyard is not and never was "Little Dorrit's playground." It was not until 1882 that it was thrown open as a recreation ground; and in 1904 the road separating the Church from its yard was opened, thus linking the High Street with Long Lane and Tabard Street. There *is* a "Little Dorrit's Playground," of course. This was opened in 1902, and was the result of a slum clearance scheme. It is found in Falcon Court, a narrow slit on the opposite side of the High Street. The entrance is truly Dickensian, for it has a "pub" on one corner and a pawnshop on the other.

I would add that on looking through my notes I find that it was Joseph Rutland and not Rowlands who paid the Marshalsea rates in 1824.

DICKENS'S HYPNOTIC POWERS

AN INTERESTING UNPUBLISHED LETTER

IT is rather surprising that so little is known of Dickens's interest in mesmerism. Everybody who has read his *Forster* knows that he certainly was keenly interested in the subject and that he possessed undoubted powers himself. Yet beyond the fact that by the exercise of these powers he probably saved the life of John Leech nothing is generally known. That incident occurred in 1859 at Bonchurch. Leech, when bathing, was knocked senseless by a blow on the forehead from a wave, and suffered congestion of the brain. At one time he was in so alarmingly restless a state that Dickens proposed that he should try to put him to sleep. Mrs. Leech consented, and in the middle of the night Dickens "after a fatiguing bout of it" put his friend to sleep for an hour and thirty-five minutes. He wrote, "I talked to the astounded Mrs. Leech across him when he was asleep as if he had been a truss of hay. What do you think of my setting up in the magnetic line, with a large brass plate: 'Terms, twenty-five guineas per nap?' " This incident is commonly regarded, I think, as just a matter of more or less curious interest, but the fact remains that a change for the better was evident during that sleep, and the improvement was steadily maintained. This letter to Le Fanu makes it clear that Dickens took his powers seriously, and it would seem certain that if he exercised them so successfully in these two cases he exercised them in other cases.

That his interest in this matter was inspired by Dr. John Elliotson there is no doubt at all. Elliotson was one of his most valued friends for very many years. Exactly when the friendship started I do not know, but it is definite that they were very intimate by 1840. Elliotson lost his professorship at London University because of his interest in mesmerism in 1838, which is bound to have been about the time of his first acquaintance with the novelist, and this would intensify Dickens's interest in the subject. He soon discovered his powers. Macready records that on one occasion he called on "dear Dickens" and found him practising mesmerism in the company of friends, Mrs. Dickens being the subject. Macready declined to be experimented upon. One imagines he would not have proved a very amenable subject! Presumably these experiments were but a sort of "party game" at that time, just as his conjuring was, but whatever Charles Dickens attempted he insisted on doing thoroughly, and just as he made himself an expert conjuror, so did he discover that he possessed very real powers as a mesmerist. But despite his continued friendship with Elliotson, beyond the Leech incident there has been no further revelation of his using his gifts seriously until the discovery of the letter printed on opposite page by the courtesy of Count de Suzannet who purchased it at a recent sale at Sothebys. It is addressed to J. S. Le Fanu. Its publication may induce somebody to seek and discover other instances.

J.W.T.L.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Wednesday Twenty-Fourth November, 1869.

My Dear Sir,

In reply to your obliging letter, I beg to assure you that I shall be truly glad to count upon you as a very frequent contributor.

Your sketch is very new, striking, and touching. It should make a remarkable story.

Let me explain to you that I am now about to begin to publish in *All the Year Round* (at the end of each No.) a serial story by Fitzgerald, of about one good volume in length. A longer serial story being always in course of publication at the same time, and each No. containing only 24 pages, it is desirable that the rest of the matter should be always at such times, if possible, complete in itself. For the reason that the public have a natural tendency, having more than two serial stories to bear in mind at once, to jumble them all together, and do justice to none of them.

I think the enclosed letter will interest you, as showing how very admirably the story of "Green Tea"* was told. It is from the lady I mentioned to you in a note, who has, for thirty or forty years been the subject of far more horrible spectral illusions than have ever, within my knowledge, been placed on record.

She is an English lady, married to a foreigner of good position, and long resident in an old Italian city—its name you will see on the letter—Genoa. I became an intimate friend of her husband's when I was living in Genoa five and twenty years ago, and, seeing that she suffered most frightfully from tic (I knew of her having no other disorder, at the time), I confided to her husband that I had found myself to possess some rather exceptional power of animal magnetism (of which I had tested the efficacy in nervous disorders), and that I would gladly try her. She never developed any of the ordinarily-related phenomena, but after a month began to sleep at night—which she had not done for years, and to change, amazingly to her own mother, in appearance. She then disclosed to me that she was, and had long been, pursued by myriads of bloody phantoms of the most frightful aspect, and that, after becoming paler, they had all *veiled their faces*. From that time, wheresoever I travelled in Italy, she and her husband travelled with me, and every day I magnetized her; sometimes under olive trees, sometimes in vineyards, sometimes in the travelling carriage, sometimes at wayside inns during the mid-day halt. Her husband called me up to her, one night at Rome, when she was rolled into an apparently impossible ball, by tic in the brain, and I only knew where her head was by following her long hair to its source. Such a fit had always held her before at least 30 hours, and it was so alarming to see that I had hardly any belief in myself with reference to it. But in half an hour she was peacefully and naturally asleep, and next morning was quite well.

When I left Italy that time, the spectres had departed. They returned by degrees as time went on, and have ever since been as bad as ever. She has tried other magnetism, however, and has derived partial relief. When I went back to Genoa for a few days, a dozen years ago, I asked her should I magnetize her again? She

* Le Fanu's contribution appeared in *All the Year Round* for October and November, 1859.

replied that she *felt* the relief would be immediate ; but that the agony of leaving it off so soon, would be so great, that she would rather suffer on.

She is, as you will see, a very brave woman, and has thoroughly considered her disorder. But her sufferings are unspeakable ; and if you could write me a few lines giving her any such knowledge as she wants, you would do an action of equally unspeakable kindness.

My Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours always

CHARLES DICKENS.

J. S. Le Fanu Esquire.

THE INFLUENCE OF DICKENS FROM RECENT BOOKS

COMPILED BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.

(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

IN GERMANY

" Dickens became a household name in Germany almost as promptly as in England. His popularity in Germany is attested by the numerous translations, by the large sale of his works in the original and in the German language, and by the frequent comments of contemporary German journalists and authors. Freytag . . . tells us how his countrymen began to see in every Englishman a Pickwick, a Pinch, or a Traddles. . . . From Dickens, Freytag may have acquired his affectionate interest in little things. He animates, like him, lifeless objects and thus spreads about a feeling of good cheer, which is, to be sure, a little weaker than with Dickens, and like Dickens, he employs exaggeration, droll comparison, circumlocution, and many another elementary devices to the same end.

" (Otto) Ludwig admired the mimic element in . . . Dickens. . . . He admired the range of expression of Miss Nipper's nose, of Captain Cuttle's hook, and of Mrs. Sparsit's eyebrows. He admired Dickens's ability to let inanimate objects participate in the drama of life and at the same time set the human types in higher relief thereby. He admired the onesidedness of Dickens's characters [which] Dickens could make attractive, harmless, or repulsive at will.

" Another pair of authors who offer certain points of contrast and likeness are Fritz Reuter and Wilhelm Raabe. To Reuter the title 'der deutsche Boz' was accorded. . . . *The Pickwick Papers* appealed to Reuter most strongly and characters and situations from them recur frequently in his works.

" Dickens and Reuter each wrote one work variously judged by the critics but manifestly exceptional for its author. We refer to *Hard Times* (1854) and 'Kein Hüsung' (1857). Though written in verse, Reuter's work is in characters and many situations analogous to that of Dickens . . .

" Reuter resembled Dickens, furthermore, in his manner of introducing characters. Both present a complete view of their characters on the first entrance, thus precluding all further development. . .

" Raabe stands less close to Dickens than Reuter does, though all

three display a fondness for the weak, poor, and unprotected and for quiet and quaint characters.

"Similarities to novels of Dickens are easy to account for, for Dickens was a favourite author of Raabe's mother.

"Spielhagen was another admirer of . . . Dickens. *David Copperfield* he regarded as a model novel and to it the 'Ich-Roman' Hammer und Ambos presents a striking parallel. George Hartwig's first, second, and third loves correspond respectively in details of character and fate to David Copperfield's Emily, Dora, and Agnes.

"The enthusiasm for Dickens glowed promptly in Germany, but it soon burned itself out. Probably many of his contemporaries were slightly affected by his style and method But Dickens's force was soon spent and at most some details of his technique may have passed into the common tradition . . ."—"The Reception of English Literature in Germany," by L. M. Price. (Univ. of California Press).

* * * * *

ARNOLD BENNETT

" . . . I happened to collect some ideas for that book on modern fiction which I have to do when I have time. I would call it 'Our Novelists.' There would be chapters on . . . illiteracy among our leading writers; the real position of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and others whom everyone has (ridiculously) agreed are above criticism."

"Schwob was in bed. . . . We discussed the war, and Dickens. He stood up for Dickens and said that, for style, the opening of *Hard Times* is one of the finest things in English. Of course, I disagreed. He said that Dickens's ghost story *The Signalman*, was 'plagiarized' from something in Defoe's essay on apparitions, but much improved."—"The Journals of Arnold Bennett," ed. by Newman Flower. Vol. 1. (Cassell and Co.).

* * * * *

LEWIS CARROLL

"While at Rugby, Charles read *David Copperfield*, which was running as a serial in 'The Penny Magazine.' His opinion of it was thus expressed in a letter to his parents:

"I have read the first number of Dickens's new tale, *David Copperfield*. It purports to be his life, and begins with his birth and childhood; it seems a poor plot, but some of the characters and scenes are good. One of the persons that amused me was a Mrs. Gummidge, a wretched, melancholy person, who is always crying, happen what will, and whenever the fire smokes, or other trifling accident occurs, makes the remark with great bitterness and many tears, that she is a lone, lorn creature, and everything goes contrary with her."

"Students of both Dickens and Carroll may trace a decided resemblance between Mrs. Gummidge and one of the tearful animals in 'Alice in Wonderland.'

"Another of Dickens's books which interested young Dodgson was *Nicholas Nickleby*, and during holiday-time he made a special coach trip . . . to the village of Bowes . . . to see the original of Dotheboys Hall . . ."—"The Life of Lewis Carroll," by Langford Reed. (Foyle).

* * * * *

MAURICE BARING

Byron took the English poetical genius, as a Frenchman said, all over Europe ; there is not a country in Europe where Byron's poetical genius is not known. Dickens did the same for prose, for the imaginative prose of English life. The Germans, the French, the Russians, the Italians, the Chinese, the Japanese, have laughed over the adventures of Pickwick, and cried over the fate and sorrows of Little Nell and poor Jo. In the works of Dickens you see the adventurous quality of the English imagination perhaps at its fullest. The adventures of Mr. Pickwick are an epic and an odyssey in themselves ; and what other author in the world has created so many live people—they are known by name and by sight to all—or has poured out such a flight of life and energy ?

You have only to name characters from Dickens, such as Mr. Pecksniff or Mrs. Micawber, or Sam Weller or the Artful Dodger, for everyone to know whom you mean, whether they have read Dickens or not ; and what author, in what other country, has ever succeeded in doing this to such an extent ?—"Lost Lectures," "Pushkin," Maurice Baring.

* * * * *

"Shakespeare and Dickens are more potent in eliciting American sympathy " said Mr. (James K.) Hackett (the American tragedian) "than all the propaganda that can be sent over there."—"The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre," by M. C. Day and J. C. Trewin. (Dent).



The Old House of Commons in which Dickens worked as a Reporter side by side with his oldest friend Thomas Beard. The recently published letters of Dickens to Beard contain several bearing on this period of his life.

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S BIRTHPLACE



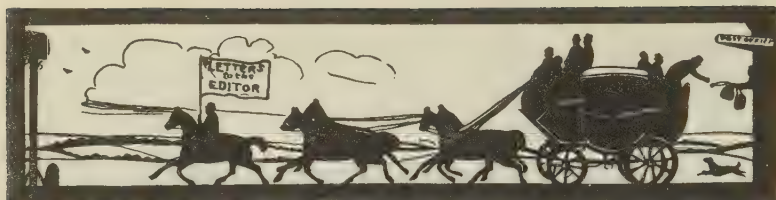
Blundeston
Rectory



"The
Rookery"

Blundeston
Church

EVERY barn in the neighbourhood, every stone in the church and every foot of the churchyard, had some association of its own in my mind, connected with these books (Tom Jones, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle) and stood for some locality made famous in them (*David Copperfield*, Chap. 2.).



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

To the Editor of "The Dickensian."

I wonder !

It is Mr. J. H. McNulty speaking. He is reviewing Mr. Osbert Sitwell's "Dickens" in the Summer Number of "The Dickensian." And he says that *A Tale of Two Cities* "is the favourite of those who do not like Dickens."

It is that that makes me wonder, as I began by stating. For I certainly very greatly like *A Tale of Two Cities*, and have read it many, many times. And I have also fancied that I loved Charles Dickens, and have repeatedly read his other books and get delight in doing so. But——

And that's why I'm wondering, you see. For maybe, after all, there's a mistake here somewhere.

I wonder !

New York.

ARTHUR ELLIOT SPROUL.

[Mr. McNulty is not the first to remark upon the fact that so many people who do not otherwise care for Dickens's works express an admiration for *A Tale of Two Cities*. But on the other hand, I do not think this implies that those who like this particular story cannot also be Dickens lovers.—THE EDITOR.]

GEORGE BUSSEY

Who was George Bussey ? I have failed to discover. He is not mentioned in any book on Dickens with which I am acquainted ; nor does his name appear in a very good Biographical Dictionary that I possess. He is mentioned several times in that remarkable book "Trader Horn." In one place Horn says :

"George Bussey knew his "Materia Medica" or he couldn't have reported the passing of the Anti-Vivisection Bill in a readable manner. George Bussey, the friend of Dickens. They went through Poverty Square together, if anybody did. Aye, they sure took rooms there for a time, and 'tw'ant on the first floor either. Dickens, and a lot of other fellers like that. Why, they'd go to Day and Martin's blacking factory and gum labels on the bottles for two and six a night, working right through to the small hours. Bussey lived at Albany Road, Camberwell, in his better days. But when he was fighting for a footing in London, before he became Master of Hansard, he and Dickens'd come across many a day when they'd have to keep away from the Old Portugal in the Strand. Too many fellers they knew there and they hadn't got the money for the drinks. They'd walk all the way to the old Fox-under-the-Hill at Dulwich to get a cheaper drink and a bit of bread and cheese by themselves."

Apparently George Bussey was a reporter for Hansard, but though I have turned up two histories of Parliament, one of which has a detailed chapter on Hansard, I can find no mention of him. The Anti-Vivisection Act was passed in 1876. Horn's story is of the Gold Coast in the 'Eighties, and he makes it clear that he was but a lad then, which means that he could only have known Bussey when he was a mere boy, which may be assumed to account for the ridiculous inaccuracies in this quotation. When Dickens was at the blacking factory he was not yet in his 'teens, and he worked in the day time. The suggestion here is unmistakeable—that Dickens and Bussey worked there at night in order to earn a few much needed extra shillings, which, of course, would imply that they were more than boys. Then it is clearly suggested that one of Dickens's companions of the blacking factory days was afterwards (or is it simultaneously ?) a colleague in journalism. That is most obviously absolute nonsense. It is conceivable, of course, that if Bussey was a Hansard reporter in Parliament, Dickens knew him when he was working in the gallery, but how on earth does all this get mixed up with the blacking factory ? And what is this tosh about having to avoid a certain pub ? It is recorded as a fact beyond question that when Dickens was in the gallery he kept himself absolutely to himself. I shall want better evidence than this before I shall believe that during his years as a reporter Dickens used to walk three or four miles to get a bit of bread and cheese and a cheap drink. He may upon occasion have indulged in a country walk to Dulwich and had a crust of bread and cheese at a country pub. All good Christians have done that sort of thing, but Dickens certainly was never in such plight as to render it an economic necessity. He lived in North London, and could have got the same thing in Highgate or Hampstead or Camden Town. It seems to be rather to be regretted that any author should subscribe his or her name to rubbish of this kind.

Aloysius Horn is an interesting character who would have interested Dickens, but very often he does not know what he is talking about. As for instance :

"The Germans 'll like my book. I'm not asking any Frenchman to tackle it. Even Shakespeare won't suit a Frenchman—they'll not mention him if they can help it. And Dickens—you may's well ask a Frenchman to read the Greek Testament as get him to understand Dickens. He'll not understand the soft heart and the smile with it. Whether in trade or literary matters he's hard."

It happens that Dickens has always been popular in France.

J. W. T. LEY.

THE PROCTOR FAMILY

Referring to Mr. Albert Hopkins's description of Mr. Duffield's unique *Drood* collection, I might say that I have some of the early volumes of "Knowledge" in which R. A. Proctor's articles appear. These volumes were given to me by my grandfather, William A. Proctor, brother of the astronomer. Much of R. A. Proctor's boyhood was spent in Gravesend. In later life he was a close friend of Wilkie Collins. I have never been able to confirm it as a fact, but I think it almost certain that Proctor knew Dickens personally.

Proctor's father, William Proctor senior, was by no means an admirer of Dickens. He lived in Woodville Terrace, Gravesend, and under the

nom-de-plume "Woodville," contributed occasional verses to a now defunct newspaper, the "Kentish Independent." One of these contributions, entitled "On a Popular Novelist," was inserted April 21st, 1849.

My grandfather used to tell me that Dickens took some notice of the poem, though in what manner I do not know. I sometimes wonder if its publication may have accounted, in part at least, for Dickens's alleged aversion to Gravesend and its people.

I quote only the final lines :—

Crickets, whose chirping says our wives are true,
And tuneful kettles sing long chapters through,
These are the elements of modern fame,
And still uphold the vulgar Boz's name.

Winnipeg.

D. R. PROCTOR COATS.

SOME NOTES ON *PICKWICK*

Many of the "slips" made by Dickens have been indicated, but one in the most read of all his works seems to have been overlooked. The last line of Ch. XXV in *Pickwick* is "and this was the first passage of Mr. Weller's first love," but on turning to the conclusion of Ch. XV we find a previous "affaire" recorded—"an amiable indiscretion in which an assistant housemaid had equally participated."

Those who possess an early issue of *Pickwick* will find on the door-post of the "Marquis of Granby" as depicted on the title page the sign of the chequers in black and white lozenges and, underneath, a skittle and ball.

In later issues the latter have disappeared, and the chequers are shewn by a few hatched lines.

The chequers were, I believe, usually painted on the door-posts of inns; the observant "Phiz" was no doubt well aware of this. Several houses in Pompeii were decorated thus, and the Canterbury Pilgrims were supposed to have put up at the sign of the "Checker of the Hope," a house conveniently near by the Cathedral.

EDGAR SYERS.

DICKENS AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË

In the last number of the *Dickensian* a writer regrets that Dickens and the Brontë family never met, and that "none of them expressed any opinion regarding the others."

But is this quite so? That they did not meet seems to be certain, but cannot the following extracts taken from two of Charlotte's letters, (1) to Mrs. Gaskell and (2) to Mr. W. S. Williams, be said to express something of what she felt for Dickens and for—at least—one of his works? Here are the quotations :—

(1) "Will it not be a mistake if Mr. Thackeray should deliver his lectures at Manchester under such conditions as will exclude people like you and Mr. Gaskell from the number of his audience? I thought his London plan too narrow. Charles Dickens would not thus limit his sphere of action."

(2) "I have read *David Copperfield*; it seems to me very good—admirable in some parts. You said it had affinity to "Jane Eyre." It has, now and then—only what an advantage Dickens has in his varied knowledge of men and things!"

Victoria, British Columbia.

MARY A. MACEY.

FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

Branch Secretaries are kindly requested to send in interesting notes of the subject matter of only the more important of their meetings. Newspaper cuttings are not acceptable for these pages; neither is it possible to record lists of reciters, singers, entertainers, and casts of dramatic sketches.

Latest date for the Winter Number is November 8th.

THE FIRST REGIONAL PICNIC

The first Regional Picnic took place on June 11th at Samlesbury Hall, near Blackburn. Under the guidance of Mr. H. Whittaker, of the Blackburn Antiquarian Society, we were taken through the sixteenth century Hall and shown the places where history was made, and tragedies committed.

The Chairman (Mr. S. Sutton) in thanking Mr. Whittaker at the close of the tour, said it was a pleasant surprise to have so well informed a guide. There were 120 members at tea, and the thanks of the Group were given to Mr. Leo Mason, of Blackburn, who had made all the local arrangements. The Picnic was a great success, and the meeting together of 120 members of the four branches cannot fail to strengthen the Fellowship.

The next Regional Council Meeting will be held on October 1st at Liverpool.

* * * * *

REGIONAL GROUP No. 6

The Council Meeting of this Group was held in the General Library at Bedford. Two delegates from each branch attended; many useful suggestions were discussed, and arrangements made for interchange of lecturers. The first ramble for the Group will take place on October 22nd; from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to Doughty Street, under the guidance of Mr. Rust, the Chairman.

* * * * *

NOTES FROM MELBOURNE

The Melbourne Branch mourns the loss of Mr. David Carson, a very kindly and useful member of Committee for several years.

At the May meeting the chief speaker was Mr. Isaac Selby, who told of Dickens's connection with Australia through his sons, Alfred Tennyson Dickens and Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, who lived here and from whom he heard, by correspondence, many useful and interesting facts concerning this country. In *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, Dickens has written* accounts of Australian

* These articles were not by Dickens, but by his various contributors. —THE EDITOR.

settlements, of convict days, of merino sheep, of tanning industry; he mentioned Buckley, the wild white man, spoke of Bateman and Fawcner, of the separation of Victoria from New South Wales, of Black Thursday, of Hargreaves who discovered the first gold here, and of the doings of the bushrangers. He tells of the Melbourne Zoo, the Melbourne "Punch," and he put Magwitch, a returned convict from Australia, into *Great Expectations*. Had Dickens come to Australia, as he had at one time hoped to do, what might he not have written in an Australian novel?

At the June meeting, Miss Horner discoursed amusingly on "Aunts in Literature," recalling many ladies of that relationship depicted by various authors, and particularly those met with in Dickens, Betsey Trotwood, Dora's aunts, Mr. F's aunt, Rachel Wardle, Clara Peggotty and others.

The Dickens Dramatic Club staged scenes from *Our Mutual Friend* and *Bleak House* with much success. The Fellowship and the Dramatic Club have recently lost, by the death at a good old age, Miss Coffey, a member who often took part in the scenes staged and was particularly good in the part of Miss Mowcher.

* * * * *

MISS PEGGY WEBLING IN VANCOUVER

The regular meetings have been very well attended. His Honour Judge F. W. Howay gave a wonderful description of the reading tours of Charles Dickens throughout the United States of America. Miss Peggy Webling treated us to a rare experience in her address "Mrs. Micawber, and Some Others." The annual memorial service in Chown United Church on June 5th was well attended by members of the Fellowship. More and more members are taking an interest in this service every year. Rev. A. E. Whitehouse was the minister in charge. On Wednesday evening, May 18th, a dinner in honour of Miss Peggy Webling was held. Mr. David Hall, a member, executed a wonderful illuminated certificate of honorary life membership in the Vancouver Branch, and this was presented to Miss Webling as a farewell gift. Members of the Vancouver Poetry Society and the Canadian Authors' Association were present and spoke on behalf of their respective organizations. Mr. Victor Ackroyd, Secretary, was dressed as "The Waiter" in *David Copperfield*, and Mr. George Turrell, President of The Dickens Players, wonderfully impersonated Charles Dickens. Mr. Ernest Walter, President, in a few well chosen words bade farewell to Miss Webling on behalf of the Vancouver Branch.

* * * * *

MANCHESTER GARDEN PARTY

In glorious sunshine the Manchester Branch held a Garden Party in July at the residence of the President (Mrs. H. E. Evans). Clock golf was responsible for keen rivalry among the golfers, and their enthusiasm was only abated by the setting sun. There were many competitions. Bobbing for buns caused great excitement, the spectators freely giving advice and encouragement, while the cameras did their deadly work. A treasure hunt took the hunters into unexpected places, no part of the house and grounds being sacred. A vote of thanks to the President, was received with acclamation, and the happiest of functions came to an end.

NEW YORK MEETINGS

At the May meetings of the New York Branch with Mr. Bramer, President, in the chair, the annual report of the branch was read by the Recording Secretary. Mr. Harry W. Glasner, Treasurer, then gave his annual financial report, showing a fair balance on hand. Mr. Bramer complimented him for his fine work as Treasurer, and stated that his showing was excellent, considering the depression. Mr. Gilbert D. Lamb was the speaker for the evening, and gave a talk on "Lord and Lady Dedlock's Place that was in Lincolnshire." He told us how he had visited Chesney Wold, and gave us some interesting information about it. He spoke of the law's delays as emphasized in *Bleak House*, and said that it needed a genius like Dickens to partly do away with this legal inequity in England; that even now in the United States a perfect denial of justice still exists, for it requires sometimes three or four years to receive compensation for personal injuries in our courts. Mr. William Dike Reed was unanimously elected to the office of President of the New York Branch, in the place of Mr. Bramer, who, on account of his out-of-town activities, has not been able to devote all the time that he could wish to the duties of his office. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Bramer for his excellent work as President during the past two years or more. We all then wended our way to the rear of the gallery, where the usual libation of cider was indulged in, without any noticeable effect upon our sobriety, and where we bade one another good-bye until the fall.

* * * * *

The Cirencester Branch was very much to the fore in the local Hospital Carnival on July 23rd. A horse-drawn trolley, boldly labelled "The Dickens Fellowship" and drawn by a carter dressed in a genuine old smock frock, bore a group of Dickensians portraying the difference between the nursing methods of a hundred years ago and now. Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig occasionally bestowed their kind (!) attentions on poor Lewsome, but more often were seen to be regaling themselves with cucumber, or the contents of a large teapot. At the other end of the vehicle, behind a semi-transparent screen, a modern nurse, equipped with Lysol, cotton wool, bandages, thermometer, etc., looked on with horror at the ministrations of her forbears in the "profession." Dolly Varden, Sam Weller and Mr. Bumble accompanied the group on foot, and were very busy with collecting boxes labelled "Dickens Fellowship Cot." The Carnival as a whole realised over £400 for the funds of the local hospital, and the Cirencester Branch is glad to have had some little part in achieving this splendid result.

* * * * *

When the Liverpool Branch re-assembles in the autumn they will greatly miss their former President, Miss Nancy Stewart Parnell, B.A., who is removing to Manchester and relinquishing the office of Branch President which she has occupied for five years. It is customary to change presidents annually, but Miss Parnell has been a notable exception to this practice. A Hospital Pageant, organised and produced on a considerable scale at the Royal Court Theatre during a week in June, included a Dickens episode and an appeal on behalf of the children. The Fellowship was invited to provide an impersonator for the part of Dickens, and this was undertaken by Mr. Dudley A. Elwes, who very effectively delivered the speech assigned to him, which was founded on actual utterances made by Dickens.

Reports of very successful summer excursions have come to hand from St. Pancras Branch, which has had several well-attended rambles, particularly that to Guildford; from Southend, whose annual outing was to Beeleigh Abbey, Maldon, where they were received by the owner, Mr. R. E. Thomas, who explained the most interesting features of his beautiful residence; from Southampton, whose pilgrimage was to Portsmouth, where they were met and entertained by members of the Branch there. London members had a very successful trip at the end of June to Broadstairs. The Whitstable Branch had a delightful day at Cobham, Gad's Hill, and Rochester, at the end of June, thanks to the attention of the Rochester Branch. In addition to two motor excursions in June, the Eastbourne Branch entertained the International Students on their visit in August, and provided two tableaux in the Hospital Carnival Parade. On Hospital Flag Day a table outside the Dickens Hall was a means of helping the funds to the extent of £6 7s. 8d.

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The Secretary of the Old Town-Orono Branch writes saying what an interesting year they have had with the programme devoted to *Dombey and Son*. This year they are treating *Martin Chuzzlewit* in the same manner, no less than sixteen different subjects having been chosen for the lectures. They include "Dickens's Estimate of England and America," "Tom Pinch's Ride," "The Development of Modern Nursing," "Inconsistent Characters," etc. As the branch secretary has not notified the dates of the respective lectures we have not been able to include them in the Diary.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

Reviews of "Dickens to his Oldest Friend," by Arthur Waugh in *The Spectator*, 2nd April; by Norman Collins in *John o' London's Weekly*, 16th April; by Wilson Pope in *The Star*, 29th March; by J. W. T. Ley in *The Western Mail*, 7th April; by R. A. Scott-James in *The Sunday Times*, 17th April; by Anthony Bertram in *The Week-End Review*, 7th May; *Daily Telegraph*, March; *Glasgow Herald*, 21st March; *The Scotsman*, 4th April; *The Times*, 8th April; *The Times Literary Supplement*, 31st March; *Nottingham Guardian*, 18th April; *Birmingham Post*, 19th April; *Church of England Newspaper*, 8th April; *News Chronicle*, 3rd April.

"As Dickens saw them," by Frank Green. *Wandsworth Borough News*. "Stockbrokers and Laundresses," 26th February. "Seafaring Men," 4th March. "Innkeepers and Waiters," 12th February.

"Podsnappery, a Dickensian Symptom." *Methodist Leader*, 18th February.

"Mr. Micawber in the London Traffic." *Reynolds News*, 21st February.

"Names and Trades in Dickens," by Arthur Haslam. *Evening Chronicle*, 20th February.

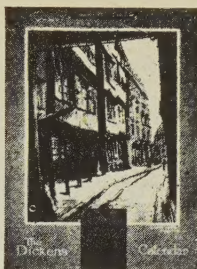
"We cannot write thrillers like Dickens," by Rebecca West. *Daily Telegraph*, 26th February.

"A Modern View of Dickens," by Stet. *Week-end Review*, 27th February.

Continued on page 336

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"A Liquorless Pickwick," by Gerald Gould. *Week-end Review*, 5th March.

"Edgar Wallace: a lost Dickens," by Edward Shanks. *John o' London's Weekly*, 20th February.

"The Greatness of Dickens," by Richard Aldington. *Sunday Referee*, 6th March.

"The Spirit of Dickens returns to Yarmouth," by Guy P. J. L' Estrange. *Yarmouth Mercury*, 24th December.

"The Artistry of Dickens," by W. Bardsley Brash. *Methodist Recorder*, 17th March.

"What Dickens would fight for to-day," by G. K. Chesterton. *John Bull*, 9th April.

"Little Nell and the Midlands." *Birmingham Post*, 2nd April.

"Familiar Names in Dickens," by Christopher York. *Yorkshire Evening Press*, 30th March.

"The Religion of Charles Dickens," by Irene Hubbard. *Modern Churchman*, May.

"Catholic Figures in Scott, Dickens and Thackeray," by Edward Hutton. *The Tablet*, 30th April.

"Some Literary Characters as Dickens Saw Them," by Frank Green. *Wandsworth Borough News*, 27th May.

"Dickens and Joe Specks," by Henry Smethan. *Chatham and Rochester News*, 29th July.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

This list contains particulars of all branch meetings, of which notices have been received to the time of going to press.

BIRMINGHAM.

Sept. 24—Whist Drive.

Oct. 12—Presidential Address by Mr. A. E. Bixby—"The up-to-date-ness of Dickens."

Nov. 9—Evening arranged by Miss Mary Bryan.

Dec. 4—Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Frank Johnson.

CIRENCESTER.

Oct. 3—Introducing *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Mr. Scotford Harmer.

Nov. 7—"Travel in Dickens's Day," by Mr. A. S. Dye.

EDGWARE.

Oct. 11—"Life of Dickens," by Mr. S. J. Rust.

Nov. 8—"Dickens and America," by Mr. D. H. Houlton.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.

Sept. 26—Recital by Mr. J. C. Robinson, and Debate—"Would Dickens Approve of our Modern Progress?" Affirmative, Mr. S. J. Rust; Negative, Mr. J. H. McNulty. Judge, Mr. T. W. Hill.

Oct. 12—Lecture: "Dickens and the Inns of Court and Chancery," by Mr. W. J. Roffey.

Nov. 7—"The *Great Expectations* Country," by Col. W. Lawrence Gadd.

LONDON.

Oct. 1—Social Gathering at Westminster Café, 331 High Holborn, 7 p.m. Mr. J. H. McNulty in the Chair.

Nov. 12—Ramble, "Euston," by Mr. J. D. Billington.

15—"Dickens and Modern Fiction," by Mr. Osbert Sitwell, at the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, 7-30 p.m.

MANCHESTER.

Oct. 7—Presidential Address, Dickensian Sketches, Music.

21—"Dickens and North Yorkshire," by Mr. W. W. Gregson.

Nov. 4—Debate on *Edwin Drood*.

18—Annual Dinner, Grosvenor Hotel.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Sept. 30—Reports on the Conference by the members attending it.

Oct. 14—"Dickens as a Social Reformer," by Mr. Solomon.

28—Scenes from *David Copperfield*.

Nov. 11, 25—Readings from *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

